THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

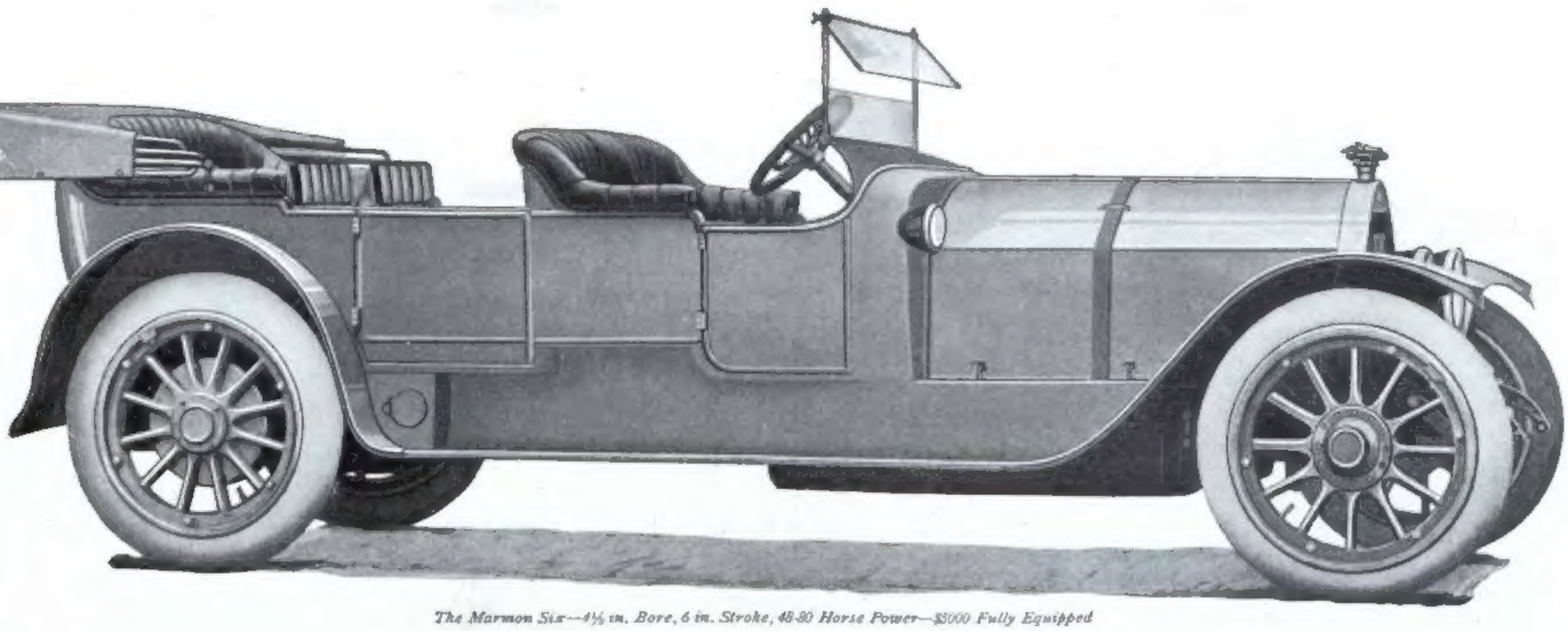
JUNE 22, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

Frank X. Leyendecker

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



The Marmon Six—4½ in. Bore, 6 in. Stroke, 48-80 Horse Power—$3000 Fully Equipped

Announcing The Marmon Six

The Proof of The Marmon Six

This car has been years in the making. Its mechanism has been tested and proven superior in comparison with the best and highest priced cars of Europe and America in the greatest contests mankind has ever known.

On May 30th, 1910, the Marmon Six won the Wheeler-Schebler Cup, the costliest trophy ever offered for any contest, covering 200 miles in 163 minutes, 26 seconds, at the rate of 72 miles per hour.

On May 30th, 1911, the Marmon Six won the Five Hundred Mile International Sweepstakes race, in competition with 44 cars, the largest and most representative field ever entered in any race, breaking world's records for 300, 400 and 500 miles, covering the five centuries in 402 minutes, 8 seconds, averaging 74.61 miles per hour.

Long and rigid road tests and the winning of other races gave added proof of the correctness of design and construction of the Marmon Six.

The utmost care in manufacture and conscientious inspection of every detail insures the uniform excellence that has always characterized the Marmon product. Literature that describes the new Marmon Six in detail will be sent you on request.

THE motoring public has a right to expect much from this institution. When, therefore, it became known that there was to be a Marmon Six, it was generally believed that it would prove a car of surpassing value.

This expectation we have earnestly endeavored to meet in the fullest degree. During the years that the Marmon Six has been under development and test—in the shop, in road service and in some of the world's most important races—we believe we have overlooked nothing that would add to the quality and capability of the car or that would enhance the safety, the comfort, or the convenience of its user.

So far as any test can be applied, it is a proven car. Our enthusiasm over its performance is unbounded and it has inspired the same feeling in everyone who has tried it. The car as a whole, with its many new features, has been brought to the place where we can say—"Here is a car that will live up to the Marmon name."

The Marmon Six is offered to meet a demand for a larger and higher powered car to complete the Marmon line. The famous Marmon "Thirty-Two" remains in its field, having proven its utility as the ideal car of medium power, weight and capacity at a moderate price.

Nordyke & Marmon Company
Indianapolis *(Established 1851)* **Indiana**

Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

Specifications The Marmon Six

Frame—Pressed Channel steel.

Motor—Water cooled, six cylinder, cast in pairs, T head, enclosed valves. New and distinctive three point support. Bore 4¾ inches, stroke 6 inches.

Horsepower—48-80.

Oiling—Marmon system automatic force feed lubrication, delivering oil through hollow crank shaft directly into all bearings, also through hollow cam shaft to cam shaft bearings. This is but one of the features of design that make the Marmon Six the highest type of automobile development.

Ignition—High tension magneto and battery, two spark dual system.

Transmission—Selective type sliding gear compactly arranged in dust-proof, oil-tight case adjoining differential housing and readily accessible through rear of axle.

Clutch—Improved multiple disc, dry plate.

Drive—Bevel gear. Straight line shaft drive.

Rear Axle—Semi-floating, unit with transmission, wheels on axle tubes driven by floating axle shafts bolted to outer end of wheel hubs.

Front Axle—A new type, another exclusive feature of the Marmon Six. The vertical spindle is placed in the direct center line of the wheel. This construction makes the safest, surest and easiest steering mechanism ever devised. It permits this 145 inch wheelbase car to be turned in a 40 foot street.

Brakes—Another entirely new and important feature of the Marmon Six is the original method of brake adjustment, far more effective and convenient of access than anything heretofore produced. Two expanding shoes, with combination metal and asbestos fabric facing, against pressed steel drums on each rear wheel; 16 in. diameter; 4 in. face; 403 sq. in. braking surface.

Wheelbase—145 inches, turns in 40 ft. street. Tread 56¾ inches, clearance 9¾ inches.

Wheels—Wood artillery with quick detachable, demountable rims.

Tires—Front, 36 x 4½; rear 37 x 5; front and rear rims and tires interchangeable.

Steering Gear—Left hand with center control. Irreversible screw and nut construction with one adjustment.

Carburetor—Automatic float feed with dash control.

Gasoline Tank—Capacity 22-30 gallons. In rear on 7 passenger, under seat on other types. Pressure from air pump on motor.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, ¾ elliptic.

Radiator—Cellular, flexibly mounted.

Body—Convex curve type of Marmon perfected cast aluminum with deep cushions. Two, four, five and seven passenger models.

Trimmings—Nickel plated.

Equipment—Cape top, new type wind shield, complete dynamo electric lighting system (combination dash and tail lights optional), electric horn, speedometer with clock, shock absorbers front and rear, self starter, power tire pump, tire carrier, extra demountable rim, coat rail, foot rest and tool equipment.

Price—$3000, F.O.B. factory, Indianapolis, Indiana.

For All Who Walk Fast and Far

—also for those who want good style, and the new, smart summer colors.

"Holeproof" is the busy people's hosiery. Those who walk hard all day, who cover many miles, or who stand a long time shifting from foot to foot, find just what they need in these wonderful hose.

For here is the *wear* with the *comfort* and *style*. No one wants to wear hose that are heavy and coarse. "Holeproof" are light, soft and attractive. Yet six pairs are guaranteed six months. You can have them in gauzy weights if you want them. You can have them in cotton, or silk (three pairs guaranteed three months). There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades. And "Holeproof" are made for men, women and children.

A Million Wearers

We pay for the yarn the top market price—an average of 70c a pound. We could buy yarn for 30c. But ours is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the softest, most flexible, strongest yarn made. It makes the lightest-weight, softest and strongest *hose*. That's why more than a million people are wearing these hose today. That's why 95% of our output *outlasts the guarantee*. Hose made with a lesser yarn never will equal the genuine "Holeproof."

We Spend $55,000

We spend $55,000 a year just to inspect Holeproof Hose, merely to see that each pair we turn out is perfection. But "Holeproof" cost, to make, four times what some hose cost, so we cannot afford to replace many pairs. We replace without question every pair that *does* wear out, so in our own interest, we see that few do.

But this works to your benefit also, for you never buy a poor pair of "Holeproof." Every pair is a good one. 95% will last longer than six months.

39 Years' Experience

We have had 39 years of experience. We are the third generation of a family of hosiery makers. We have made Holeproof Hose for the past 13 years. They are the original guaranteed hose, the hose guaranteed because they are worth it.

It is easy to sell cheap hose—*and replace them*. It is easy to make them wear if you make them heavy and hot. But to make them *really wear* the six months, and to keep them *light, soft* and *attractive*, you must make them like "*Holeproof*."

The fact that we're making these hose for the millions is the sole reason why we can sell them at the price of the common kinds.

If you want to wear the best hose in existence you have no choice but these. A trial box will make you a permanent customer. Go get one today.

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freidl

Be Sure

There's only one way to be sure you are *getting* the *genuine* "Holeproof"; look for the trademark printed above, also for this signature—Carl Freidl

These marks are on the toe of each pair. If *not* there the hose are *not* "*Holeproof*," no matter if they *are* guaranteed, or if they are *called* "holeproof." Nobody's "say so" can take the place of these marks, so insist on them.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Dealers—

There are a few localities where we are able to place "Holeproof" agencies. If you have a good store and are interested in this greatest of "trade getters," write us for our proposition and information about the "Holeproof Trade Helps."

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Prices of six pairs cotton goods guaranteed six months for men, women and children range from $1.50 to $3, according to finish and weight.

The silk "Holeproof," three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2 for the three pairs of men's, $3 for the three pairs of women's.

See the assortment of colors and styles at your dealer's. There is nothing more beautiful, nothing in better style.

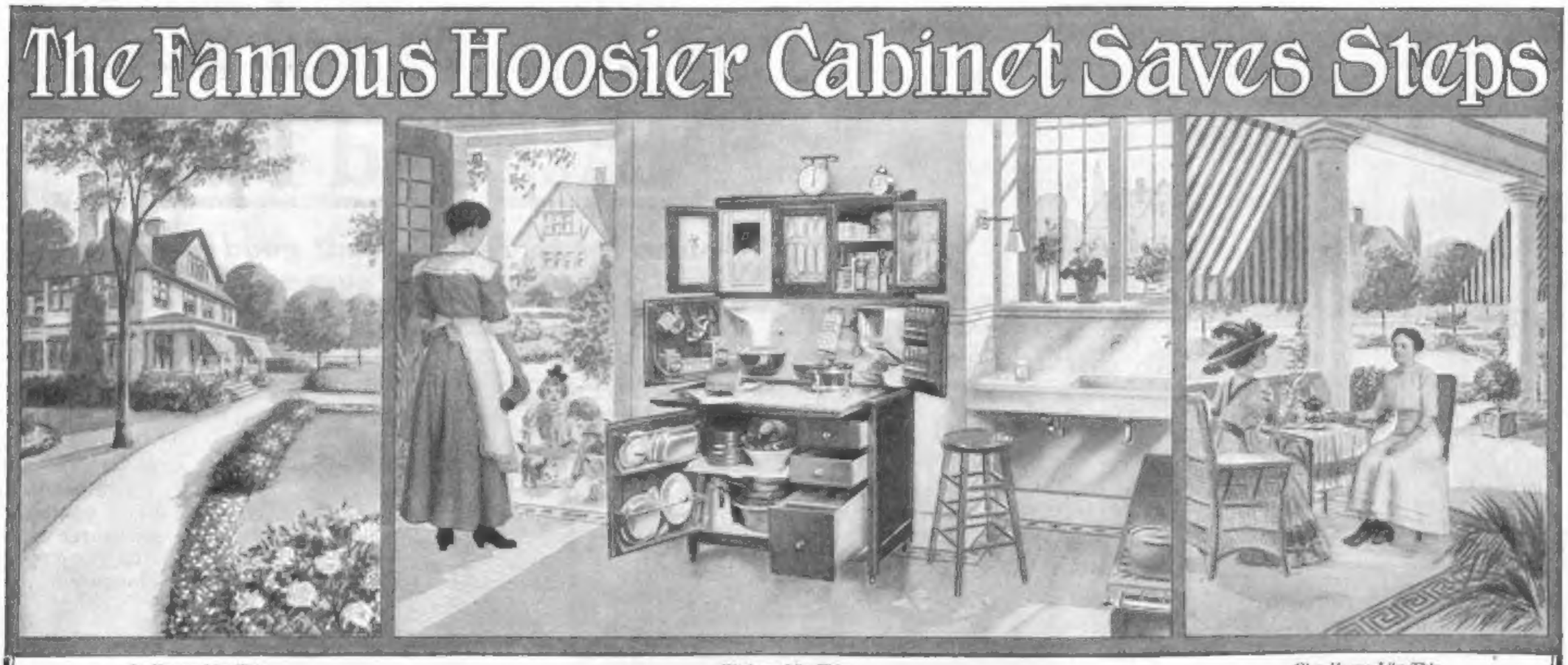
Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada

(345)

Are Your Hose Insured?



In Homes Like This *Kitchens Like This* *Give Hours Like This*

Take Two Hours Vacation Every Day

$1.00 Puts the Famous Hoosier Cabinet in the Kitchens of a Limited Number of Women Who Join the Hoosier Club at Once

Rest more this summer.

Two extra hours daily out of your kitchen during July and August weather rest you more than weeks of mountains or sea.

Your real vacation comes at home surrounded by real comforts and conveniences.

Think of the miles of steps each day the Hoosier Cabinet saves! How much more pleasant your kitchen with this compact labor-saving machine at your service instantly any minute of the day!

Demand Far Exceeds Supply

Tens of thousands of women are adding Hoosier Cabinets to their homes. A half million enthusiastic women are using Hoosiers every day. The demand is enormous.

This summer the call for Hoosier Cabinets has been so great that the entire output of the Hoosier factory was contracted for weeks in advance. To most Hoosier agents we cannot supply as many cabinets as they want. Every agent has been assigned the greatest possible allotment.

3000 Clubs—Plan in Detail

In each of nearly 3000 towns this summer, the Hoosier agent (leading furniture merchant in each town) is forming a Hoosier Club. These clubs are under our direct supervision.

Each lady who enrolls and deposits $1.00 membership fee receives her Hoosier Cabinet at once; balance being payable in small weekly dues of $1.00.

Enroll Your Name Quickly

In some towns the allotment of Hoosier Cabinets will arrive in June; in some during July; in others during August.

It will pay you to send for the name of the Hoosier agent in your town now. Find out when his allotment arrives and get your membership in his club right away. You will thus be sure of a genuine Hoosier Cabinet that will save you steps and time every day of your life.

Worth Waiting For

Unless you live in a town where the club allotment arrives in June you may need to wait a little while to get your Hoosier Cabinet. By getting your name in the club now, however, you will cut the time down to the minimum, and you will be glad all your life you waited to get a genuine Hoosier.

A Wonderful Cabinet

You are buying this cabinet, remember, to save steps the rest of your life. Get the best there is.

The great economy of the Hoosier to you comes not only in its convenience, but even more in its splendid workmanship. Every panel, every drawer bottom is built up three thicknesses. It can't warp. The wood is solid oak. The finish is water and steam proof. The table top is *pure aluminum*.

How It Saves Steps

You will find the convenience of the Hoosier, too, a marvel of ingenuity. Store a hundred dishes and forty or fifty packages and canned articles in the Hoosier dish cupboard within arm's reach above your table; your sugar, spices, tea, coffee, salt and extracts in the jars made for them just under your hand.

Put your mixing bowl under the hopper of the metal dust-proof flour bin without waste or effort. Sift directly into your bowl flour that is pure and clean.

You have a place for cutlery, kitchen linen, bread and cake, and 12,000 cubic inches for pots and pans.

You pull out the aluminum table, sit down in front of your Hoosier Cabinet and work easily and rapidly. Everything is at your fingers' ends. You save time by saving miles of steps.

Half A Million Enthusiastic Opinions

Do you wonder that the half million owners of Hoosier Cabinets are delighted? Do you wonder they say, "I wouldn't trade mine for $100.00," "I couldn't keep house without it," "Seems to hand things to me," "Everything at my fingers' ends," "My Automatic Servant," "My friend," "The best girl I ever had," "My silent servant"?

These women have made the enormous demand for Hoosier Cabinets. Every woman who owns one eagerly recommends it to her friends. Be one of the women in your neighborhood to own a Hoosier Cabinet this summer. A single dollar puts it in your home.

Low Fixed Price Protects You

The enormous Hoosier output greatly reduces the cost of building Hoosiers. We fix the price to give you full benefit of this saving.

You get the same low price when you join the Hoosier Club, that we have fixed everywhere. Hoosier agents cannot charge a penny more than this fixed price at any time.

A Few Pennies a Day

Lay aside merely a few pennies a day from your "table" allowance, your "pin" money, your "butter and egg" money, and in a little while you have your club dues paid. This splendid labor-saving, genuine Hoosier Cabinet is your own the rest of your life.

Get "Model Kitchen Book" Free

Write for this famous text book today. Tells how to arrange your kitchen to save steps; how to keep your kitchen cheerful; how to improve an old kitchen; how to have meals ready on time; how to work sitting down; a hundred facts about the famous Hoosier Cabinet, and where you can get it on the club plan; 25 illustrations—yours free. Simply say, "Send me the 'Model Kitchen Book' free, today."

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

126 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind. Branch, Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco

Sold also throughout Canada.

The Old Way

3,000 furniture merchants who believe in our policy of many sales at small profits display this license sign. They are good men to know.

LICENSED AGENTS FOR

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

The Hoosier Way

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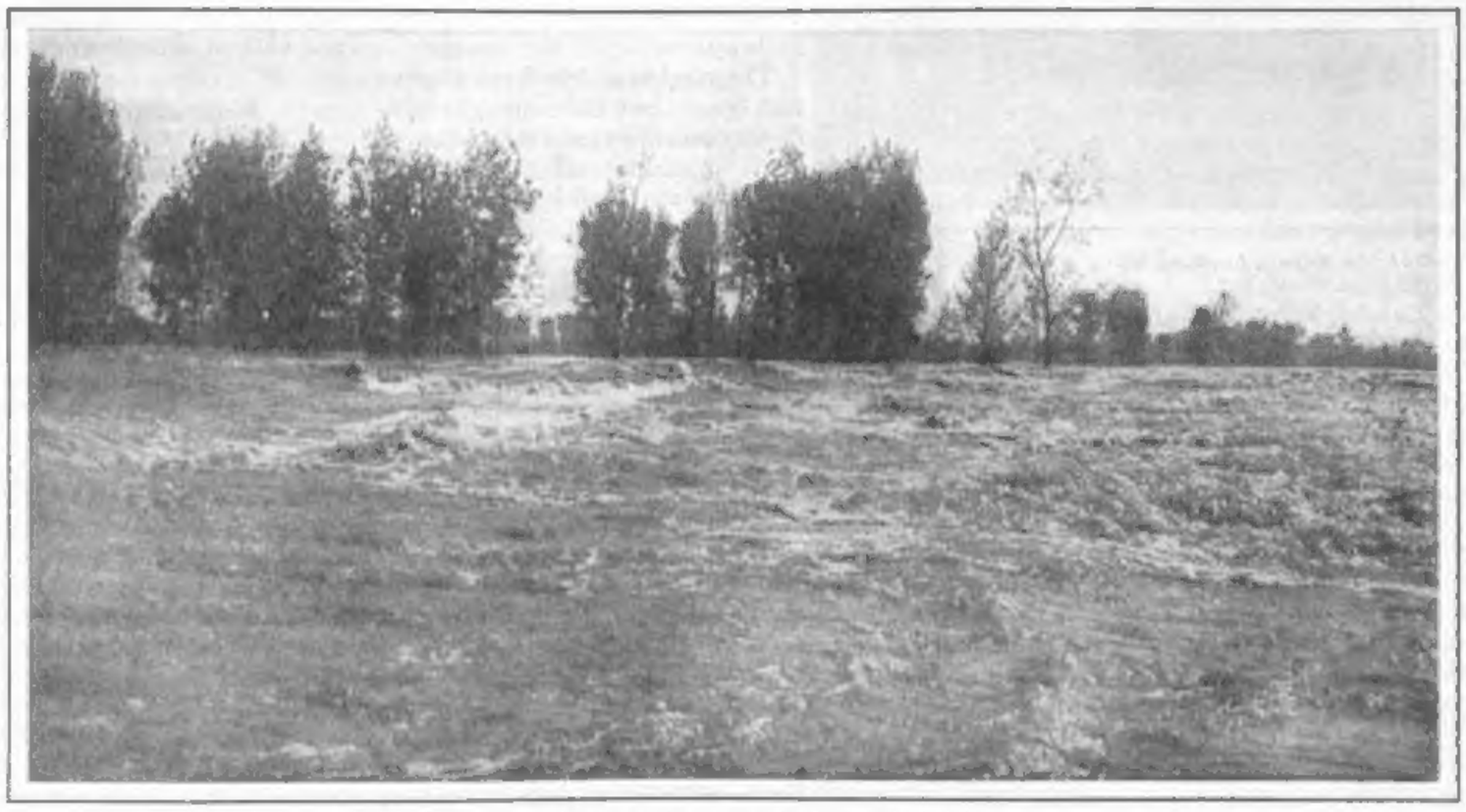
THE BREAK AT DOGTAIL

What an Overflow Means to the Mississippi Valley



Sweeping Inland, Like the Rapids Below Niagara

By HARRIS DICKSON

"THERE! it's done." Randolph Murray fastened the last rowlock to a big flat-bottom skiff which rested on skids along his front gallery, then lifted his baby girl and set her laughing in the seat. For days the young wife had watched his desultory labors, ready to help or to cheer him—which is the way of these brave young wives. "Now then, Mr. Noah," she laughed, "you have built your ark—are you going to launch it in the horse-trough?" Across the wide lawn, beneath the great oaks, through field and pasture and stable lot, there was no sign of water. "Yes," he admitted; "that boat does look big enough for a flood."

The War Department had sent out flood warnings and the river gauge climbed steadily at Cairo—that barometer of the Mississippi. Their levees were strong—the planter trusted them; but, thinking of wife and child, Randolph Murray kept on hammering at his ark. "Well, I hope we won't need it—this year."

The young man leaned thoughtfully against a post as if he were trying to look straight through a little fringe of trees, beyond which ran the most treacherous river in all the world, brimming full of yellow water twenty feet higher than the gallery on which he stood. The levee—that long, thin ridge of dirt—must hold; upon it depended the lives and property of many people.

The planter turned. "All right, Mildred; I'm going to look after the stock. Let's have supper—then I'll ride over and see Mr. Henderson at the levee."

Two negro men, with Ponto, his favorite setter, followed him round a corner of the house. Another negro came riding slowly through the pasture gate, sitting sidewise on his mule.

"Here I am, Jake! How are the levees?"

"Dey's all right, Mister Randolph; water 'bout five feet from de top."

"Rising?"

"Jes' a little bit."

"You've been watching on Dogtail?"

"Yas, suh."

"Have they sufficient guards for tonight?"

"Yas, suh; Mister Henderson is got plenty men—all up an' down de levee."

Jake had done his full duty and delivered the message; now the boss could do the thinking. He slapped the old gray mule with the flat of his hand and rode away singing. The white man walked on slowly, bowing beneath his responsibility. Having made his rounds, Randolph came back to the gallery and paused to listen as Mildred rocked her little girl to sleep. "Well," he muttered, "I feel more comfortable with that big skiff on the gallery."

A lamp had been lighted in the hall. He came up the steps and sat down quietly; the glare struck full upon his face. Mildred stopped rocking and eyed him keenly, then she went into the bedroom and deposited her sleeping burden. The man lifted his head and listened—it must be the wind that caused that distant murmuring. The telephone rang, rang again—sharp, insistent, nervous. Randolph tried not to hurry, but every call from that 'phone startled him since the water rose against the levee. Mildred could not hear what he said; he hung up the receiver with a snap and walked slowly to the back gallery. For a moment he stood there all alone, with the vast night before him and the mysterious woods beyond. Then he strode through the hall and his figure blocked her door. Never had she seen him look so big, so strong, so perfectly at himself. "Mildred, the Dogtail levee has broken; that's the water—you can hear it rushing this way." Both of them listened—it was not the wind that roared and shook the trees. Mildred stepped to her baby's crib and stood up very straight. "What shall we do?"

Revetting a Levee With Jacks and Planks, at Bedford, Louisiana

A Barge Load of Refugees

The Broken End of the Levee, Looking Out

"Get some clothes—quick!" Randolph ran out and began sliding his skiff to the ground.

At the edge of the lawn he saw the waters coming, hissing and writhing and tumbling—the first forerunners of the flood. The frothy crest leaped toward him, dashed against his gallery and jerked the skiff to the end of its rope. He dragged the skiff toward the rear, where the house would protect him against the current. Knee-deep in water he shouted:

"Mildred, get the baby; run to the back gallery."

Having moored his boat to the steps he waded out to the plantation bell and sent its clamorous warnings to his negroes. In waist-deep water he fought his way back to the steps. Mildred came running with the baby.

"Get into the boat!"

"My clothes——"

"Leave everything! Get in—quick!"

The Launching of the Ark

WITH his utmost strength Randolph held the skiff against the gallery while Mildred took her seat in the stern. Having made ready to cast off she saw him hook one arm round a post and reach out, trying to grasp old Ponto's collar as the dog went sweeping past. They saw their old friend bump against the chicken house, then go whirling off in an eddy. In another moment the chicken house was gone. A huge pile of stovewood rose suddenly from its foundation, toppled over and floated away as débris. Randolph took up his oars—the current caught the skiff; they scraped against the kitchen and turned round and round in the yard. He rowed against the current and tried to think of some open way by which he could get out. The front gate? He could not hope to reach it. The water was not yet over the fences; and if it drove him to the tangled woods he could not use his oars.

"Oh, Mr. Randolph—Mr. Randolph!" It was Uncle Aaron, screaming from the stable lot. "Come git me, fer Gawd's sake; I'm caught in dis here wire fence."

With powerful strokes Randolph struggled, angling across the current, and dragged Uncle Aaron into the boat.

"Hang on to the wires, Uncle Aaron; we must get out into the road."

By clinging to the fence they managed to draw their skiff along. Struggling animals whirled past, fighting desperately with the flood. Two of them tried to scramble upon a log, which turned over and over. Hogs swam sturdily; sheep gave up without an effort. At the opposite end of the pasture the rush of water carried these animals helplessly into a pocket of the wire fence. Darkness had come. The planter could not see; but he could hear the cries of drowning beasts splashing and buffeting, climbing madly over each other, caught in a deathtrap—bellowing, lowing, snorting—beyond all human aid.

"Pull, Aaron; pull!" They reached the road, broke down the top wire with an oar and swept out into eddying spaces. Mildred turned; her lamp burned cheerily, glinting upon a mill-race of yellow water that rolled through her cozy hallway.

The road was free from stumps and trees; but the railroad right-of-way was wider, and they followed that. Fending off obstructions, swinging round telegraph poles, avoiding masses of drift, the current bore them on. Their boat accumulated a dangerous load as it went along—men, women, children, all negroes, snatched from galleries and fences, from limbs of swaying trees. This is the way one planter—and thousands of others—left his home when the levee broke.

. . . . . .

News of a break spreads quickly, overrunning the low country all at once—like crevasse water rushing through the swamp. It covers everything; drowns all other topics of talk. Dogtail, Panther Forest, Beulah, Torras—every man who lived behind a levee had these words in his mouth and speculated on the probable direction of the overwhelming floods.

Vicksburg was the nearest point to the Dogtail crevasse—Vicksburg, the high, the dry, the Gibraltar of the river. Before daylight rescue parties began to leave the hill city in launches, skiffs, bateaus, dugouts, steamboats—every craft that would float—with poles, oars or engines. They could approach only from the river side, and most cautiously. If a powerful steamboat were drawn into that maelstrom it would be dashed to pieces.

The Dogtail levee stood twenty feet high, with a crown eight feet wide and a base of two hundred feet, firmly sodded with Bermuda grass. Like Cæsar's wife, it seemed above suspicion. Water rose against it, fifteen feet higher than the lands inside. At the time of the break five feet of solid crown reared itself above the flood; even the nervous persons were not uneasy about Dogtail. The crown held fast, but the enormous river pressure forced water underneath it, perhaps finding a stratum of sand below the foundation. Fifty feet behind the levee the water began to bubble up like a spring. Before anything could be done the levee itself collapsed—twenty feet of it—and a torrent burst through. The ridge caved rapidly, crumbled and fell in from both ends, like brown sugar. The crevasse had widened next morning to a thousand feet.

Inside the levees the fields are almost level, with a gentle slope away from the river. Water pours in, like the rapids below Niagara, rushing toward the sloughs and bayous—toward yet lower lands beyond. On either side of its direct path the flood spreads more slowly, fanwise, eddying round and backing up in those immense flat areas. The levee alone would remain above the water—a long, thin ridge of refuge between two yellow seas—a refuge to which every living creature that has the strength will fight its way. In most cases it is possible to drive domestic animals to the levee, where they can be safe and fed until taken off; but cattle running in the swamp would be drowned almost inevitably. Wild creatures swim and strangle and perish. Rabbits float upon the logs, go careering among the trees, get knocked off and drown. Deer rest upon the ridges until driven to swim again. Some of them reach the levees; a few boldly breast the Mississippi and cross to the hills. Others, weak and starving, drag themselves out of the water and are killed for food—many from pure deviltry—though every effort is made to protect them. Oftentimes a herd that has been concentrated upon a ridge will forget the ancient fear of man, sharing the feed of his hogs and mules and cattle. Hundreds are kept alive in this way.

How Aunt Dicey Missed Her Dinner

VOLUNTEER rescue parties rushed along the river, lifted their boats over the levee and launched again in the backwater. They sputtered and paddled above the richest cotton lands in the world, holding to the eaves of cabins, while negroes slid down the roofs and dropped in. There's a willow tree bending before the current, with a black object bobbing up and down beside it—a woolly head, a curious-looking head; for its owner has a cat upon his shoulders. The negro clung to the tree; and when they fished him out he dragged a half-drowned dog into the boat. The boat stops again, picks up a weakling calf which is spraddled upon a floating log; some bereaved cow at the levee will play foster-mother to that draggled infant. A few gin-houses, churches and plantation stores kept above water for days. Into these the negroes crowded, with horses, cows and hogs—thick as sardines and happier than clams. Those who stuck by their own cabins were driven to the roof; they had to cut holes from the inside and climb out, for the flood had shut their doors.

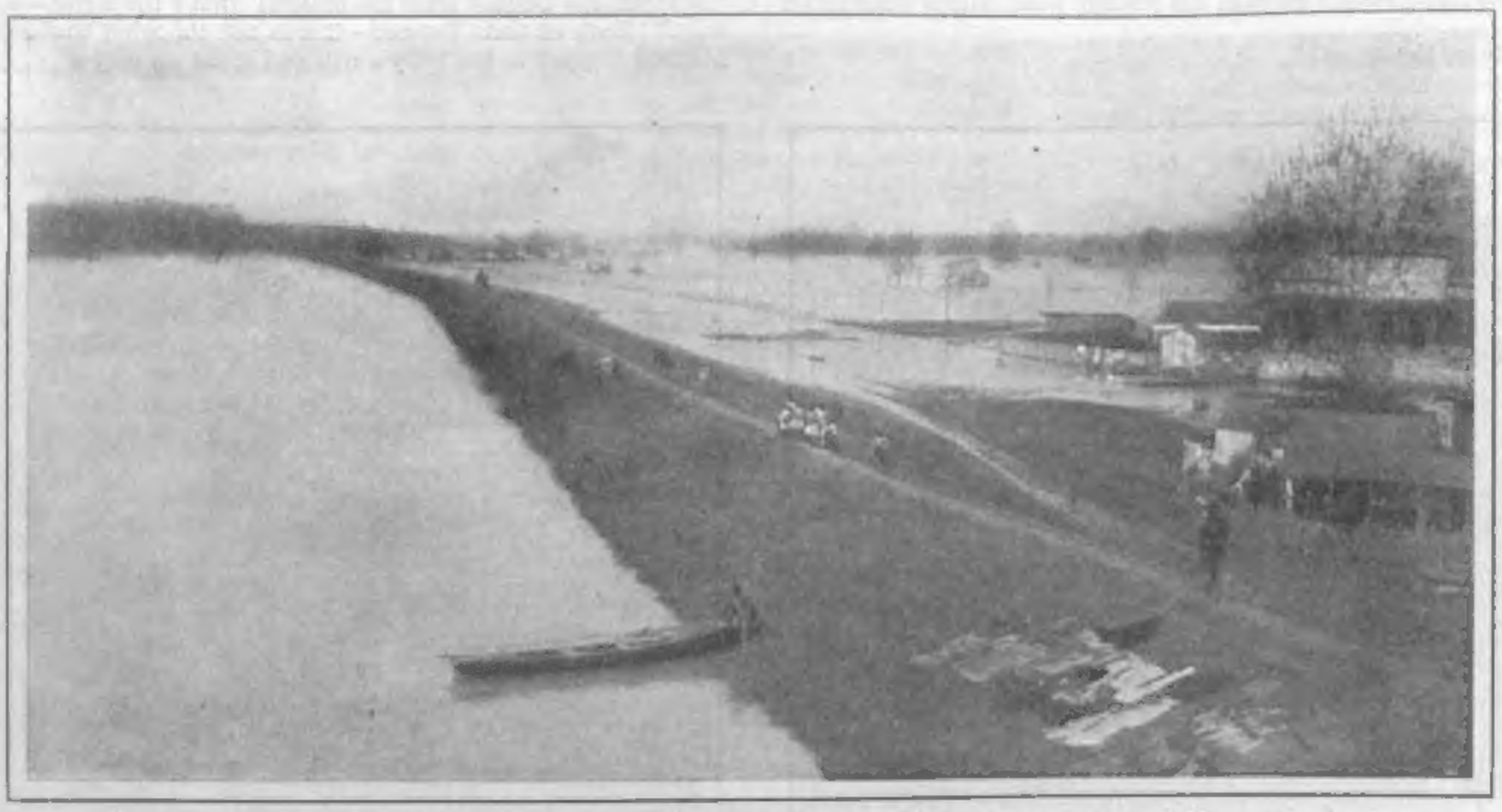
Old Aunt Dicey was so fat she could not scramble to the roof. She had to stand on the gallery, waist-deep in water, waiting for a barge. It would take a barge to navigate with her. Supper-time came, and no supper; breakfast-time, and no breakfast; dinner-time, and no dinner. Irregular meals grew monotonous. Then Aunt Dicey saw something and she grinned. It was a table floating serenely past—a table set for dinner, turning leisurely round, this way and that—like one of those revolving shelves in a show-window. Aunt Dicey could see everything on it—the bacon and corn bread, the molasses pitcher, a water-bucket and a dipper. "Huh! Some nigger shore did cook supper what he never got no time to eat!" She laughed; but it hurt Aunt Dicey's feelings when all that good grub went floating out of reach.

The fact that Jim Deacon's dog never got to the levee was proof positive that Jim had been mightily crowded for time. As Jim went puffing by in the white folks' motor boat, Ed Simpson pointed out the dog. "Look yonder, Jim; ain't dat ole Rowdy on dat pile o' drift—wid dem two pigs?"

Jim saw old Rowdy's wistful eyes and he knew what the dog was thinking about. The pigs—of course pigs "warn't thinkin' about nothin'."

"Jim, yo' dog ain't got a bit o' sense—'way out whar nobody can't git to him!" Ed Simpson would not have said that if the white folks had not given him a drink. Jim got huffy.

"Huh! Ain't we jes' pulled you offen a tellyfome pole, whar you didn't have a bite to eat? Ole Rowdy got heap mo' sense dan dat. Ain't he



The Levee Alone Would Remain Above Water, a Long, Thin Ridge of Refuge Between Two Yellow Seas. On the Left is the Mississippi River; on the Right, Back Water From a Crevasse Fifteen Miles Away

a-settin' right side an' side wid his provisions? When dinner-time comes jes' watch ole Rowdy fight de buzzards fer dem two pigs!"

An ancient Indian mound rises like Ararat above the flood. Cattle, hogs, mules and deer swim there for refuge. Antiquarians may wrangle; but while skiff-folks come with corn these four-legged refugees never argue about its long-dead builders.

The railroad right-of-way has become a grand canal straight through the somber forest. Its shimmering surface throws back the reflection not of white palaces and soft Italian skies but of giant trees and waving moss and lacework greenery. The tops of telegraph poles stick up like monuments to mark a burial-place. While traveling by rail—in a motor boat—one must lie flat in the bottom if he wants to pass beneath the wires without getting jerked out. Towns have become miniatures of Venice, with bateaus for gondolas and black faces instead of swarthy, gold-ringed gondoliers.

"Take a drink?"

"Don't care if I do." The boat slips into a barroom and bumps against the counter, while the "barkeep" washes the glass without stooping.

In a tailor's window there's a life-sized dummy wearing a creasy dress suit. Some frolicsome person, with no sense of harmonious costume, rolled up that dummy's trousers to the knee, letting him stand ankle-deep in muddy water. The small towns are deserted; there is nothing for people to do, and everybody gets away who can.

Rescuers follow the crevasse water, carrying people and livestock to the levees. There they camp, dry their clothing and spread their saturated quilts beneath the sun. Some have brought out a skiffload of household plunder; most of them bring nothing—except their dogs.

Martial Law in the Rescue Camps

ORGANIZED charities in near-by cities, public subscriptions and private generosity supplied the cash for urgent needs. After a few days the rescue work settled down to a system. When the first United States officer stepped off a rescue boat and mentioned "Rations!" it was like whispering "Rats!" among a bunch of terriers. Instantly the sun began to shine again; for a negro drawing Government rations—three square meals a day for himself, a wife, nine children, old Rowdy and the mule—that negro has no trouble worth speaking of.

The thousands assembled upon the levees were picked up by steamboats and carried to the nearest hills. Surviving cattle were transported to safe pasturage beyond the reach of overflow. Sixteen hundred wet, hungry and half-naked negroes were brought to Vicksburg. First, they must be fed; rations were handed out and eaten by hand—no plates, no forks, no frills. The King's Daughters called for contributions of clothing. An avalanche of various and versatile apparel tumbled down upon them—new clothes, old clothes, good clothes, bad clothes—a ragtime medley of miscellaneous raiment for all sorts and conditions of men, women and babies; especially babies—four new ones arriving on the first day in camp.

Then Uncle Sam opened a commissary. An Irish sergeant dished out the grub, with plenty of good advice. Negroes took the grub.

Two well-fed commissary officers strolled through the camp, with U. S. on their collars and We Us on their minds. Country negroes gaped.

"Jerry, who you reckin dem white folks is?"

"Huh! Nigger, you ain't never been to town befo'. Dem's de Starvation Army!"

Starvation would have been no joke but for prompt relief by the War Department and the zealous, kindly officers who distributed it. Every one who has witnessed their methods has gained an even greater respect for these men.

State militia began to show up for policing the various camps—not that these camps require much policing, the negroes being docile and well-behaved; but sufficient to enforce sanitary regulations. Enthusiastic khakied doctors laid down rules and regulations for chasing away germs and bacteria, for which every camp would seem a happy hunting-ground.

It may be true that in the beginning some of the Government supplies went to persons who might have taken care of themselves—but surprisingly few. In the hurly-burly of suffering and relief work it was impossible to probe individual cases.

People would have starved if dilatory officials had stopped to unwind a lot of red tape.

Where camps are located in cities the town negroes are kept away by local police, otherwise many of them would step up to the "cap'n's" desk and draw their rations. As a rule, every refugee is known to some responsible person who vouches for him. This could not be done at first; every hungry man, white or black, was fed and no questions asked.

That first emergency camp at Vicksburg grew up of itself. The steamboats dumped those sixteen hundred negroes in a pile at the landing and something had to happen. An empty cotton warehouse, with a good roof, held out the nearest shelter. After two or three days of chaos in blacks and tans, and quilts and dogs and babies, each family took possession of a definite space. Lumber and canvas being provided, they built sleeping-room partitions, and now dwell in a jumble of joyousness. Why should they not be merry? Every day is Sunday, and rations running wild! The husband goes to the sergeant and draws rations for himself, his wife and two children. Then the wife draws for husband, self and two children. And each child garners the grub as an independent orphan in its own right.

Of course the sergeant did not know that negro from Adam's off ox. All coons look alike; and though the sergeant knew he was being flimflammed he could not help himself. The planters then selected half a dozen reliable tenants—the bellwether sort, who knew the others. They stood beside the sergeant and made themselves unpopular by ringing the alarm clock on repeaters.

At convenient points along the river other camps were laid out, located near the plantations upon which the negroes lived—most of whom preferred to stay close to their homes, hoping to keep an eye on their temporarily abandoned property.

This, too, would prevent the straying away of labor, rations being a steadfast hitching post—sometimes a double hitching post, as was proved at Millikens Bend.

In the Jaws of the Crevasse

Day after day at Millikens Bend a sappy yellow boy stood in line before the commissary tent. Time after time his round calf's eyes watched the clerk write down his name, then the boy drew rations for one. One ration, one boy—a lonesome, kinky-headed boy, with the grand idea buzzing in his head. That evening he asked the sergeant:

"Boss, how long is dese here rations gwine to hole out?"

"Ten days if I don't let you naygurs ate 'em up in one day."

"Dis is on a Chuesday," mused the sappy boy; "dese rations is gwine to las' till nex' Saddy."

Next morning the sappy boy showed up in line and moved forward with a grin that grew. When the clerk wrote down his name he called:

"Rations fer two!"

"Two! You only draw rations for one."

The grin expanded like a crevasse: "Lordy, mister, ain't you heerd de news? I done got married!"

Work Aplenty for Unwilling Hands

THOSE refugee camps are laid out with military precision. Sanitary experts, state and Federal, and Red Cross nurses do just a little better than advise the negroes to observe the simple rules of hygiene—for the hand that issues rations is the hand that rules the camp. Health conditions are undoubtedly better than they would be if the negroes were at home, even in normal times.

When the present calamity occurred these negroes could not comprehend that they, too, were expected to help in the work of saving their own families from drowning. Volunteer white rescuers found a few negroes already on the levees. It was necessary that skiffs and motor boats should be lifted over that ridge of dirt and set afloat in the fields beyond. Dozens of negro men were slouching round with their hands in their pockets while their families and friends were clinging to trees in the swamp or marooned in frail cabins. Naturally the white men called upon them to take turns at the oars and met the staggering question: "What you goin' to pay us?"

In several unregretted instances it became necessary

(Continued on Page 26)

Refugees at Omega, Louisiana, Drying Their Clothing in the Sun

HANDS AND FEET

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

We Don't Know What to Do With Our Hands

NEARLY every boy has a period in his life when he is filled with an envious admiration for the East India god with the extra set of arms—Vishnu, I think, is the party's name. To a small boy it seems a grand thing to have a really adequate assortment of hands. He considers the advantage of such an arrangement in school—two hands in plain view above the desk holding McGuffy's Fourth Reader at just the proper angle for study, and the other two underneath the desk, out of sight, engaged in the manufacture of paper wads, or playing crack-a-loo or some other really worth-while employment.

Or for robbing birdnests. There would be two hands for use in skinning up the tree, and one hand for scaring off the mother bird, and one hand for stealing the eggs. And for hanging on behind wagons the combination positively could not be beaten. Then there would be the gaudy conspicuousness of going round with four arms weaving in and out in a kind of a spidery effect, while less favored boys were forced to content themselves with just an ordinary and insufficient pair. Really, there was just one drawback to the contemplation of this scheme—there'd be twice as many hands to wash when company was coming to dinner.

Generally speaking, a boy's hands give him no serious concern during the first few years of his life except at such times as a mother grows officious and fussy and insists that his hands ought to be washed up as far as the regular place for washing a boy's hands—to wit, about midway between the knuckles and the wrist. The fact that one finger is usually in a state of mashedness is no drawback, but a benefit. The presence of a soiled rag round a finger gives to a boy's hand a touch of distinctiveness—it singles it out from ordinary unmaimed hands. Its presence has been known to excuse its happy possessor from such chores as bringing in wood for the kitchen stove and pulling dockweeds out of the grass in a front yard where it would be much easier and quicker to pull the grass out of the dockweeds. It may even be made a source of profit by removing the wrappings and charging two grays a look. I seem to recall that in the case of a specially attractive injury, such as a thumbnail knocked off, or a deep cut that has refused to heal by first intention, or an imbedded splinter in process of being drawn out by a scrap of fat meat, that as much as four grays could be charged. On a Fourth of July you occasionally burned your hands and in cold winters they chapped extensively across the knuckles, but these were but the marks and scars of honorable endeavor and a hardy endurance. Indeed, I remember that in our set the boy whose knuckles had the deepest cracks in them was a prominent and admired figure, crowned, as you might say, with an imaginary chaplet by reason of his chaps.

The Gifted and Prehensile Teadrinker

WITH girls, of course, it was different. Girls were superfluous and unnecessary creatures with a false and inflated idea of the value of soap and water. Their hands weren't good for much anyway. Later on we discovered that a girl's hands were excellent for holding purposes in a hammock or while coming back from a strawride, but I am speaking now of the earlier stages of our development, before the presence of the ostensibly weaker sex began to awaken responsive throbs in our several bosoms—in short, when girls were merely nuisances and things to be ignored whenever possible. In that early stage of our existence hands have no altruistic or sentimental or ornamental value for a boy—they are for useful purposes altogether and are regarded as such.

It is only when one has reached the age of tailcoats and spite-fence collars that he discovers that two hands are frequently too many and often not enough. They are too many at your first church wedding when you are wearing your first pair of white kids, and they are not enough at your first five o'clock tea. There is a type of male who can go to a five o'clock tea and not fall over a lot of Louie Kahn's furniture or get himself hopelessly tangled up in a hanging drapery, and who can seem perfectly at ease while holding in his hands a walking stick, a pair of dove-colored gloves, a two-quart hat, a cup of tea with a slice of lemon peel drowning in it, a teaspoon, a lump of sugar, a seed cookie, an olive, and the hand of the lady with whom he is discussing the true meaning of the message of the late Ibsen; but these gifted mortals are not common. They are rare and exotic. There are also some few who can do ushering at a church wedding with a pair of white kids on and not appear overly self-conscious. These are also the exceptions. The great majority of us suffer visibly under such circumstances. We have the feeling that each hand weighs fully twenty-four pounds and that it is hanging out of the sleeve for a distance of about one and three-quarter yards. We don't know what to do with our hands, and on the whole we should feel much more comfortable and decorative if they were both sawed off at the wrist and hidden some place where we couldn't find them. You have that feeling and you also look it. You look as though you were working in a plaster of Paris factory and were carrying home a couple of large sacks of samples. It would be grand to be a Vishnu at a five o'clock tea, but an awful thing to be one at a church wedding.

About the time you begin embarking on a career of teas and weddings you also begin worrying about the appearance of your hands. Up until now the hands have given you no great concern one way or the other; but some day you wake to the realization that you need to be manicured. Once you catch that disease there is no hope for you. There are ways of curing you of almost any habit except manicuring. You get so you aren't satisfied unless your nails run down about a quarter of an inch farther than nails were originally intended to run; and unless they glitter freely you feel strangely distraught in company. Inasmuch as no male creature's fingernail will glitter with the desired degree of brilliancy for more than twenty-four short and fleeting hours after a treatment, you find yourself constantly in the act of either just getting a manicure or just getting over one. It is an expensive habit too; it takes up time and it takes money. There's the fixed charge for manicuring, in the first place, and then there's the tip. Once there was a manicure lady who wouldn't take a tip, but she is now no more. Her indignant sisters stabbed her to death with hatpins and nailfiles.

There'd be Twice as Many Hands to Wash When Company was Coming to Dinner

Manicuring as a public profession is a comparatively recent development of our civilization. The Fathers of the Republic and the founders of the Constitution, which was founded first and has been foundering ever since if you can believe what Congress says—they knew nothing of manicuring. Speaking by and large, they only got their thumbs wet when doing one of three things—taking a bath, going in swimming or turning a page in a book. Washington probably was never manicured nor Jefferson nor Franklin; it's a cinch that Daniel Boone and Israel Putnam and George Rogers Clark weren't, and yet it is generally conceded that they got along fairly well without it. But as the campaign orators are even now pointing out from the hustings and the forum—this is an age calling for change and advancement. And manicuring is one of the advancements that likewise calls for the change—for seventy-five cents in change anyhow and often more, if you are inclined to be generous with the tip. It is being much done this summer by our best dressers—manicuring is.

Shall you ever forget your first manicure? The shan'ts are unanimously in the majority. It seems an easy thing to walk into a manicure parlor or a barber shop and shove your hands across a little table to a strange young woman and tell her to go ahead and shine 'em up a bit—the way you hear old veteran manicurees saying it. It seems easy, I say, and looks easy, but it isn't as easy as it seems. Until you get hardened it requires courage of a very high order. You, the abashed novice, see other men sitting in the front window of the manicure shop just as debonair and cozy as though they'd been born and raised there, swapping the ready repartee of the day with dashing creatures of a frequent blond aspect; and you imagine they have always done so.

You little know that these persons who now appear so much at home, and who can snap out those bright, witty things like "I gotcher, Steve," and "Well, see who's here," without a moment's hesitation and without having to stop and think for the right word or the right phrase, but have it right there on the tip of the tongue—you little reck that they, too, passed through the same initiation that you now contemplate. Yet such is indeed the case.

You have dress rehearsals—private ones—in your room. In the seclusion of your bedchamber you picture yourself opening the door of the marble manicure hall and stepping in with a brisk yet graceful tread—like James K. Hackett making an entrance in the first act—and glancing about you casually—like John Drew counting up the house—and saying: "Hello, girlies; how're all the little Heart's Delights this afternoon?" like that, and picking out the most sumptuous and attractive of the flattered young ladies in waiting; and sinking easily into the chair opposite her—see photos of William Faversham—and throwing the coat lapels back, at the same time resting the clenched left hand upon the upper hip with the elbow well out—Donald Brian asking a lady to waltz—and offering your right hand to the favored female and telling her to go as far as she likes with it. It sounds simple when you are figuring it out alone, but it rarely works out that way in practice. It is my belief that every woman longs for the novelty of a Turkish bath and every man for the novelty of a manicure long before either dares to tackle it. I may be wrong, but this is my belief. And in the case of the man he usually makes a number of false starts.

You go to the portals and hesitate and then, stumbling across the threshold, you either dive on through to the barber shop—if there is a barber shop in connection—or else you mumble something about being in a hurry and coming back again, and retreat with all the grace and ease that a hard-shell crab would show trying to back into the mouth of a milk bottle.

Hand in Hand Dialogue

YOU are likely to do this several times, but finally some day you stick. You slump down into one of those little chairs and offer both your hands or one of them to a calm and slightly arrogant-looking young lady, and you tell her please to shine them up a little. You endeavor to appear as though you had been doing this at frequent periods stretching through a great number of years, but she—bless her little heart!—she knows better than that. The female of the manicuring species is not to be deceived by any such cheap and transparent artifices. If you were a peek-a-boo waist she couldn't see through you any easier. Your hands would give you away if your face didn't.

In a sibilant aside she addresses the young lady at the next table—the one with the nine bracelets on and the hair done up delicatessen-store mode, sausages, rolls and buns—whereupon both of them laugh in a significant silvery way and you feel the back of your neck setting your collar on fire. You can smell the bone button back there scorching and you're glad it's not celluloid, celluloid being so much more inflammable than bone and subject to combustion when subjected to intense heat.

When both have laughed their merry fills the young woman who has you in charge looks you right in the eye and says: "Dearie me! You'll pardon my saying so, but your nails are in a perfectly terrible state. I don't think I've seen a jumpman's nails in such a state for ever so long. Pardon me again—but how long has it been since you had them did?"

To which you reply in what is meant by you to be a jaunty and offhand tone: "Oh, quite some little while. I've—I've been out of town."

"I Don't Think I've Seen a Jumpman's Nails in Such a State for Ever So Long"

"That's what I thought," she says with a slight shrug.

It isn't so much what she says, it's the way she says it—the tone and all that—that makes you feel smaller and smaller until you could crawl into your own watchpocket and live happily there ever after. There'd be slews of room, and when you wanted the air of an evening you could climb up in a buttonhole of your vest and be quite cozy and comfortable. But shrink as you may, there is now no hope of escape, for she has reached out and grabbed you firmly by a wrist. She has you fast. You have a feeling that eight or nine thousand people have assembled behind you and are all gazing fixedly into the small of your back. The only thing about you that hasn't shrunk up is your hands. You can feel them growing larger and larger and redder and redder and more prominent and more conspicuous every instant.

The lady begins operations. You are astonished to note how many tools and implements it takes to manicure a pair of hands properly. The top of her little table is full of them, and she pulls open a drawer and shows you some more ranged in rows. There are files and steel biters and pairs of pigeon-toed scissors and scrapers and polishers and things; and wads of cotton with which to staunch the blood of the wounded; and bottles of liquid and little medicinal-looking jars full of red paste; and a cut-glass crock with soapsuds in it and a whole lot of little orange-wood stobbers.

In the interest of truth I have taken the pains to inquire, and I have ascertained that these stobbers are invariably of orange wood. Say what you will, the orange tree is a hardy growth. Every February you read in the papers that the Florida orange crop for the third consecutive time since Christmas has been entirely and totally destroyed, and yet there is always an adequate supply on hand of the principal products of the orange—phosphate for the soda fountains, blossoms for the bride, political sentiment for the North of Ireland, and little sharp stobbers for the manicure lady. Speaking merely as a layman, I would say there ought to be other varieties of wood that would serve just as well and bring about the desired results as readily—say, a good thorny variety of poison ivy. But it seems that orange wood is absolutely essential. A manicure lady could no more do manicuring properly without using an orange-wood stobber at certain periods than a cartoonist could draw a picture of a man in jail without putting a ball and chain on him, or a summer hotel could get along without a Lover's Leap within easy walking distance.

It simply isn't done, that's all.

Hangnails Made While You Wait

WELL, as I was saying, she gets out her tool kit and goes to work on you. You didn't dream that there were so many things—mainly of a painful nature—that could be done to a single fingernail, and you suddenly remember that you have ten of them in all, counting thumbs in with fingers. She takes a fingernail and she files it and she trims it and she softens it with hot water and hardens it with chemicals and parboils it a little while, and then she cuts off the hangnails—if there isn't any hangnail there already she'll make one—and she shears away enough extra cuticle, apparently, to cover quite a good-sized little boy. She goes over you with a bristle brush, warming up your nerve ends until you tingle clear back to your dorsal fins, and then she takes one of those orange-wood stobbers previously referred to and embarks on an exploring expedition down under the nail looking for the quick. She always finds it. There is no record of a failure to find the quick. Having found it, she proceeds to rouse it up and teach it some parlor tricks. I may not have set forth all these various details in the exact order in which they take place, but I know she does them all. And somewhere, along about the time when she is halfway through with the first hand, she makes you put the other hand in the suds.

Later on when you have had more practice at this thing you learn to wait for the signal before plunging the second hand into the suds, but on this occasion, being green, you are apt to mistake the moving of the crock of suds over from the right-hand side to the left-hand side as a notice, and to poke your untouched hand in without further orders, hoping to get it softened up well so as to save her trouble in trimming it down to the size that suits her best. But this is wrong, this is very wrong, as she tells you promptly with a pitying smile for your ignorance. Manicure ladies are as careful about boiling a hand as some people are about boiling their eggs for breakfast of a morning. A two-minute hand is absolutely no pleasure to her if she has diagnosed your hand as one calling for six minutes, or vice versa. So should you err in this matter she will snatch the offending hand out and wipe it off and give it back to you, and tell you to keep it in a dry place until she calls for it. Manicure girls are very funny that way.

These Gifted Mortals are Not Common

Thus time passes on and on and by degrees you begin to feel more and more at home. Your bashfulness is wearing off. The coherent power of speech has returned to you and you have exchanged views with her on the relative merits of the better known brands of chewing gum and which brand holds the flavor longest, and you have swapped ideas on the question of whether ladies should or should not smoke cigarettes in public, and she knows how much your stickpin cost and you know what her favorite flower is.

The End of the Operation

YOU are going along fine, when all of a sudden she dabs your nails with a red paste, and snatches up a kind of a polishing tool and ferociously rubs your fingers until they catch on fire. Just when the conflagration threatens to become general she stops using the polisher and proceeds to cool down the ruins by gently burnishing your nails against the soft, pink palm of her hand. You like this better than the other way. You can ignite yourself by friction almost any time, if you get hold of the right kind of a chamois-skin rubber, but this is quite different and highly soothing. You are beginning really to enjoy the sensation when she roguishly pats the back of your hand—pitty-pat—as a signal that the operation is now over. You pay the check and tip the lady—tip her fifty cents if you wish to be regarded as a lovely jumpman, or only twenty-five cents if you are satisfied with being a vurry nice fella—and you secure your hat and step forth into the open with the feeling of one who has taken a trip into a distant domain and on the whole has rather enjoyed it.

The Presence of a Soiled Rag Round a Finger Gives to a Boy's Hand a Touch of Distinctiveness

You stand in the sunlight and waggle your fingers and are at once struck with the desirable glitter that flits from fingertip to fingertip like a heliograph winking on a mountain top. It is indeed a pleasing spectacle. You decide that hereafter you will always glitter so; it is cheaper than wearing diamonds and much more refined. So you take good care of your fingers all that day, and carefully refrain from dipping them in the brine while engaged in the well-known indoor sport of spearing dill pickles at the business men's lunch.

But next morning when you wake up the desirable glitter is gone. You only glimmer dully—your fingers do not sparkle and dazzle and scintillate as they did. As François Villon, the French poet, would undoubtedly have said had manicures been known at the time he was writing his poems: "Where are the manicures of yesterday?" instead of making it, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" there being no answer ready for either question, except that the manicures of yesterday like the snows of yesteryear are never there when you start looking for them. They have just naturally up and gone away, leaving no forwarding address.

But you have been launched upon your career as a manicuree and you never get over it. You either get married and your wife does your nails for you, thus saving you large sums but failing to impart the high degree of polish and the spice of romance noticed in connection with manicuring when done away from home, or you continue to patronize the regular establishments and become known in time as Polished Percival, the Pet of the Parlor. But in either event your hands, which once were hands and nothing more, have become a source of added trouble and expense to you.

Speaking of hands naturally brings one to the subject of feet, which was intended originally to be the theme for the last half of this article, but unfortunately I find I have devoted so much space to your hands that there is but little room left for your feet, and therefore, so far as your feet are concerned, we must content ourselves on this occasion with a few general statements. Feet, I take it, speaking both from experience and observation, are even more trouble to us than hands are. There are still a good many of us left who go through life without doing anything much for our hands, but with our feet it is different. They thrust themselves upon us, so to speak, demanding care and attention. This goes for all sizes and all ages of feet. From the time you are a small boy and suffer from stone bruises in the summer and chilblains in the winter, on through life, you're beset with corns and calluses and falling of the instep and all the other ills that feet are heir to.

Spends the Rest of His Life Regretting It

The rich limp with the gout, the moderately well-to-do content themselves along with an active ingrown nail or so, and the poor man goes out and drops an iron casting on his toe. Nearly every male who lives to reach the voting age has a period of mental weakness in his youth when he wears those pointed shoes that turn up at the ends like sleigh-runners, and spends the rest of his life regretting it. Feet are certainly ungrateful things—I might say that they are proverbially ungrateful. You do for them and they do you. You get one corn, hard or soft, cured up or removed, and a whole crowd of its relatives comes to take its place. I imagine that Nature intended we should go barefooted and is now getting even with us because we didn't.

Our poor painful feet go with us through all the years, and every step in life is marked by some sort of a pang. And right on up to the end of our days our feet are getting more infirm and more troublesome and more crotchety and harder to bear with all the time. Alas, how many are there in this country right now who have one foot in the grave and the other at the chiropodist's!

Napoleon said an army traveled on its stomach. I don't blame the army, far be it; I've often wished I could travel that way myself, and I've no doubt so has every other man who ever crowded a number nine and three-quarters foot into a number eight patent-leather shoe, and then went to call on friends residing in a steam-heated apartment. As what man has not? Once the green-corn dance was an exclusive thing with the Sioux Indians, but it may now be witnessed when one man steps on another man's toes in a crowd.

We are pleased to make fun of the humble worm of the dust, but in one certain respect the worm has it on us. He goes through existence without any hands and any feet to bother him. Indeed in this regard I can think of but one creature in all creation who is worse off than we poor humans are. That is the lowly earwig. Think of being an earwig that suffers from fallen arches himself and has a wife that suffers from cold feet!

Open Secrets

AN OLD Wall Street journalist recently mentioned that within his recollection the earnings of railroads were shrouded in deep secrecy. Once a year a cryptic sort of report—more notable for what it concealed than for what it disclosed—might be sent to stockholders; but that any one except an insider should have late and accurate information was regarded as an impertinent idea. Nowadays, of course, there is hardly more secrecy about a railroad's income and expenditures than about those of the Government. Anybody at any time can have a statement practically brought down to date.

One reason is that the roads are constantly dependent upon the public for fresh capital. They are in the market for it almost as continually as for rails and engines. To command the capital they must show their books. To this condition, it seems, most of the great national industries must come. Within a few years, for example, the big Chicago packers have taken to publishing detailed statements of assets, liabilities and profits—matters that were profound secrets up to a year or two ago. The reason is that their enterprise, also, has reached a stage where it must call upon the public for capital. Latterly the public's investment in some of the packing houses—in the form of bonds and stock—has become greater than the investment of the individuals whose names the concerns bear.

That the big national industries tend to become public affairs, without Government ownership, is clear enough.

DAD

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"If it Was to Leak Anywheres it Might Cost Us a Couple o' Millions"

AS THE gong struck, its discordant peal abruptly signaling the day's opening on the Exchange, a roar burst from a jostling throng of traders crowded together in a corner. "Oxide—a thousand for a half!" "Three-eighths!" "Three-eighths!" "A thousand for a half!" "Three-eighths!" "Three-eighths!" "A half!" "A thousand for a half!" "Three-eighths!" It was give and take, back and forth, the shouting, howling press of brokers milling together like football players clawing each other in a scrimmage. Then from the floor a reverberating shout burst upward, pitched like a battle-cry. "A thousand Oxide for a quarter!" "A quarter!" "A quarter!"

In his father's office, a block or two south of the Exchange, old man Abner Coggins' son Robert sat at his desk and stared palely at the ceiling. Three other men, his father among them, were grouped near him at the center table, their heads together and whispering; but Robert gave no heed. With his back to the trio, he sprawled out his legs under the arch of his rolltop desk and, thrusting both hands deep into his trousers pockets, grinned contemptuously.

The fact is, his father's office offered little to inspire any one. It was a huge, cryptlike chamber with wide, bare walls, a lofty ceiling and a vast area of floor meagerly carpeted by a threadbare rug—an ancient Wilton, cold in color, unalluring in design. Nor were the other furnishings of the room more sumptuous. Beside the center table and the two battered walnut desks used by Robert and his father, there were an oak wallcase, a dusty lounge half buried under stacks of books and papers, an iron letter-press and six stiff-backed chairs, the mere look of which gave Robert a crick in the neck. But, as Coggins senior often observed, his office was a workroom, not a boudoir.

A pair of staring plate-glass windows lighted the room, and there were two doors. One led into the boardroom of the Consolidated Companies Limited, while the other opened on a musty antechamber presided over by an equally musty attendant. Out there, from nine until five every weekday in the year, men high in the city's finance sat and cooled their heels. If it suited the old gentleman's convenience he saw them. If it didn't he made no bones of saying so. He was, in short, a king-pin in the financial alley, the money world of Wall Street.

Few would have guessed it though. In figure tall and spare, he was clad usually in a rusty frock coat, a rumpled, mussy relic, added to which his trousers, in his son's opinion, were little short of scandalous, bags such as deck the legs of park statues only. And there was his hat! As Robert sometimes observed, no one but an undertaker would have dared wear it, and then only when it rained. However, his attire had never worried Mr. Coggins. Rather shrewdly he opined that the coat does not make the man, nor vanity a bank account. One needed no second look to agree with him.

It made Robert blush to think of it. However, the matter of dress was by no means his only criticism. He was ashamed, not only of his father's clothes but of the way his father lived, the way he did business, the way he amused himself—or, rather, didn't. In fine, if old Mr. Coggins was careless of his looks he was in no wise careless of his money—not so you'd notice anyway. His opinion, frankly given, was that the mere possession of wealth gives none the right to squander it. Besides, he'd say, extravagance is a bad example. Then, again, if you spend your money it's hard to get it back again. Indeed, the old gentleman could give quite a variety of opinions whenever he felt like stating them. What's more, he frequently did. He could be quite loquacious when he wished.

Usually the mere thought of this was enough to make Robert yawn. However, at the moment he refrained. Pale and moist, he gazed furtively toward the center table.

At his father's right sat Osgood, president of the Consolidated Companies, and Parks, its vice-president and general manager. Old Mr. Coggins, though a majority holder of Consolidated's stock, willingly let others act as its officials. The two were specimen types. Keen-eyed, square-jawed men well on past middle age, they together wore that blunt, brusk air of self-confident authority that almost always identifies the successful, the moneyed man. Mr. Coggins, however, lacked this. Contrasted to Parks and Osgood, he looked mild and benevolent, not to say meek—in fact, almost clerkish. Nevertheless, without straining himself he could have bought and sold the two three times over.

"All right," he was saying; "if she's run down a point or so we'd best begin to buy."

Robert, with a start, pricked up his ears. Then he peered covertly at Parks and Osgood. Somehow he seemed keenly interested now. The two, however, were in no hurry to speak. After a nod they sat silent, as if waiting for the old gentleman to declare himself again. Robert scowled.

In times past he had often contrasted himself, his father's only son, with the sons of these two other men. Frank Parks, though two years his junior, had horses, motors and a power yacht of his own; while Ralph Osgood, who was Robert's age exactly, had a grouse moor in Scotland and a salmon river in New Brunswick, and traveled in a private car when and where he liked. More than once Robert had brooded over this—not recently, however—and once, as the result of it, he had burst out into open revolt. That he was getting only twenty-five a week, a clerk's beggarly wages, was not only a disgrace to himself, it was a disgrace to his father as well. "Yes!" he'd protested vehemently; "I need more money and I mean to get it!"

"All right," his father had meekly answered; "I'm not hindering you, am I?"

Hindering him? As Robert had seemed unable to grasp this his father had presently enlightened him.

"Make all the money you want, bub. That's how I got mine, you know."

But what Robert remembered best were his father's subsequent remarks. Chiefly they had to do with the fool sons of rich and able men, the gist of this being that if Parks and Osgood juniors had themselves made the money they spent they would have learned better how to use it. Then the old gentleman had diverged into a homily on wealth and how wealth is accumulated. Its essence lay in a single remark, a favorite aphorism of his. "Opportunity ain't what makes the man. It's knowing how to grab it."

In Wall Street opportunity spells but one thing—the market. At any rate so Robert thought.

The old gentleman, however, appeared to have other views. "Hey, what? Speculate?" he grunted. "Sho! that ain't making money! It's just getting it!"—a speech that induced Robert to retort bitterly: "Yes, but you seem to forget you do it constantly!"

"Not much I don't!" his father growled bluntly. "When I tackle the market it's on a dead sure thing!"

With some a hint is as good as a kick. At a flash Robert realized how he'd been sitting there, a numskull, letting one good thing after another slip heedlessly through his fingers. However, he wasted little time crying over spilled milk. Instead, with eyes and ears alert, he waited grimly for the first opportunity to come tapping at his door. Presently it appeared, its arrival—now that he was listening—loudly, not to say thunderously, signaled at his door. Thereupon Robert, faring forth, had grabbed it before it had had time even to dust its feet upon the mat.

In other words, having borrowed five thousand dollars from easy-going, good-natured Ralph Osgood, Robert had plunged secretly in the market on the strength of the information as secretly picked up in his father's office.

What is more, he had won—won handsomely. Inside the month his five thousand had become ten thousand. In three months it had become fifty thousand. Then a second opportunity, another of his father's sure things, had transformed it into double, very nearly treble, that amount. There was no let-up either. By the end of the first year, thanks to his secret inside information slyly obtained, his balance over at the New Street offices of Rooker, Burke & Company had turned the quarter-million mark. In two years' time the hoard had procreated itself into a still greater hoard—a swarm. Passing the half-million, it kept on growing. Today, according to the memorandum in his pocket, he had a net balance of $740,211.10, an amount only a fraction less than the million he'd set out to win. Once he had it, he meant to close out—to quit—to drop business and its drudgery—to enjoy himself in the way he'd always felt his right.

Yes, as Robert assured himself, he'd let his father see! He'd show him whether his son was fit only to toil and moil, to grind his life away chained like a clerk to a desk. Besides, in a year or so it would be high time for him to retire.

Robert, at the moment, was exactly twenty-nine.

But there is one thing about money—easy money—not to be forgotten. The more you get it the more it gets you. Gradually his desire to quit, to retire and enjoy himself, had waned. His first ambition, the making of a million, now seemed puny, almost puerile. A million? Why, it was little better than a stepping-stone. In fine, like Alexander, Robert had already begun to dream of greater conquest, of other worlds to conquer. And such being the case, it was little wonder that the meanness of his surroundings disgusted him, that he was shamed by his father's looks, that he blushed for him, old Abner Coggins, meek, mild and humble! However, he need not be shamed much longer. Ere long Robert would be in a position to assert himself with authority; and, smiling grimly, he again glanced toward the center table. Instantly a stifled gasp escaped him.

With a waste-paper basket held between his knees old Mr. Coggins sat diligently paring an apple. Not only that—he was munching it enjoyingly. Helping himself to a bite, he spoke:

"Yes, only I'd be sort of careful, boys," he drawled, his mouth full. "If it was to leak anywheres it might cost us a couple o' millions."

Afterward, looking up from his apple, he let his eyes drift vaguely toward the ceiling. On the way there they passed indolently over Robert's desk, as well as over Robert, and fixed themselves on the distance.

"But whatever it costs us," Mr. Coggins added, distinctly raising his voice, "we've got to have it. That's right now. It'll be a serious matter to us if we fail to get control of Oxide."

Oxide! Robert's heart gave a sudden leap. It was what he'd waited to hear. Behind him, as he bent swiftly over his desk, an abrupt scraping of chairlegs told that the conference had ended. Presently he heard a door open, then close again. He was alone; and, seizing his hat, Robert, with a wide, triumphant grin, slipped out through the boardroom and clattered down the stairway to the street.

The fact is, that day Robert had decided on a brilliant master-stroke. It was to be a coup, a killing, a feat of genius that would make him and his name long remembered in the Street.

In other words, with three-quarters of a million cash in hand he determined to buy in every share of Oxide he could carry. Then, if his father wished control, before he got it he'd first have to settle with his son.

. . . . . .

At eleven o'clock, an hour after the opening, a throng of astonished, gaping dabblers crowded to the walls the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Company's offices. In the midst of an otherwise soggy market, long inactive and dull, the unexpected had occurred. Union Oxide, after months of slow stagnation, had suddenly distinguished itself by

having a fit of hysteri Opening a quarter up from the night's closing price, it had without rhyme or reason run off a point and an eighth. Then, as abruptly hardening, the stock had climbed back by fits and starts to its original price at the opening. A dull, featureless security, utterly lethargic as a rule, the morning's performance was exactly as if the star boarder in an old ladies' home had donned ballet skirts and had suddenly done the turkey trot.

Nothing in the "dope" justified such antics; nor from its activity was there so much as a hint to indicate whether the stock was headed up or down. The general opinion, in fact, was aptly expressed by Mr. Pincus, one of Rooker, Burke & Company's wisest traders—a gentleman whose specialty was Chicago ribs and shoulders.

"Yeh, it don't look good—what?" he observed. "When they shoot off fireworks like that all us suckers ever gets is the stick. No, I don't trade some today."

Aware then that Mr. Rooker, the firm's senior member, had fastened on him a gloomy, reproachful eye, Mr. Pincus added hastily: "Tomorrow I buy some pork maybe. This Morocco situation gets us a war, I guess."

Morosely chewing his fat black cigar, Rooker stared at the quotation board. Personally he was little interested in Union Oxide's fireworks. What troubled him was the fact that so few of his customers seemed willing to risk a trade. Trades mean commissions, you know, and, as Mr. Rooker was aware, a roomful of idle clients never pays the rent. However, in Wall Street practice there are many ways of stimulating a healthy interest. So, loudly clearing his throat, Mr. Rooker at the same time raised his hand impressively.

At the signal, his usual method of commanding attention, the hum of voices ceased. To be sure, one or two persons in the background still conversed in whispers, but these at once silenced themselves when Mr. Rooker gave them a stare. Then after a loud "Ahem!" he spoke.

"Gentlemen, I am just informed that considerable activity may be anticipated in Union Oxide Common. What my advices are I regret I am unable to state." He never was able, for that matter. "However," added Mr. Rooker, "a hint will be sufficient. I need only call attention to the stock's present technical position."

Instantly there was a stare. A dozen hands snatched for the financial report giving the last published statement of Oxide's standing and resources, while at the same time other customers clustered round Mr. Rooker and began to ply him with questions. Among them was Mr. Pincus.

"Say, Buck," he inquired, his tone discreet though the question was direct, "does that mean buy or sell?"

Mr. Rooker slightly raised his eyebrows. "Ah, you'll have to decide that yourself, Pinky," he retorted.

At the words another spoke. This was a Mr. Jerolomon, a gentleman who devoted to a hardware business in Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, such time as he could spare from his stock transactions. In passing it may be said to have been negligible. Feverishly wetting his lips, he grasped Mr. Rooker by the coat lapel.

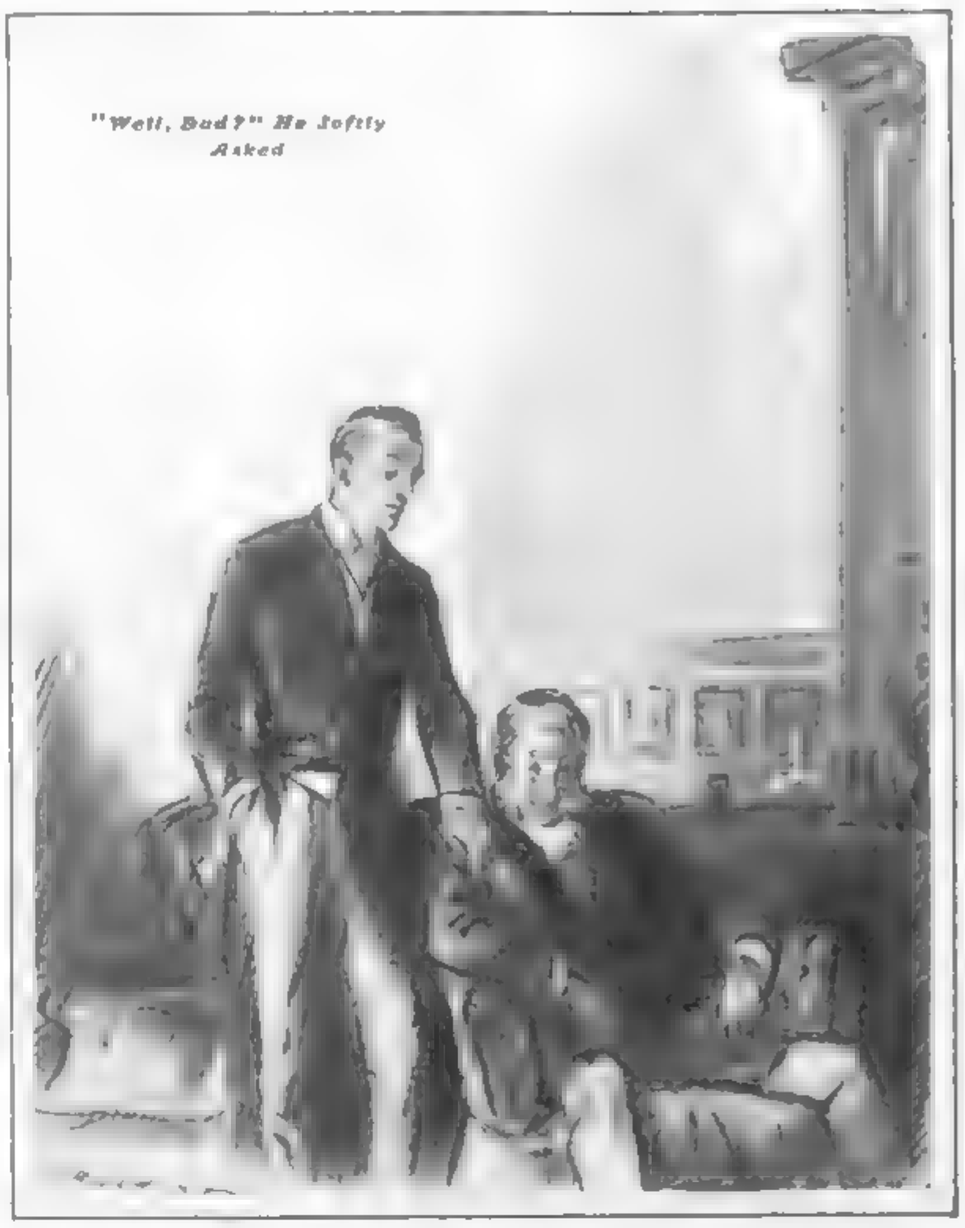
"I see," he cried anxiously; "naturally you mean us to buy?"

Rooker had meant nothing of the sort. All he had said was that his customers, by reading the report, should be able to judge for themselves. "Yes, I c'n give you the information, Jerry, but not the brains to use it," Mr. Rooker was saying, when all at once he stopped short, then gaped. Afterward a little gasp escaped Mr. Rooker; and breaking away from Mr. Jerolomon's convulsive clutches, he forced his way through the throng of eager dabblers and darted toward his office at the rear. At its door stood a newcomer, a young man of twenty-nine or thereabouts, who had just slipped in through the private entrance. With his face wreathed in smiles, Mr. Rooker rushed up to him and seized him by the hand.

"Why, Mr. Johns!" he cried exuberantly; "come right in!" And, bowing and scraping, he waved the young man into his office and closed the door behind him.

There was good cause for Mr. Rooker's exuberant cordiality, his emotion as well. In the person of "Mr. Johns" he had long realized he was dealing with none other than the son of old man Abner Coggins.

Robert seldom showed himself at the office of Rooker, Burke & Company. It was for the same reason he used a fictitious name. In the first place, if he were seen and recognized some one might tell his father. Then again, as he was perfectly aware, should the dabblers recognize him they would in all probability mob him in a body for a tip. But that Rooker knew who he was and profited by it he no longer had a doubt.



"Well, Bud?" He Softly Asked

However, now was no time to be finical. His father was already gunning after the control of Oxide Common, and if Robert meant to beat him to it it behooved him to take time by the forelock. Besides, he had also decided he must sever connections with Rooker, Burke & Company. Having abused his confidence by secretly trading on his own secret information, he felt he could trust the firm no longer.

"Say, what's up?" demanded Rooker as he closed the door and feverishly wet his lips. "Something good?"

Without formality Robert briskly got down to business. "Never mind what's up!" he snapped, bruskly squelching Mr. Rooker much as that gentleman had just squelched Mr. Jerolomon. "You sell for me at the market—immediately, you understand—five thousand Oxide Common!"

Oxide! At once Rooker knew, or thought he knew, exactly what was in the air; and with a hand that trembled slightly he penciled the order on a blank. It was very queer though. Previously, like all other dubs, other boobs and beginners, Mr. Johns had always bought. However, having long realized that the dummy's information was the real thing—a knowledge that more than once had proved valuable to Rooker, Burke & Company—he wisely made no comment.

"Sell it is, sir," he murmured deferentially, and was bolting for the nearest telephone when Robert called him back.

Rooker, though he smiled blandly, could have cursed. Why didn't the dolt hurry?—the dub! the clown! Every moment was precious. Not, of course, that he worried for his client's sake—the contrary rather! Instead it was because hundreds, if not thousands, might be lost to Rooker, Burke & Company while the ass stood there calmly prattling.

But Robert now was quite calm, not to say deliberate. Pointing to the order blank, he cleared his throat importantly. "Mr. Rooker, I wish to warn you. If my information leaks it will be serious." Then he impressively cleared his throat. "This is a big deal," said Robert. "Millions of dollars are at stake."

Sweating lightly, Rooker made haste to reassure him his order would be treated with the utmost confidence. "Leak? Why, my dear sir!" he protested; "you may trust me implicitly!" At this a smile hovered briefly on Robert's lips.

"Thanks, Mr. Rooker," he blandly murmured. "I feel sure of it!"

Then with a nod, an abrupt little bob of his head, Robert bowed himself from Mr. Rooker's presence and hurriedly slipped out by the private entrance.

The next instant the crowd in the customers' room was somewhat astonished to see the senior partner burst from his office exactly as if he'd been fired from a gun. Dashing into a telephone booth, he slammed the door behind him and snatched the receiver from the hook. Then presently, when Mr. "Sunset" Burke, the firm's portly floor member, leisurely answered, he as well was astonished at Mr. Rooker's animation. His partner was, in fact, screaming at him precisely as if the Exchange were on fire and he, Mr. Burke, were in peril for his life.

However, once Mr. Burke comprehended, he too began to roar.

"Eh, what? Who?—the boob?" he exploded. "Did he say sell?"

"Yes, but first you sell five thousand for us!" shouted Mr. Rooker. "Don't bother with his order till you have!"

Afterward, or when he had mopped the sweat from his brow, Mr. Rooker returned to the customers' room, where he again loudly cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "there is a report current that insiders are heavily unloading the stock of a well-known industrial."

In which manner the head of Rooker, Burke & Company aptly conserved the firm's established reputation for honesty, integrity and the confidence of its patrons.

However, when a small flood of selling orders presently poured in Mr. Rooker was somewhat astonished to find how readily they were snapped at. Subsequently he was still more puzzled, not to say alarmed, when a string of drafts began trickling in on him from various quarters of the Street. Each draft was for a large amount and each was made payable to other brokerage firms. Besides, each draft bore the same signature—"Mr. Johns." Robert, in fact, had withdrawn his entire account. Along toward the day's close, however, Mr. Rooker had a sudden inspiration, as the result of which he darted frantically to a telephone and rang up Sunset Burke.

"Quick!" he roared. "You cover that five thousand Oxide!"

Burke vehemently protested. Oxide was up a point. To cover meant a loss of five thousand dollars.

"Never mind!" snapped Rooker. "Do as I say, then switch the trade. You buy five thousand in a hurry."

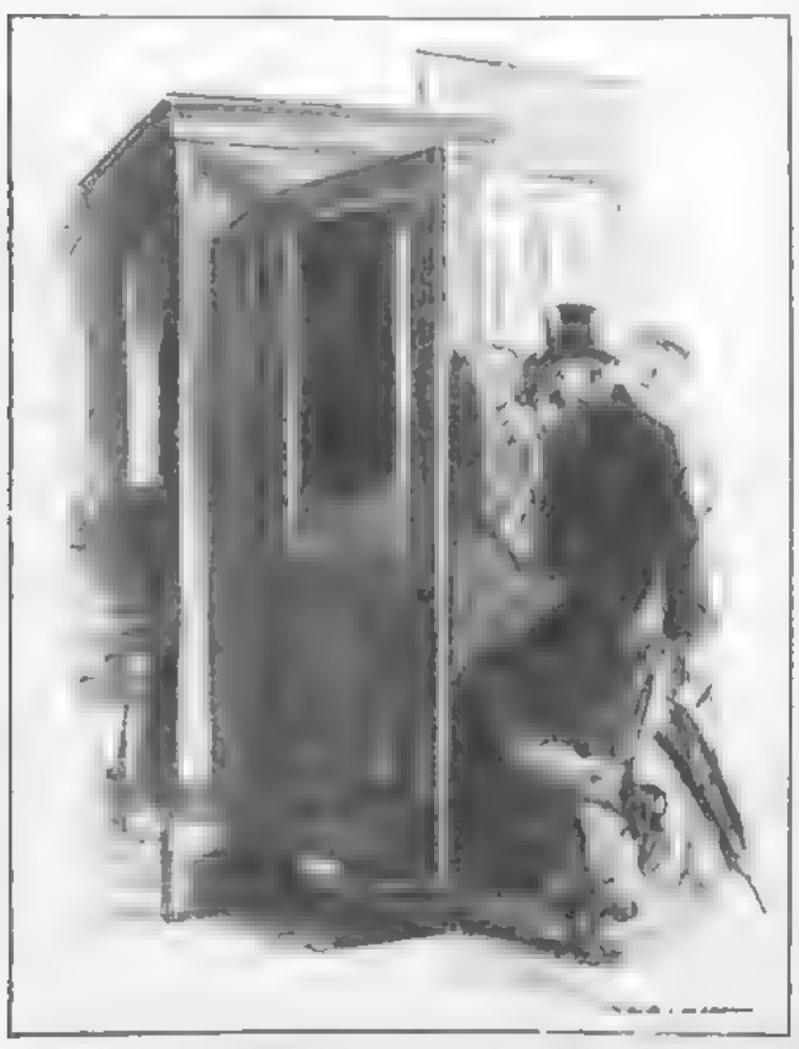
"Say, Buck!" demanded Mr. Burke, his tone stupefied. "Are you bug?"

Rooker raised his voice in a savage snarl. "You ass, can't you see?" he retorted. "The boob was only stringing us. Old man Coggins has control of Oxide and he'll run up the price to par."

So Mr. Burke, as instructed, bought. To his disgust, as well as to the rage and resentment of his partner, Oxide the next morning opened a quarter off from the night's closing price. Moreover, during the day it receded still another seven-eighths. Whipsawed a second time, Rooker, Burke & Company again reversed their commitment. They went short. Instantly Oxide once more began to rise.

. . . . . .

In the days that followed, Robert flattered himself he had conducted his campaign shrewdly. As he knew, it was his father's practice when gunning for control of a stock to create public uncertainty by driving the market to and fro. That is to say, he'd run the price one way or the



As if He'd Been Fired From a Gun

other, then abruptly switch it. Then ultimately, when these tactics had depressed to the proper figure, he'd start in to load up. Thus for a week Oxide fluttered back and forth until finally at the bottom it slowly began to harden.

And each time his father bought or sold Robert followed suit. By doing so he not only further hid his hand, but added to his resources. In other words, by selling at the right times and buying in again on the turns each transaction gave him a handsome profit. There was no chance to err. Each time his father meant to make a move Robert had ample warning.

In fact, the old gentleman even by intention could not have played more openly into the hands of his son. It happened, besides, not once, but time and again. And each time, too, as Robert sat boldly eavesdropping, he laughed uproariously up his sleeve at his father's simple innocence. In the same uproarious way he laughed also at Parks and Osgood.

For day by day the trio met in Mr. Coggins' office where, as if oblivious of Robert, they openly laid their plans, each and every detail loudly and distinctly revealed. What made Robert laugh the most was that though they'd begun to smell a mouse, to suspect that the corner in Oxide had leaked, they never guessed the location of that leak.

Then a little sense of pity stirred him. His father was old. He was, perhaps, even growing infirm. Debating this, Robert began to question whether it was so fine, so praiseworthy of himself, after all, to take advantage of his father's waning faculties. He himself was young and able—unusually shrewd, in fact—whereas his father had lost or was beginning to lose much of his former shrewdness. Upon this a new thought sprang into his mind. If he himself found it so easy to cozen, to hoodwink, the old gentleman, what if others as well were to discover it? What if they, too, found it as easy to strip him of his wealth? The suggestion made Robert gravely frown, gravely press his lips together. His father's fortune was immense, yet, immense as it was, a few missteps in the market might prove disastrous. Gad! it was enough to make any son uneasy. As a result, Robert made up his mind he must keep strict watch upon his father. If he saw that the old gentleman was wandering into peril he must warn him. Then, if he failed to heed, his son must take steps to compel obedience. No effort should be lost to protect his father's interests. It would be a serious matter—serious indeed!—were he left at the mercy of Wall Street's swarm of sharks, its unscrupulous money-grabbers.

Meanwhile Oxide moved ponderously. In the midst of a market otherwise soggy and inactive it seemed quietly to be gaining strength. However, few but Robert realized this. In Rooker, Burke & Company's, as was the case in other brokerage offices, the dabblers again sat staring indolently at the quotation board. The flurry, they opined, had been nothing but a false alarm. Besides, Oxide was a punk stock anyway. It was a good thing to let alone. Especially in such a market, a rotten market like this. One, in fact, heard a variety of such opinions.

"Yeh," proclaimed Mr. Pincus, "I guess this week I go up to the Turkish and get boiled out. They ain't nothing doing."

Rooker, who overheard him, scowled savagely, then swore beneath his breath. Oxide had already cost him a pretty penny. However, what he thought of the stock was little compared to what he thought of Robert. To think that a boob like that had stung him was to Mr. Rooker bitter indeed. He had every reason to curse.

But when Robert thought of Rooker, Robert only grinned. It rather tickled him to recall how shrewdly he'd tricked that slippery person. It tickled him as well to think how he was deluding Parks and Osgood too. For his father, though, his pity continued to grow. However, this hadn't interfered as yet with his coup in Oxide Common. Buying still, his holdings were now immense. Consequently he was in a position, when the price should begin to climb, to rake in enormous profits. Chuckling exuberantly, he figured out that when he closed the deal he would be a multi-millionaire.

There was only one cloud upon his mind. This was the fact that Oxide moved so ponderously. By rights it should be advancing now, if not by leaps and bounds, at least at a greater pace. However, this was explainable. No doubt his father wished to buy in more than the mere control. Consequently the old man must be nursing the market, buying gradually so that the price would not run up on him. Robert grinned as he thought of this. Greatly relieved, he chuckled to himself: "Jove! hasn't lost all his shrewdness even yet, has he?"

Convinced of this, he took on another five thousand shares. It made his holdings total nearly fifty thousand. However, nothing made him lose sight of the fact that he must watch his father carefully. At any moment, unless Robert guarded him carefully, the old gentleman might do something that would cost him heavily.

It was well he bore it in mind. That same afternoon Robert had a shock that very nearly overwhelmed him.

It was after he'd left the brokerage office and was hurrying back to his desk. One o'clock had just struck, so, as he was aware, he must hurry or his father might return from the dairy lunch where he took his midday bowl of bread and milk and find Robert missing. As this would involve explanations that Robert felt himself too dignified to make, he dashed swiftly through the boardroom and flung open the office door.

Parks and Osgood stood by a window, waiting for Robert's father. Robert was just in time to hear Parks laugh lightly: "Hasn't twigged yet, has he?"

"Dunno," answered Osgood, "but it's time we unloaded anyway."

Had it been possible Robert would have shrunk back unseen. Parks, however, had heard him enter; and instantly Robert saw him start, then nudge Osgood guiltily. Knowing his book, though, Robert gave no hint that he'd heard. With his head in a whirl he was still pondering when he heard his father enter. Then he sat back, listening intently, trying to find out whether his father had any suspicion whatever.

For instinctively Robert had divined what was in the wind. It was exactly as he'd feared. Parks and Osgood, having discovered his father's sad condition, had of course planned to take advantage of it. In short, they meant secretly to dump their own holdings of Oxide overboard, to break the pool and leave their aged partner in the lurch.

But what Robert must do was a poser. Of course his father must be warned, but to do that meant that Robert might have to divulge his own dubious part in the Oxide deal. Then again, as he knew, his father was so trusting it might be difficult to make him realize that Parks and Osgood meant to play him false. It was a hard proposition. It was a tough problem even for one of Robert's shrewdness and resource. If the pool burst ——

A loud gasp suddenly escaped him. Instantly, as well, he forgot all about his father's troubles.

The fact is, Robert had just realized what would happen to himself were Parks and Osgood to dump their holdings. In the slump that would follow, Robert would be left gasping for life like a fish out of water.

Pasty-Faced and Moist, He Shambled In Through the Boardroom Entrance

He was mopping his beaded brow, his face clammy with horror, when he heard his father speak. "Well, boys," drawled Mr. Coggins, his voice raised and each word clearly enunciated, "it's time now we whirled up the price of Oxide. Yes, the stock's worth three times what it's selling for."

Robert's heart beat thickly as he waited for their answer.

"Why, yes," agreed Osgood, a loud heartiness in his voice. "I guess we'd better." And at this instance of the man's duplicity Robert almost cried aloud in scorn.

However, before he did, his father spoke again. The pool, he said, now controlled the market. It held virtually all but fifty thousand shares. "My bunch amounts to a hunnerd and ten thousand," remarked Mr. Coggins, "and you fellers have the balance. Yes," he added confidently, "we c'n run up the price now wherever we want to put it."

And at that Robert's heart gave a wild, exultant bound. Not only he himself was saved, but his father as well; for between them, father and son, the Coggins family held almost the entire issue of Oxide. As a brief mental calculation showed him, all that Parks and Osgood held was a measly forty thousand shares. It was but a drop in the bucket. Yes, let them sell! Let them dump their holdings overboard! Robert had still cash enough to carry almost the entire amount. If they sold he would snap up all they offered. Pshaw! Fear Parks and Osgood? It was all he could do to keep from laughing in their faces.

However, there was one thing he must not forget. Once he had finished with the Oxide deal he must immediately take steps to get control of his father's affairs. He saw now that the old gentleman was far too old and too feeble to be trusted any longer.

That afternoon, half an hour before the close, there was again a flurry in Oxide. A sudden and unlooked-for bear raid as suddenly developed an unlooked-for, determined support. At the gong the stock closed strong and active. Robert grinned. Parks and Osgood, he saw, had begun to unload, but what of it? His own buying had more than held up prices. Chuckling to himself, he pictured the amazement of the two when they realized what a champion old Mr. Coggins had in his son.

However, his father still must be warned. If he could not tell him everything, he might at least give him a hint that would set him on his guard. So that very evening after dinner Robert followed his father into the big, gaunt library where every night, year in and year out, the old gentleman first read the evening newspaper, then solaced himself with a nap.

The apartment was of a piece with Mr. Coggins' office. Its furnishings were plain—grotesquely common, Robert thought them—but at the same time they were comfortable. In fine, as Mr. Coggins often said, his house was a home, not a showroom. Drawing up a chair to the fire, he had just opened the paper when he became aware of Robert's presence. In addition, he seemed also to sense that Robert looked awkward and uncomfortable.

"Well, bub," he demanded after a glance, "what's on your mind?"

Robert found himself a seat, then gazed studiously at the carpet.

"Dad," he said ponderously, "there's something I've got to ask you."

Mr. Coggins urbanely smiled. "Fire away, son," he responded, and then glanced idly at his paper.

When Robert spoke he tried to be as kind, as gentle as he could.

"Dad," he asked, "has it struck you that you might—*er*—well, be growing a little old?"

Mr. Coggins started, then grinned. "Old? Why, sure! I ain't any spring chicken, I guess." After another grin he added: "Why, bub?"

At the best it's a hard matter for a son to have to warn his father that his faculties are waning. Robert hated even to think of it. However, it had to be done.

"It's just this, dad. I've been wondering whether you feel any difference in yourself. Do you ever find it difficult to—well—er—to think, say?"

Mr. Coggins, after gaping momentarily, laid down his paper. "Find it harder to do what?" he inquired, his tone wondering.

Robert repeated what he'd said. Also he added: "I was wondering, too, whether you weren't growing a bit overtrustful besides."

After a pause Mr. Coggins wet his lips, then gave his collar an energetic tug. Without removing his eyes from Robert he jerked his chair a little nearer.

"Say," he asked, his tone bewildered, "they ain't anything wrong, is they?"

(Continued on Page 29)

The Husband of a Clinging Vine

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

Every Fiber of Me Was Protesting Against That Losing Stare

I HAVE always regarded the man who "said anything" about his wife as a despicable cur; but of late it has seemed to me that, could I have read my own story when I first married—could I have understood its lessons and applied them to my own case—my life today would be a success in my own eyes instead of the pitiful failure I see it. It is a failure because I did not in the beginning appreciate the inevitable outcomes of certain lines of conduct in my relationship with my wife, and allowed things to run on and on until to try to change them now would wreck both her life and mine.

In the eyes of the world and our relatives, however, I believe my marriage is held to be "ideal"—a made-in-heaven-lived-on-earth sort of union that only happens once in a while a pattern for the younger generation. No breath of scandal, of sordid infidelities, of cloudy affairs or shady transactions has ever touched either my wife or myself; the worst that is ever hinted is that I have not achieved the "brilliant success" predicted for me in my profession before I married, though it is admitted I "stand well." However, the reasons why I do not stand better—why I do not shine as my rival does and why, with my early prospects and apparent opportunities, I have not won a big reputation and a fortune—in other words, why I am not today an ornament to the medical profession instead of just an ordinary general practitioner barely making both ends meet, have been matters of much discussion and speculation.

Two persons in the world know why—my mother and myself; and neither of us has ever told. The reason is, I married a clinging vine. It is my sole criticism on an otherwise almost perfect woman, and the moral of my confession is that too much of a good thing can spoil a man's prospects, sap his vital energies and make him a failure as easily as sin.

My wife is all that a man looks for and congratulates himself on having found. She is absolutely loyal and devoted—her whole life is wrapped up in mine. She would work her fingers to the bone for me; scrub floors and think it a pleasure if it would help me forward in my profession; give up her life without a sigh to save mine. And my life has been a tragedy from the week I married her—one endless moral turmoil, trying to do what was right by her—to make her happy in her way; never to let her regret she married me; never to disappoint her in her ideals and expectations of her husband—a tragedy and a failure because she is a clinging vine. Her whole life was absorbed in mine, her interest turned into an incessant watchfulness over me that kept tabs on my every act, word, look, even the thoughts in my head, until her love and devotion became an incubus from which I could not free myself without violating all a man holds sacred. That to me is the essence of the clinging-vine tragedy.

Every man has his ideal woman enshrined in some secret recess of his heart; and if the truth were told the ideal woman to nine out of ten men is the clinging vine. It gives a man the sense of his own powers to have the woman more or less helpless and looking to him for all that makes her life worth living; and the number of my acquaintances who have married women of that type, and the fact that there seem to be so few clingers on the matrimonial market and all the old maids appear to belong to the deadly competent class, go to prove the assertion.

Probably I should not have admitted in so many words before I married that I desired a clinging vine for a wife, yet that thought was the core of my ideal—a woman who would cling to me through everything and to whom I was all in all; but I went a step farther—I expected to find in my wife a companion and a running mate who could do her full share toward making a joint life in which each carried defined responsibilities. On my side I expected to provide house, food, clothing, incidentals—that is, the money; and I expected her to make the home. She was to be my partner in the fullest sense of the word—the disbursing agent of our firm; while I was to be the cash-getting agent. It was my intention to leave her as free in her spending as my means would allow. The home was her province, where she was to be ruler and queen.

This arrangement seemed to me not only morally right to both of us, but plain common-sense. Many of the marriages I pronounced failures among my acquaintances seemed to be so because the man was either stingy with the money or nagging and carping at the way his wife managed; she was not his partner—she was either an upper servant or a toy. There was to be none of that for me however; and to avoid the causes of such failures I set out with the definite and formulated idea of an equal marriage partnership, with divided work and responsibilities and a common aim—a shared ideal into which the wife and I were both to put our best efforts for its success.

Not only did common-sense and my own ideals dictate this relationship with my wife but I had the living example of it in my own home: my mother was my father's running mate and partner—she created the home with the money he earned; though it is only since my own failure that I have learned to appreciate how wonderfully she managed with the limited resources of a high-school professor's salary; how far she made a little go and what she accomplished with nothing at all but the work of her hands and her wits and her determination. I thought every wife and mother did the same, as a matter of course! She was always planning, scrimping, thinking out ways to save here and pare off there that my sister or I might get a special course of instruction or that improvements might be made on our house. A porcelain sink in the kitchen, an open fireplace in the living room, bay windows, latticed piazzas—these were some of the things she scrimped for; and at the end of ten years she had made our once small and rather ugly house into the neatest-looking and most valuable property on the street.

She knew to the last cent the cost of making a home. Wednesday evenings she gave to her account books—a permanent engagement at home that she kept as scrupulously as other good women among our neighbors kept that evening for prayer meeting. I remember once, when I was a lad and beginning to feel things, a boy at school remarked in a slighting way that my mother never went to prayer meeting as Mrs. Blank did. Mrs. Blank was the grand dame in our part of town, and not to be like her was to put oneself beyond the pale. The remark about my mother's not going to prayer meeting made me sore; and when I saw her getting out her accounts as usual, instead of the pious bonnet, I asked her, a bit sulkily:

"Say, mother, why don't you go to prayer meeting—same as other nice people do?"

"I do," she returned grimly, opening the account book. "This is my prayer book and I spend my evening praying for our daily bread—and seeing how my children are going to get it."

She did not say it irreverently—it was her attitude toward the responsibilities of the homemaker, which she called "the one mission you can be sure the Lord has called you to, if you have received from Him the blessing of a good husband and children." I did not appreciate her real meaning, however, until years later—until my own marriage turned out as it did, in fact; and I studied my lessons glumly, all the while thinking that when I was a man I'd earn enough to make sure my wife shouldn't have to spend one evening over account books in order to scrimp through. I was perhaps twelve; but the idea of being a liberal provider was certainly born in me that night while I studied across the table from mother's "everlasting old accounts." I did not realize that it matters not how much a husband provides if the wife does not know how to spend it judiciously; she has to scrimp and pare just the same, perhaps worse—dodge collectors and deceive her husband in petty ways—and in the end have nothing to show for it. As I looked at it then, mother scrimped and saved only because father's salary was so small—which was only one side of the story. The illuminating point I missed was that she would have done the same had his income been fifty thousand instead of two; she did it through sheer sense of duty and moral backbone, as her rightful share of the partnership.

I sometimes think if I had had a less independent and responsible mother it would have been a great deal easier for my wife. However, the marriage state I believed myself entering upon was a joint partnership like my parents'. I was prepared to make my end a success in carrying all the responsibilities that devolve naturally upon an honorable man. I believed the same of my wife and her end of the partnership.

Now the essence of a share-and-share-alike partnership in any sort of a going concern is that there must be an absolute equality between the contracting parties in three fundamental, vital things—equality of honor in their dealings with each other; equality of effort in making the business a success; equality of responsibility. Without these equalities—honor, effort, responsibility—there is no partnership worth the name; one of the parties is so much dead wood, if not actually a parasite on the business. And no man would enter into partnership with another man without carefully considering his partner's character in reference to these fundamentals; or, having entered the partnership and discovered that his partner failed in these particulars, he would not continue the relationship a day longer than he could help.

And yet—it seems almost unbelievable when put in the terms of a business proposition—here is something I never gave a thought to when I entered into a life partnership with a charming woman! I merely assumed—as I suppose a million men in like case have assumed—that my partner-to-be was equally honorable toward me in every last particular; equally responsible in her own mind for her share of our undertaking; equally ready to put forth all her efforts in every direction where they might be needed to make our lives a success. I call particular attention to those words—"put forth all her efforts in every direction where they might be needed"—because they contain one of the primary secrets of success in a partnership; one of the primary secrets of failure with the clinging-vine temperament. No; I could not even have thought of these things, much less allowed myself to question my future wife. I should have felt myself offering a sort of tacit insult to both of us. Like Cæsar's wife, mine must be above reproach; and to suggest, even in the dim recesses of my

mind, that Gabrielle was not my equal in these matters was, according to my ideals, one of the worst reproaches that could be brought against a woman who pretended to high standards of moral obligation.

Feeling this way, I took no means to discover the truth—that my wife was in no sense my equal in the partnership fundamentals—but blindly entered into a relationship that assumed equality as its basis; and starting with this assumption I have had to continue it ever since as a pretense. How it has worked out in my life—how it has destroyed my peace of mind—run down my health—made my professional and financial life an all-but failure—I hope the rest of my confession will make clear.

II

MY MOTHER and I had always been very near each other—unusually so even for a mother and only son; but an incident occurred during my engagement that made a breach between us, outwardly never quite healed, though inwardly, through the larger understanding that has come to me, I have returned to the old feeling with a vastly added appreciation. My loyalty to my wife and my pride, however, have prevented my ever saying to my mother, in so many words, how right she was in her early estimate of Gabrielle.

My father died very shortly after I had finished my medical course and hung out my shingle in a downtown office. Except for me, mother was alone in the world; and, since I was still living in the old house, I kept on and tried to take my father's place as far as a son can. Her little income from his life insurance was far from enough to support her and I was contributing toward the maintenance of our home—and this, with the struggle of those first years in getting a start, made marriage a not-to-be-thought-of luxury until I was almost thirty; though, as a fact, I had never met a woman in whom I was deeply interested until Gabrielle came into my life. By that time my practice amounted to about twenty-five hundred a year clear of office and livery expenses, and my prospects were all I could desire—my friends called them brilliant. I was established—I was known as my father's son and had a large circle of friends among the best people in the small city where we lived; I was respected and my future seemed assured—even my rivals admitted that in ten years, if I kept on, I'd be the top man of the town.

I had won my place and reputation through hard work and incessant study in my spare time. I was wrapped up in my profession—I lived in it and for it. I was pleased and well satisfied, though I never for a minute flattered myself that I had "arrived"—I had come to the place where I felt I didn't know anything. The scientific work that was being turned out from the great research centers was so vast I could hardly keep track of the titles; and I was planning to break loose for a year, perhaps two, and take a graduate course at some prominent medical school at hand or in Germany that would put me at the top. I had, through rigid economy—practiced for me by my mother, I confess—and a small legacy from an aunt, a little capital of four thousand dollars. In other words, at twenty-nine I held the Big Chance in my hands; and that was where I stood when I fell in love and asked a woman to marry me.

My plans for graduate study were temporarily laid aside. I did not feel that I could go off and leave mother alone in her old age—and I certainly could not, with the resources at my command, take both my wife and my mother with me. Neither did I see how I was to maintain two separate establishments—yet Gabrielle had taken it for granted that she and I should live apart from mother; mother had taken it for granted just the other way.

I agonized over the situation in secret—it was a tragic dilemma for me. I felt that, as a man, I ought to come to a decision; yet, as a son and prospective husband, I was unable to do it—either way I decided meant a bitter disappointment to one of the two women I loved most and owed most to in the world. While I was still in a quandary and hoping that when these two came to know each other the matter would settle itself, I got mother to invite Gabrielle for a week's visit.

It seemed that everything piled up on me at once that week and I was hardly ever at home; but I didn't regret it when I came to think that it gave mother and Gabrielle a chance to get acquainted and each would see the other at her best without me. I was trying not to let mother feel she was supplanted in my affections and I feared she was a little jealous—nearly every woman is toward the woman who is taking her son from her. Still, I could hardly wait for the moment when I could ask mother—with Gabrielle gone—"Well, what do you think of her?" I longed to hear mother tell me I had made a wise choice.

"She's very pretty and charming mannered," replied mother promptly.

However, I wanted something more from my mother on the woman who was to be my wife, and I persisted "What do you think of her as a wife for me?"

My mother hesitated. A sickening sensation came over me—I didn't know exactly why. Mother is so clear-cut in her opinions and they are so logically come by that she rarely hesitates to give them on the spot.

Finally she said: "She is very, very much in love with you—she told me you were her ideal of the perfect man."

I was flattered and thrilled; still, mother hadn't really answered my question, and I was more than ever determined to know what she thought of a woman who thought that of her son. I asked.

"I'd rather not say," she replied quietly.

I was hurt. I was chagrined. More—I was indignant. I read my mother's words as a thrust, an ill-concealed slur on my future wife and as a failure of the sympathy that had always existed between mother and myself. I was up in arms—mother had to tell me what she meant. I demanded it of her hotly.

She remained silent for some time and I was on pins and needles. At last she began:

"Since you ask me and I am your mother—and, I hope, your friend—I'll give you my honest opinion, though it seems to me it is one of those cases where the future mother-in-law ought to be silent for the sake of all parties. I only beg you to remember, however you may feel about it, that you demanded it—I did not volunteer it. . . . You wish to know what I think of your choice of a wife—that is, a wife for yourself and not for some other man in different circumstances. Well, I cannot feel that Gabrielle—though she's as sweet and lovely as a girl can be—will make you a good wife, or any wife at all, as you understand the relationship—that will fulfill the demands of your profession. In the first place she has positively no idea of household management. I don't mean doing little things here and there—making cake and salads—washing dishes; I mean marketing, buying, planning ahead, making both ends meet at the end of the month and the end of the year."

"That's nothing against her. How many women have any idea when they marry?" I defended warmly. "You didn't—you've told me so ten thousand times; but you learned. Well, so can she—she isn't a fool, you know."

Mother gave me a queer, sharp look and replied dryly: "Yes—I learned, of course!"—and stopped there.

"Well, go on," I pressed. "That isn't reason enough why a woman won't make a good wife—that she doesn't know something she can easily learn and expects to learn."

"No, it isn't—if she expects to learn," agreed mother with a tone that showed she questioned the latter; "but she does not seem to expect to learn. She appears to take it for granted that a home runs itself—the husband keeps it going; that he looks after everything, from the kitchen sink to the ice and coal, orders everything and pays all the bills, the way her father does ——"

My Wife is All That a Man Looks for and Congratulates Himself on Having Found

I retorted that I expected to pay the bills—wouldn't be thinking of marrying if I couldn't—thought I was equal to ordering a load of coal as I'd been doing it for my mother ever since I was a boy—that was my end of the business. "I expect to run my end and she expects to run her end. Why, she's simply delighted at the idea of a partnership. We've talked it all over—it's always been her ideal." Then, as I saw my mother still looking very dubious and unconvinced by my remarks, I pushed the point:

"But what makes you think she can't manage her end?"

"You remember you were away on Wednesday night, and I excused myself to her to do my accounts. She wanted to know why I 'bothered' over them—why I hadn't let your father do it—why I didn't let you do it now? She didn't really see the use in doing it at all; she said you had to spend so much to live and that was all there was to it—that knowing where the money went wouldn't bring it back!"

My mother seemed to think this set the final stamp of incompetence on the housewife, and I admit that in the bottom of my heart I was a little shocked that my future wife could express so little responsibility in the matter of our home finances when she knew my circumstances and the struggle I had made, and still had before me, to attain financial independence; but what galled me was that mother had found it out and been the one to tell me. I still defended Gabrielle.

"That's merely a matter of experience—I can't expect my wife to know everything right off the bat."

"It isn't merely a matter of experience," she corrected. "It's largely a question of attitude—a totally different affair in working out a life partnership. . . . And there's another thing—I don't think Gabrielle understands your temperament or the demands of the professional life, particularly on a man as highstrung and conscientious as you are. You're your father's son, and I know—I had my lesson and you have profited by it. All women, however, don't realize what these demands are to a rising, ambitious man—how incessant; how necessary it is for a professional man to have a den of his own—as you and your father always have had here—where he can be absolutely free from interruptions of all kinds, even from his own wife and family. And, with your responsibilities, you simply have to get your sleep or go to pieces."

I said coldly that I thought Gabrielle understood all that perfectly—we'd often talked about the demands of a profession and she was, if anything, more ambitious for me than I was for myself.

"I don't think she does—I don't see how she can," mother argued. "Why, she told me with her own lips that she and her three sisters share one big room among them—four of them, herded together, two in a bed! And they've always lived that way—they prefer it!"

"That only shows their devotion—they're the most devoted sisters I ever knew!" I snapped back hotly; but this, too, had shocked my sensibilities when I heard it from Gabrielle herself—to be "herded," four in a room, like so many cattle, had never been quite compatible with my ideal of the remote and cherished woman I was to marry. Again I was stung that my mother had been the one to point it out.

It Was But a Step From My Ordering at the Breakfast Table to My Ordering at the Grocery and the Butcher's Shop

She admitted it showed their devotion, and added: "It also shows they have no privacies—and no respect for the privacies of others."

There was hardly anything much worse she could have charged against Gabrielle. No respect for the privacies of others! Why, that was the very foundation of breeding, of common decency in human relations! I was fairly insulted and expostulated angrily:

"I don't think you have any right to say that."

"Perhaps not," she agreed. "I wasn't thinking of it as a right, but as a duty I owed to a son. I've lived through a good deal and I know that men of your age and settled habits and strong principles don't change in a week or two. Love seems a miracle to you now—it did to me; but it won't change your nature or the requirements of your nature, and it won't change Gabrielle's. She is too much in love with you to take any real interest in her share of the responsibility of making a home for you."

My anger melted and I laughed in mother's face. I thought it just about one of the most grotesque explanations I had ever heard uttered. So that was what she had against Gabrielle—she was too much in love with me! I asked mother if she meant it seriously—that a woman could be so in love she couldn't do her duty, her plain common duty by her home?

"Certainly. A woman of that type and lack of training can be so in love that she spends her whole time thinking about it, until she has nothing left for such poor, low trifles as the cost of carrots and potatoes. When love like that comes in at the window your home flies out at the door! . . . There's no use in our discussing this though. You have made your choice, and you must learn for yourself how the clinging-vine relationship works out when you come to live it, and the tragedy it is to a highstrung, sensitive, honorable nature like yours." And with that she hastily left the room.

I put on my hat and flung out of the house. That interview stands out in my mind always as a sort of Rome, to which all the roads of my thinking seem to lead back. Its first result was to settle the question that Gabrielle and I should have a home of our own; nothing, after I learned mother's opinion, would have made it seem morally right for me to ask those two women to share the same domicile. Its second result—such is the contrariety of human nature—was to make me blind myself to my wife's defects of responsibility and effort long after I knew them, and to put forth extra efforts myself to keep things going and hide the real situation from my mother's eyes.

III

UP TO this hour I had given the question of my own den no consideration, for I had a good deal more than supposed that Gabrielle and I should end by living with mother; and my only thought had been whether Gabrielle would prefer father's old room, with the open fireplace, or my sister's, with the bay window. Being the only boy, I had naturally had my own room; and I suddenly realized how deep a part of my life those four walls had become—that room had been my workshop, my castle, my library, my den, my sanctuary, from my earliest recollection. No one was allowed to enter it without my invitation, except on sweeping day, and once I had closed the door on the world I was free to work out my little boyish inventions, or my sorrows and tantrums, unobserved by prying eyes. It was a theory of mother's that "every soul needs a certain amount of silence and solitude in order to grow"; that a room alone was a necessity for the preservation of mental health and balance—a sanctuary in which to wrestle with the spirit. She had always had her own room; and when she retired and closed the door, after something had gone askew in the house, all of us—even father—knew enough not to disturb her until she came forth serene in spirit. Her privacy!—I would not have dared to invade it; no more would she have invaded mine. Her privacy was as much to be respected as her person.

Four sisters, however, herded into one room! Poor, dear girl! How she must have suffered in the bottom of her heart! Well, that was all over for her now—she should have a room, a bower, a sanctuary of her own at last; I would make it for her—a little home within a home, where she could retire from all the cares of the world, even from me when I got worried and cross and nervous. Surreptitiously I had already looked at several houses, in case——

I turned in at one and sat down on the side steps in the moonlight. This was to be my home—in the morning I'd have the lease drawn. How could mother be so hard and critical! She ought to see! She had simply let jealousy blind her! She was unjust to my dear girl—I'd prove it by the way things ran in this house as soon as it became our home. I thought tenderly of the four sisters and the "beautiful devotion" that had made them delighted to share everything—even the same room: such unselfishness: such consideration for each other's happiness; and the concern they felt for every trifle that occurred in the life of any one of them—my letters were the only secret Gabrielle had ever kept from her sisters.

"A girl who can love her sisters with such loyalty and devotion—how she will love her husband!" thought I. "And mother simply can't see it!" That very devotion to her sisters I felt to be my own guaranty of the future—Gabrielle would be mine as I knew I should be hers; her utter fidelity and therefore our joint happiness and our partnership were assured to me through the very thing mother had treated so scornfully. My whole being expanded with the sense of my security. I was exalted! My future wife looked on me as "her ideal of a man": I must prove myself worthy of the great gift I was receiving—I must never let her regret what she was giving up for my sake.

That hour in the moonlight on the steps of my home-to-be was one of the most beautiful of my life—and the blindest! I had not been married a month when I discovered that the "beautiful devotion" among the sisters, that had made them willing to "herd" together, was the source of the fatal weakness of my wife's character: she was totally without self-reliance and the power of self-entertainment. The four girls had lived their lives *en phalanx*, so to speak; not the smallest detail of the day's happenings but was repeated and reviewed among them; not the least undertaking but they discussed it among themselves before going into it—even the making of a cake or a batch of fudge! United, they stood—divided, they stood still, not knowing what to do. Together, they accomplished wonders in the matter of entertaining, and so on; alone, they were helpless, because they were devoid of initiative. Three of them had done the thinking for the fourth; and, without some one to confide in—some one to say, "I would do this!"—none of them knew what to do.

I Held the Big Chance in My Hands When I Fell in Love and Asked a Woman to Marry Me

I must allow that the relationship has made my wife easy-going and a good mixer—has given her a keen human interest and the sympathy that I found so charming as a lover; but it has robbed her of the power of private judgment—she is afraid to come to any decision in the most trivial matter without first gaining the approval of another person; and to cause one she loves the least displeasure or disappointment is positively an agony to her. In her sensitive nature it savors of blame; and blame is something she simply cannot stand! That "beautiful devotion" among the sisters was, after all, only the surface covering of the process by which they freed themselves from blame in everything by shunting their decisions round and round among themselves on to each other's shoulders! When I married one I, all-unwitting to myself, stepped into the other three pairs of shoes: Gabrielle substituted me for the sisters and shunted all her decisions in a lump on to my shoulders!

Had I seen the truth that night—as mother saw it for me and tried to show it to me—I should have married Gabrielle just the same. I do not question that, for she is the only woman I ever cared enough for to wish to marry; but my whole course with her would have been different. As it was I dashed ahead with a man's pride in his own powers, believing that a husband who truly loves his wife and considers her good can train her in efficiency in home management and keeping accounts—that is, in holding up her end of a joint partnership.

Blind creature that I was! It was just because I did love her—that we loved each other so devotedly—that I could not train her and she could not take it from me! A criticism, an argument as to a course, an attempt to show her how things were working out, a word, or even a look of disappointment from me—and I saw the stricken look come into her face. She would say: "Don't you love me any more? Don't I make you happy? What have I done? How have I offended you? Oh, forgive me! I can't live if I think you're unhappy—that I've done anything to make you unhappy!" And so on and on to tears, most likely.

My whole married life has resolved itself into that one choice for me—whether to submit to her and let things go—or do them myself—or be a brute to the woman I love and who trusted her life and her happiness to my keeping!

IV

I HAD my first big lesson on my honeymoon. We spent it in Boston. Neither she nor I had ever been there, though it was my mother's girlhood home; and the city and its environs represented to me a sort of repository of cherished traditions. Our first few days were almost a dream—I was seeing all this wonderful city, living in the atmosphere of a noble past with the most sympathetic soul I had ever known! Everything I did seemed perfect to Gabrielle—how unlike my mother's cool criticism, that never praised anything short of perfect success! When I suggested plans to mother I was met by objections—just objections and shrewd, showing up the weakness of the proposition, I admit; now I had only to suggest to have a woman fall in with my plans and shower me with praise and acquiescence. How proud I was of her that first night when I took her in to dinner; asked her what she would have; heard her say: "Darling, you order for me—whatever you get will be perfect!" And her delight in my dinner proved her words.

By the end of a week I was listless and muddleheaded. For the first time in my life I felt overpowered by another personality—invaded. I was watched and studied every instant; if I picked up anything to read she begged: "Read it to me too—I want to share it with you." Even when I sat in thought she asked: "What are you thinking?" And if I did not tell her instantly a shadow crossed her face that hinted I was keeping something from her, though she was too proud to ask. "Oh, if you don't want to tell me!—but—but I tell you everything!"

Suddenly I turned snappy and barked back: "You don't have to tell me everything—I trust you a little bit."

She was horrified. I was horrified at myself, but I could not help it. I knew what the matter was—I had had almost no sleep and I was going to pieces. I had never shared a room with any one. I lay for hours with my wife peacefully slumbering at my side, afraid to stir

(Continued on Page 32)

MY LADY'S GARTER

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

WHILE all these incredible things were happening to The Hawk, Skeets Gaunt, his poetic soul in an ecstasy of happiness, was hastening along to that sweet rendezvous which had for its ultimate object the making of Helen Hamilton into Mrs. Skeets. Catching a glimpse of two men in the dark distance and hearing the rush of their footsteps coming toward him through the empty street, he withdrew timidly into the shadow of a hedge. Ten seconds later he was yanked out rudely by four powerful hands. "You will make us chase you all over the Bronx, will you?" panted one of his captors. "Might have known we'd get you."

Long-haired, dreamy-eyed poets, particularly if they happen to be sons of men like John Gaunt, are not necessarily to be put upon. Skeets felt that he was being put upon. His first natural impression was that he had to do with highwaymen, and without hesitation he belted the man who held the revolver plumb in the nose. The weapon went flying. He was about to perform a similar office for the other man when the steel nippers closed round his wrist and were twisted cruelly.

"You'll resist an officer, too, will you?" and the grip on his wrist tightened.

"What in blazes do you mean by grabbing me like that?" demanded the poet unpoetically. "Why didn't you say you were officers? What do you want?"

"You," tersely.

"What for?"

"I don't suppose you could even guess, huh?"

Skeets wriggled a little to arouse himself. He was sound asleep of course. This thing wasn't happening at all. In a minute his valet would come and tap on his door.

"Search him!"

Dream or no dream, Skeets raised his voice in expostulation when the thick fingers of Detective Bailey produced his pocketbook and riffled the bills therein—some two thousand dollars. Cunningham's eyes opened wide at sight of the money; and reflected a vast understanding when Bailey fished out two tickets for Europe.

"The getaway was all fixed," Bailey elucidated, "and we know there are two of 'em."

"What the ——" Skeets began.

"Shut up!"

Bailey placed the pocketbook inside his coat and resumed his search. A gold cigarette case! He weighed it thoughtfully in his hand; worth money, that thing. He put that, too, in an inside pocket, and next came—a diamond necklace neatly wrapped in jeweler's tissue. The eyes of the two detectives bulged at the exquisite trifle.

"That isn't it," Bailey remarked. "The description says a garter of blue ribbon overlaid with shields of gold in which are set diamonds and rubies. It has a motto too: '*Honey sese-it kwi mall why pen-see!*'" Rather proud of his French, was Detective Bailey.

"It's something anyhow," Cunningham panted, still blowing from his long run. Then to Skeets he added sharply: "Where did you get this necklace?"

"If That Isn't One of the Diamonds From the Countess of Salisbury's Garter I'll Eat It"

"Bought it," replied the poet. "Where did you think I got it? Stole it?"

"That's just what we do think," was the comforting response. "It's the most natural thing in the world for a young gent who's just bought a diamond necklace to try to hide in a hedge when he sees two detectives coming." Skeets opened his mouth. "Shut up!"

"Nothing else on him," said Bailey. "Of course there wouldn't be. The garter is in that vacant house!"

"The—the what?" Skeets ventured.

"The jeweled garter."

"Garter?"

"Garter. G-a-r-double t-e-r!"

There was a walk of a mile or more back to the vacant house, and for the first time in his life Skeets found full vent for that rich vocabulary which bedecked his verse. Impartially and exhaustively he anathematized the world, the flesh and the devil; and incontinently damned everything an inch high, with special reference to the police. Twice the detectives paused to stare at him in awe and admiration. He used some words they didn't know were in the dictionary—and some of them weren't!

An automobile was standing in front of the old mansion. It just happened that Skeets noted its number—92188. Round the house they went, stopping abruptly at a gruff "Who's there?"

"Bailey and Cunningham. Anything happened?"

"Nothing," replied the third detective, Fallon. "Not a sound since you went away. Ah, you got him, did you? Well, I must say if I ever saw a perfect type of a crook he's it!"

Skeets didn't ask questions now; he was no longer curious—merely looked on mechanically during that next hour as the three detectives searched the house. From attic to cellar they went, scrutinizing every inch of it by the light of their electric flashes. In one room on the ground floor they found an old chair overturned and in the dust near by, where The Hawk had groveled, they chose to discover signs of a violent struggle.

"Ah!" said Fallon.

"Oh!" said Cunningham.

"Umph!" said Bailey. Then to Skeets: "There were two of you, we get that. And you had some sort of a scrap here, huh? Perhaps"—a brilliant thought came to him—"perhaps the other fellow got the garter!"

On the broad hearth beneath a huge marble mantel they found a cigarette stub. They opened Skeets' cigarette case—it was filled with the same brand!

"Aha!" said Fallon.

"Oho!" said Cunningham.

"Uh-huh!" said Bailey.

Wholly without interest in what they were doing, whatever it was, the poet had righted the overturned chair and sat motionless upon it, his face in his hands, glooming. What would Helen think? Already he was more than an hour late! After a while these idiots would perhaps take him to a police station, and he could reach her by telephone and explain; also he might be able to reach his father and arrange things some way. Bailey, his arms akimbo, came and stood directly in front of him.

"Where is that garter?" he demanded.

"Oh, piffle!" said the poet.

"Who was your accomplice?"

"Fudge!"

"You may as well tell us the truth. We have all sorts of evidence to connect you with the affair. The cigarette stub alone would convict you!"

"Prunes!" Skeets had long since run out of really useful words.

Ten minutes later the three detectives went back to the police station, leading Skeets with them. There followed a conference of some sort, after which Skeets was lined up in front of the desk sergeant.

"Name?" he was asked.

"Samuel Keats Gaunt."

"Residence?"

"Eighty-first Street."

"Age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Business?"

"Poet."

"Father's name?"

"John Gaunt."

"Do you mean John Gaunt, the millionaire coal——" incredulously.

"The millionaire coal man," Skeets completed the sentence eagerly. There was something in the sergeant's

"I Wouldn't Marry Him, Pops—I Wouldn't Marry Him if He Was the Last Man on Earth"

tone, there was something now in the manner of the three detectives, that aroused a vague hope in his breast. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been glad to say his father was a millionaire. "Of course you see this whole thing, whatever it is, is a mistake. I'm the son of a millionaire, and you see I'd have no possible object in stealing the—the garter, was it, that was stolen? I have a very pressing engagement, so I'll go now."

"Oh, you will!" Bailey bawled at Skeets suddenly. "You'll go, will you? You, the son of John Gaunt? Why, you've just convicted yourself! We've just begun to hold you!" He turned to Cunningham and Fallon. "Don't you see?" he demanded excitedly. "It fits in perfectly with Dexter's theory—stolen garter, American millionaire, all of it, two tickets to Europe, father and son ready to jump! Say"—and he whirled upon the desk sergeant—"telephone that Scotland Yard man to hike up here quick! Tell him we can get his man in twenty minutes!" He thrust his face close into that of the poet. "Let you go!" he sneered. "Yes, we will!"

Somehow the promise failed to comfort Skeets. Submerged in an ocean of inexplicable things, he leaned wearily against the desk with his head in his hands, his gentle soul in an agony at the thought of Helen.

"Oh, shush!" the disgusted poet murmured at last. It was the worst thing he could think of.

V

A conversation over the telephone between S. Keats Gaunt and his father:

"HELLO, Father! This is Keats."

"Well, what do you want? What do you mean by getting me out of bed at midnight to——"

"I'm a prisoner up in the Bronx."

"Speeding again, eh? Serves you right. What are you worrying me about it for?"

"Not speeding, Father. I'm charged with theft this time."

"Theft? You? What the devil are you talking about?"

"I'm accused of stealing a lady's garter."

"A lady's what?"

"Garter—garter—you know what I mean."

"Great Scott! What garter?"

"I don't know. As far as I can make out it was a jeweled affair of some sort; and they say it's worth twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars. I'm accused of stealing it."

"Jumping crab-apples! I've heard of men stealing money and horses and red-hot stoves, but I'm darned if I ever heard of a man's stealing a lady's garter! Did you steal it?"

"Certainly not!"

"Did you tell 'em you didn't?"

"Yes."

"And did you tell 'em you were my son?"

"Yes. That seemed to make it worse, if anything. They refuse to believe anything I say except that I am your son. They believe that readily enough. And they

won't tell me anything about anything. Can't you run up here right away and arrange bail or something somehow?"

"Wha-wha-what happened anyway?"

"Nothing particularly. I was just going along the street a while ago—it was about eleven o'clock—when two men placed me under arrest and searched me, and took me to a vacant house and searched that; and then brought me here to the police station! I don't know what to do."

"Stealing! You! You say you told 'em you were my son?"

"Yes."

"The idiots!"

"I told 'em that too. When I mentioned your name it seemed to convince them I did steal it. If you could run up immediately——"

"Where are you now?"

"In the police station."

"Well, you stay right there until I come."

"I will."

"And, by-the-way, what are you doing up in the Bronx at this time of night?"

A pause.

"I say what are—you—doing—up—in—the—Bronx—at—this—time—of—night?"

"Well—er—I came up about—er—a little affair of my own."

"Affair of your own, eh? Brokaw Hamilton lives up there somewhere, doesn't he? Oh, yes, he does too! So that's it! You've been calling on that red-headed daughter of his! Yes, you have! Don't argue with me! I won't have it!"

"Father, I give you my word of honor I haven't seen Helen tonight. If you could come up——"

"Oh, well, in that case I'll be along in a little while."

A conversation over the telephone between S. Keats Gaunt and Helen Hamilton:

"Is that you, Helen?"

"Yes."

"This is Keats."

"Well, for goodness sake! What became of you? Where've you been? I've been waiting and waiting and waiting! Where are you now?"

"Locked up in the police station."

"Skeets Gaunt! What are you talking about?"

"That's why I didn't come. I was on my way——"

"Why are you locked up?"

"I'm accused of stealing a lady's garter, and——"

"Why, Skeets Gaunt!"

"I didn't, darling; I didn't. I don't know a thing about it. Please, now, listen just a minute, and I'll——"

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"Just a moment, sweetheart. Let me explain——"

"Where did you get it?"

"I didn't have it. I haven't it now. I don't know a thing about it. I never saw it. When they searched me all they found was a diamond necklace I had bought for you. You see——"

"If you didn't have it, why were you arrested?"

"It's a mistake. They thought I stole it, so they——"

"Well, it seems very strange to me that they should arrest you if you didn't have some connection with it."

"But, darling, you don't think——"

"I don't think any one would be so stupid as to arrest a perfectly innocent man for a thing like that! Whose garter did they say you stole?"

"I don't know."

"Stole a lady's garter, and you don't know whose? Indeed! Where did they catch you?"

"In the street just a block from your house. I was on my way——"

"And pray what were you doing in the street a block off? I didn't send you out for a promenade. I sent you to the barn for a ladder."

"Ladder? What ladder?"

"So I could come down from my window, of course."

"But——"

"——And instead of getting the ladder and coming straight back, you leave my bag and my best hat on the damp ground and go out for a stroll!"

"I haven't the faintest idea what——"

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit if you did steal the thing! And when you were arrested, what did you do with my jewels, pray? Are they still in your pocket?"

"Your jewels? I haven't seen them."

"Do you mean to deny that I dropped them to you out of my window and asked you to put them in your pocket?"

"I don't know what——"

"A lady's garter! Return my jewels immediately!"

"But, Helen, I——"

"Also I've changed my mind about everything else. I won't elope with you at all. I'm glad I found you out in time. Indeed I am!"

"But, dear heart——"

"And we will dispense with all that mush, if you please. You will return my jewels to me immediately. I think that is all. Goodby forever!"

"You didn't give me your jewels. I haven't seen them."

"Why, Skeets Gaunt!"

"And you never spoke to me in your life about a ladder; and I don't know anything about your bag, and your best hat on the damp ground, and going out for a promenade. And you certainly didn't give me your jewels and ask me to put them in my pocket!"

"I did!"

"You didn't!"

"Did!"

"Didn't!"

"Did!"

"Oh, dammit!"

"Skee—ee—eets Gaunt!"

INDIGNANT beyond the power of speech, Helen banged the receiver of the telephone into place and turned—to find herself facing her father. He stood in the doorway, motionless, white, haggard; he wore an automobile cap and raincoat both dripping water. Instantly on the defensive, the girl glared at him rebelliously for a moment, then started out.

"I heard your conversation," he remarked.

"I don't care if you did!" she flashed, pausing, her cheeks aflame with anger. "I don't care!"

"Fifty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Jewels Belonging to My Daughter Have Been Stolen"

Shaking his wet outer garments her father silently walked toward her extending his arms. After a moment she crept into them, her lips quivering and tears starting in her eyes. She winked them back savagely, and then came the deluge. With no word of comfort nor yet a word of reproof, Brokaw Hamilton stood with set face holding the slender, trembling figure for a long time until at last the storm passed and his daughter lay still.

"I did love him," she burst out passionately, "and when you wouldn't give your consent it broke my heart and I was going to elope with him. He came under my window about eleven o'clock, and I dropped down my bag to him and my jew-jewels, and my bub-bub-best hat. And now he says I didn't give him the jew-jewels at all; and it's raining and my bub-bub-best hat is out in the wet."

Tenderly, apparently in deep preoccupation, her father stroked her rebellious hair. "Red as a geranium," she had said. It was red, but it was the rich redness of the dying sun. How came Skeets Gaunt entangled in this affair of the jeweled garter, he wondered.

"I just hate him and his old pup-pup-poetry," Helen sobbed on fiercely. "'Oh, Helen, thy hair is an aura of——' fiddlesticks! And, Pops, he said 'Dammit' at me right there just a second ago. And he has my jewels and he won't give them up; and he has stolen somebody's gar-gar-garter. And he's locked up in a cell and I'm glad of it—so there! Horrid thing! I hope he never gets out!"

"Knowing my objections, still you were going to marry him?" asked Brokaw Hamilton.

"Yes, I was," belligerently.

"And you love him so much?"

"I don't love him at all now! I—I hate him! I wouldn't marry him, Pops—I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth."

Tenderness passed from her father's eyes and instead a flame glowed there. It was the old hatred of John Gaunt, and John Gaunt's son, and all that was John Gaunt's! When he spoke his voice was quiet as before.

"Your mother, of course, was not in your confidence?"

"Mother?" Helen gasped. "No!"

"Well, we won't say anything about it to her, either of us. This will be our secret." He gathered the girl in his arms and looked into the blue eyes. "And it's all over now, isn't it?"

With her white teeth closed tightly on her trembling underlip Helen nodded vigorously, then in a quick rush of emotion kissed her father. For a long time he stood staring into nothingness; then suddenly his manner changed.

"You dropped your jewels out of the window to him?"

"Yes, and told him to put them in his pocket. Now he has the unspeakable nerve to say I didn't give them to him at all."

"There's some misunderstanding, of course," he assured her. "I'll run over to the police station and see what can be done. Young Gaunt can't be a thief."

"But, Pops, he's arrested already."

"Some misunderstanding," he repeated abstractedly. "Off to bed with you now, girlie; I'll see what can be done."

"Good night!" She slid out of his arms and went trailing up the stairs. He watched her until she turned at the top and blew him a kiss, then stepped into the hall and spoke to a gaping footman, Dawkins.

"Order the limousine at once," he directed.

Dawkins vanished noiselessly. In addition to utter weariness there was bewilderment in Brokaw Hamilton's face as he passed into the dining room and poured out some whisky. Abstractedly he gazed into the amber depths for a moment, and then:

"It may be, after all, that a marriage of the daughter of the house of Hamilton to the son of the house of Gaunt is the thing most to be desired. In the end it would make me the financial king of America—his fortune and mine together! But I can't imagine how young Gaunt came to be under arrest for stealing the Countess of Salisbury's garter!"

. . . . . .

Two famous enemies in the money world came face to face when John Gaunt and Brokaw Hamilton met in the police station. John Gaunt, in his masterful way, had bullied the story of the attempted elopement out of poor Skeets and was consequently in a rage. Then, too, he had been made to feel uncomfortable under the curious scrutiny of the desk sergeant and Bailey and Cunningham and Fallon. Another man was there as well, a close-mouthed, English-looking person—Dexter, they called him—with eyes like gimlets; and there was sheer insolence in the way he looked the millionaire over.

Brokaw Hamilton came in, calm, cold as marble and as white. He faced John Gaunt unemotionally with a slight, disdainful uplift of the corners of his mouth. It was the crafty collie sneering at the giant mastiff. The desk sergeant recognized Mr. Hamilton and nodded obsequiously.

"I understand a young man, Samuel Keats Gaunt, is under arrest here?" Brokaw Hamilton began.

"Yes, sir," was the courteous reply. "He is charged with the theft of a jeweled garter."

"I don't care anything about that," said the railroad magnate impatiently. "Was he searched when he was brought in?"

"He has been searched, yes."

"Any jewels found on him?"

"Not the garter, sir. There was a diamond necklace, but we don't know who he stole that from."

John Gaunt went off with a roar like a thirteen-inch gun. Mr. Hamilton glanced round at him as if astonished, then turned back to the sergeant.

"After his arrest he would have had no opportunity to conceal a jewelcase anywhere?" he continued placidly.

"No," was the emphatic response. "Why do you ask? Do you suspect him ——"

John Gaunt strode forward and planted himself directly in front of this old enemy. Flames of anger blazed in his eyes; his mighty fists were clenched.

"What is it you want?" he demanded abruptly. "No business of yours, is it? Why are you butting in? Isn't it enough that your daughter tried to ——"

"That will do," Mr. Hamilton interrupted quietly, but with a stern ring in his voice.

"——that your daughter would have ——"

"That will do, I said!" Mr. Hamilton repeated. His tone was still quiet but there was danger in the very velvet of it. "We are not a couple of longshoremen, you know, to stand here and swap Billingsgate. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels belonging to my daughter have been stolen. I'm trying to find them."

The effect of the statement upon the desk sergeant and the detectives was electrical. Even the English-looking person spoke up. "By Jove, you know!" he said.

"And I suppose you're going to say that my son—my son—stole them, eh?" John Gaunt sneered.

Brokaw Hamilton's eyes narrowed and a faint flush mounted to his pallid face. For perhaps a minute there was tense silence, the detectives waiting, what for they didn't know, the two millionaires staring straight into each other's eyes. Finally Brokaw Hamilton's gaze shifted to the desk sergeant.

"I want to add a charge to the charge that already stands against Samuel Keats Gaunt," he said coldly. "I charge him with the theft tonight, within the last hour, of fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels belonging to my daughter!"

Science tells us that two loud noises will sometimes make silence. That must have been what was the matter with John Gaunt. Two bellows of indignant amazement tried to escape at once, with the result that he remained perfectly dumb with his mouth open.

"My daughter, Helen," Hamilton's voice flowed on levelly, "gave them into his keeping. Now I understand he denies it. There can only be one conclusion—he stole them."

John Gaunt's face went purple; spasmodically he reached forward to take this man by the throat. Sheer will power brought control.

"Sergeant, if you'll send a couple of your men home with me," Mr. Hamilton went on serenely, "my daughter will be pleased to give them all the necessary details. And, by-the-way, that diamond necklace you found on the prisoner can't be my daughter's property. She doesn't own one. Good night."

The door opened and closed; he was gone. Trailing after him went Detectives Cunningham and Fallon. A minute later John Gaunt, too, went out. Detective Bailey glanced quickly, interrogatively at Dexter as John Gaunt moved toward the door, and Dexter had nodded.

In the tumult of rage that possessed him the millionaire coal man had forgotten all about poor Skeets tucked away in a cell with ear pressed close to the steel bars, hopefully waiting.

"He won't run away, of course," Dexter remarked in his heavy English way, "and besides we've nothing to hold him on yet. You know we're conducting this case like a lot of bally asses—what? We do these things better in Scotland Yard, you know. We don't stand on the housetops and shout about everything we learn, as you chaps seem to do over here."

John Gaunt's automobile swung away into the night in a torrent of rain.

"Brokaw Hamilton knows perfectly well Sammy didn't steal any jewels," he informed the outer darkness with a graceful touch of profanity here and there. "He simply couldn't resist the temptation to poke it into me." A long silence. "Probably thinks that red-headed daughter of his is too good for my son! If I thought he really felt that I'd—hang it—I'd make Sammy marry her just to spite him!" Another silence.

"Might not be a bad idea at that! If they should marry—his fortune and mine—I'd be the financial boss of the earth! Look out there!"

This last as the automobile skidded and went sliding across the slushy road toward a foot traveler who was plodding along in the rain. Agility alone saved him from injury. It was The Hawk!

When Brokaw Hamilton retired to his room it was after two o'clock. The detectives had gone and Helen's turbulent heart had found peace in sleep.

"Helen loves young Gaunt, therefore she would be as happy with him as with any one else." Business of donning pajamas. "Besides insuring her happiness I'd place myself in a position to—John Gaunt is worth a hundred millions, and he's a child! I could get that! And if I don't some one else will!" Business of crawling into bed. "It may have been a bad beginning to accuse young Gaunt of stealing those jewels, but —— . . . Perhaps not!" Business of closing his eyes. "How can that young idiot know anything about this affair of the Countess of Salisbury's garter? I'll have to have my own detective on this!"

"The Getaway Was All Fixed, and We Know There are Two of 'Em"

VII

FOR a little while we will leave Skeets Gaunt safe in his cell, and take a turn on Broadway at eight o'clock of a sunny morning in June. The sidewalks, drenched by the heavy rains of the night before, are glistening spotlessly beneath the million-footed human creature that is hurrying here, there, everywhere to the pursuits of the day; the street is an endless, counter-flowing stream of vehicles divided mathematically by the cartracks.

Here we are at Forty-second Street. We pause a minute to watch the tides of humanity from east and west swirl into unique Broadway to be swallowed up in the vaster stream that flows forever north and south. A mottled current it is, burdened with the flotsam and jetsam of the world—bankers and beggars and brokers and stokers; newsboys and venders, and street-crossing tenders; hook-nosed and snub, honest men and thieves. The ever-flowing stream ripples on, borrowing a dash of color from the bright gowns and gossamer millinery of the shop-girls. In no city in the world is the shop-girl so well dressed as in New York.

Somewhere in this hurrying, jostling crowd is The Hawk. Here he is scrubby of beard, pallid of face, worn and weary, for all that there is a glint of satisfaction in his shallow eyes. A hard night he has had of it evidently, a night in the rain, for his threadbare coat is still wet and there is a disheartening sloshiness in his tattered shoes. He is hungry, too, in spite of the fact that his shabby pockets hold a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars, more or less, in other people's jewels.

Six years it was since The Hawk had seen Broadway—six long, meager years—and now he reveled in the sight of it. His destination was Daddy Heinz' in West Thirtieth Street; and Daddy Heinz' was a sanctuary where he would find breakfast, and a bath, and clean linen and a bed. The nearest route to all these luxuries was down Seventh Avenue, but The Hawk didn't go that way. Instead he stuck to Broadway, there was so much of it new to him. Good old Broadway! The smell of it got up his nose. It was worth while living if one might live there!

So on down Broadway he went, past the yawning entrance of the Metropolitan Opera House, past the Marlborough, past the Herald building. At Thirty-fourth Street he paused suddenly with quick interest and stared. A girl had attracted his attention—a red-headed girl. Something in the way the brilliant sunlight struck her hair reminded him of the vision in the window the night before—Her Loveliness!—and he stopped to look after her until she was swallowed up in the crowd. He knew it couldn't be the same; he was merely humoring a recollection.

Woman, and the lure of her, had never entered into The Hawk's scheme of existence. He had regarded her merely as a sort of sublimated clothes-horse, much given to the vain adorning of her white body with ribbons and laces and fluffy things—and jewels! There's where his interest in women had always begun and ended—at the jewels! All at once, for no reason apparent to himself, The Hawk realized that now he was regarding woman from a different angle. This new point of view had been born at that instant when, crouching against a wall in the darkness, he had caught one glimpse of her whom he was pleased to think of as Her Loveliness! A wonderful night it had been truly, a night filled with all the delightful irresponsibilities of a fairy tale.

But hunger pressed; eyes smarted from lack of sleep; limbs trembled with weariness. Turning suddenly, The Hawk continued straight on down Broadway to Thirtieth Street where he steered west. Beyond Sixth Avenue, where two great green lamps squatted on their supports, was the new Tenderloin Police Station. It was The Hawk's first sight of it; and he thought it a decided improvement on the old one. There were men inside, among them probably Detective Meredith, who would give five years of their lives to lay hands on The Hawk. The Hawk knew it; so he smiled pleasantly.

Across Sixth Avenue under the "L" he went on, silently appreciative of the roar of good old New York. While he was still a hundred feet or so away from the sinister front of the police station, the door opened and Detective Meredith came out. Detective Meredith, The Hawk's nearest, dearest, most intimate enemy! A dozen times they had matched their wit each against the other in the old days, and at the end Meredith had been one of the best young yelpers in that pack of the law's bloodhounds that had chased The Hawk into oblivion.

The Hawk was glad to see Meredith. He would have liked to go up and introduce himself and shake hands with him. His was the first familiar face he had seen. Yet if there was one man in the world he had to fear it was Detective Meredith. And now The Hawk felt there was no need to invite disaster. Despite the great change in his own appearance, despite the time that had elapsed since his vanishing, The Hawk knew that discretion was the better part of valor.

Already he had turned back toward Sixth Avenue when he saw a huge limousine swing around the corner and pull up in front of the police station. It stopped, and a middle-aged man alighted. He was followed immediately by a girl. When The Hawk saw her his heart stood still. It was

(Continued on Page 41)

THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

The Clerk Class—By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

THE increased standard of living is mostly a matter of imitation plus respect for community feeling. A has a self-playing piano; his neighbor, B, has an automobile. A feels driven to purchase an automobile because his position in the community requires that he shall make no less display of wealth than B. Then B buys a self-playing piano whether he has a real yearning for music in the home or not. Nor is this all vanity. As these United States are now constituted, to be prosperous one must look prosperity. If a man economizes too far in outward display his associates say he is "running to seed"; and it tends to lose him promotion in business. So the hustling, aspiring United States go on, each trying one to excel the other, not only in wealth but in appearance of wealth. To check a hundred common foolish extravagances—like the overstrenuous pursuit of fashion, for example—we should need the consent of the whole community. Few individuals feel like making martyrs of themselves by taking the first step.

The Telephone Has Killed in Mrs. Carson's Set the Old, Feminine Art of Marketing

Nowhere does this burden fall more heavily than upon that element which the English, with their easy, smug arrangement of society, call the clerk class. Having an income little better than that of the better-paid workingmen, they are forced by the laws of commerce to dress better and to make more display in a hundred petty ways. In England—in Europe generally—once a clerk always a clerk is nearly the rule; in America the typical man of this class feels that he has a marshal's baton in his desk. This is the land of hope that lingers to the end. And that very feeling drives the American to closer and closer imitation of the class just above him. All of which leads up to the personal quandary of Mr. and Mrs. John Carson, of Avalon.

When I say John Carson I have in mind a real man, and in Avalon I am picturing a real city, only slightly retouched to make it typical. Avalon is an average Eastern town of the conservative sort. It has thirty thousand population in the census figures and thirty-five thousand in the local newspapers. Thirty years ago, as the census shows, it had about twenty thousand people. It has grown, therefore, only at the normal pace of the country. It subsists by virtue of some small factories and the surrounding farms. Its pleasant site near a string of pretty Eastern lakes makes it a good place for residence. Therefore it has a little more than its due proportion of wealth.

The Old Ways and the New

JOHN CARSON is the head of a department in one of the factories. He is rooted in the soil. His father lived there before him, and his father's father. Charles Carson, the father, was also a "head of department." His annual income at his death was about three thousand dollars. In his forties, however, he made between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred dollars a year. John Carson, of this generation, is forty-three years old and his salary checks make a little more than two thousand dollars a year. Considering the shift in the value of money, the worldly circumstances of father and son are about the same; but Charles Carson, with six sons and daughters who grew to maturity, managed in the course of a hardworking life to educate all his children, to accumulate property and to maintain in the community a position of considerable dignity—while John Carson, with two children, complains constantly of his trouble in making both ends meet. Let us see, now, wherein the difference lies.

Charles Carson lived in a little, old-fashioned house of eight rooms, on the edge of town, though near enough withal so that he walked every day to and from his office. That house had neither bathroom nor furnace. The family, old-American fashion, held its weekly scrub every Saturday night—at first in the wooden washtubs, then in the washtubs plus a movable tin bathtub. The daily bath, and the necessity of special apparatus therefor, had never entered Charles Carson's head. Running over old times, he used to tell his children about the time when the church put a stationary bathtub in the new parsonage, and people came miles to see and admire it. He heated the house in winter with two stoves and a "drum." One stove, in the kitchen, served for both heat and cooking. The other stood in the "back parlor" or living room—a great old baseburner that warmed all the lower floor. The stovepipe ran up through Mr. and Mrs. Carson's room in the second story. There it entered the "drum," which caught some heat from the escaping smoke. Otherwise the house was unheated in winter. The children went to bed and got up in the cold; in midwinter they broke the ice in the water pitcher for their morning wash.

John Carson, the son, has, of course, both bathroom and furnace. Though his house is slightly smaller than his father's was, as comports with the needs of a smaller family, these and other modern improvements made it cost no less. If you are going to heat a whole house a furnace is undoubtedly cheaper than stoves; but Mr. Carson the elder heated only a part, as I have shown, while Mr. John Carson's furnace is piped to registers in every corner of the house. I have, from the account books which old Charles Carson so thriftily kept, the working difference. In the hard winter of 1878-79 he burned less than six tons of coal. For the hard winter of 1911-12 John Carson was forced to lay in ten tons—and he burned every piece too. There, as a concession to the advanced standard, not of luxuries but of comfort, you have a difference at once—the price of four tons of coal.

Setting the real house of 1912 and the remembered house of 1875 beside each other, we find some other differences apparent to the casual eye. Mr. Carson the elder had a little old mahogany and maple furniture, inherited from the house of his father, and a great deal of black walnut, bought in the few years after he began housekeeping—those years during which an old-fashioned bride gathered her worldly possessions for a lifetime. Mr. Carson bought "new stuff" only when a growing family created new demands. There were a few pictures, mainly inherited; a few framed family photographs; enlarged crayon portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Carson's parents; a mantel ornament or two; a small melodeon. In the parlor stood a "what-not," set with such knickknacks as a pink conch shell, a cone from a California redwood and some gift books. There was a little library—a very little one; it occupied, in fact, two small shelves. On the marble-topped table, center-parlor, lay a family Bible and two solemn books of moralities, bought from a book agent. The floors were of plain deal board, covered downstairs with carpets. The parlor carpet was body Brussels. Acquired when the elder Carsons married, it lasted their lifetime, since the parlor was a closed apartment held sacred to weddings, funerals, formal calls and other high social functions. For the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Carson used home-made rag carpets, the material painfully accumulated in the family rag-bag. Also, there were rag rugs, got by the same process, in the uncarpeted bedrooms upstairs.

When Mr. and Mrs. Carson the younger were first married they lived in a rented house. Upon the death of Charles Carson, John, the son, inherited enough money to build for himself, with the assistance of a loan association, and to buy an equipment fitting his station in life. He inherited also a part of the family furniture. It was all superannuated and old-fashioned; the John Carsons sold their part to the second-hand store and bought new Lares throughout. Incidentally Mrs. Carson the younger now regrets the loss of the old mahogany—the taste for antiques has only lately reached Avalon. The living room in Charles Carson's house was furnished in plain wood, substantial and lasting; and as for the "parlor set," it had really not enough use to give it wear. The younger Carsons, however, what with the social demands hereinafter to be mentioned, use their best apartment virtually every night. So Mrs. John Carson finds her best furniture already wearing out; for in this age we build little with the solidity of other days. A modern house needs decoration—overdecoration to the artistic eye. Where Charles Carson had one picture John Carson has two. In place of the what-not are two rococo stands set forth with an onyx vase and a potted palm; in place of the melodeon is an upright piano; in place of the two Delft vases which ornamented the mantel are more effects in onyx, together with a Dresden shepherdess or two. By the time the younger Carsons were ready to build, carpets had "gone out" and rugs had "come in." Downstairs they went to the initial expense of polished hardwood floors; upstairs they installed matting. All this requires rugs. The big twelve-by-fourteen rug in the parlor cost more than the old Brussels carpet of Charles Carson's house, and where the other floors of the old house were covered from the savings of Mrs. Charles Carson's rag-bag, John Carson had to buy still more rugs—some imitation Turkish having the impermanence common to all imitations, some ingrain.

So much for the purely ornamental aspect of John Carson's house as compared with his father's. When we approach the back rooms, the part devoted to the main business of a household, which is the preparation and consumption of food, we find a difference still wider; and the balance of economy is all in favor of the older Carsons. Mrs. Charles Carson did her work at an old-fashioned, six-cover cookstove with an ample oven. Mrs. John Carson, when in household crises she does a little cooking, uses a range with patent regulators, patent dampers, a patent oven thermometer, patent plate-warmers, to say nothing of the waterback, which furnishes hot water to the bathrooms and to the stationary washstands upstairs. For kitchen equipment, Mrs. Carson the elder had a set of four iron pots graduated in size; three frying pans; an old-fashioned skillet; a broiler; a set of baking tins and pie plates, all of iron or tinned iron; a brass pot; an array of preserve jars; some colanders; and a miscellaneous equipment of iron knives, spoons and forks. Mrs. John Carson has duplicated these simple, necessary instruments in aluminum. Now aluminum, as compared with iron, has the virtue of heating quickly—wherefore it saves fuel; but not as Mrs. John Carson uses aluminum—or rather her maid.

The Contrast in Kitchens

IT WAS a canon of the elder Mrs. Carson's household art to economize heat; subtly to interweave the processes of her cooking and washing so that no "cover" should be out of use. And aluminum, as compared with iron, is fragile; whereas the old iron pots of Mrs. Charles Carson's house would be in use yet had not the times outgrown them. In addition, Mrs. John Carson has a dozen work-made-easy devices of which her mother-in-law never dreamed. There is the patent poacher for the eggs—Mrs. John saw it in a department store and it struck her as a worthy device; so she "bought it anyhow." There is the meat-grinder, replacing Mrs. Charles' old wooden bowl and chopper. There is

In the Seventies the Clerk Handed You a Key and an Oil Lamp and Left You to Your Misery

The Elder Mrs. Carson Went Out Nearly Every Morning With the Market Basket

the lettuce-shaker. There are the involved vessels for cooking breakfast food without the necessity of stirring. Any woman can look about her own kitchen and find many devices which she "simply has to have," but which the generation of her mother got along without. Mrs. John Carson has no preserve jars. They have gone out with the generation that practiced the art of "putting up" fruit and vegetables.

Old Charles Carson's china closet was furnished forth with one good set of old china, carefully kept. Mrs. Charles Carson replaced the broken dishes as necessity rose; she ignored chipped edges. There was, in addition, some old, tough, white china which the family used for breakfasts. In winter, just by way of saving heat, they generally had their breakfast in the kitchen. The best set of china, however, was quite simple—plates all of one size, small butter dishes, dessert dishes, cups and saucers, large vegetable dishes and nothing more; for in those days "course dinners" were a French innovation of the New York hotels or of the very rich. A meal was a meal. It came on the table—or on the plates—all at once. When the substantial part was over and the wreckage cleared away the family had dessert; but, by the time the John Carsons began housekeeping, this French custom had reached the remotest corner of the country. So the corresponding set of dishes in John Carson's house has many and strange additions. There are, for example, soup plates; bouillon cups; small dinner plates for fish courses; bread-and-butter plates, supplanting the little, cheap butter pats of the older equipment; black-coffee cups. Not only this—there is a full set of better china for that entertaining which is required in Mrs. Carson's set, and to which we shall come later. As in the kitchen, so in the dining room; we find a number of miscellaneous additions—as bread-and-butter knives, oyster forks, bouillon spoons, a French percolator for after-dinner black coffee, and fingerbowls, as a matter of course.

Days When Salads Were Unknown

MRS. CHARLES CARSON, her contemporaries said, "set a good table"; but the standards of a good table vary with the times. The elder Mrs. Carson gave her family plain and strong food. There was rather little variety. The older people did not require it; and as for the children, they "ate what was set before them." Except for the hashes and warmed-over meats that went with her system of economy, she served few "made dishes." Her daughter-in-law has elaborated and reëlaborated her menu until the younger Carsons, instead of letting their appetites drive them, drive their appetites. As a consequence, they "stuff"; beyond a doubt they eat more to the person than did their forebears. Statistics will help us here. Between 1900 and 1910 the per-capita consumption even of primitive foodstuffs increased enormously in the United States. We ate ten per cent more wheat flour in the latter year than in the former, and about thirty per cent more sugar. That is not all. In her catering Mrs. John Carson considers the weather not at all. Mrs. Charles Carson served "fresh fruit in season"—and only in season. She did not buy the earliest spring strawberries, as Mrs. John does. She waited until they became common and cheap. From October, when the grapes "ran down," until June, when strawberries came, her table knew only one fresh fruit—apples, carefully barreled against the winter. Otherwise she served her preserves or stewed dried prunes, peaches and apricots—except at Christmas. Then, and then only, did oranges make their appearance. Now Mrs. John Carson has oranges or grapefruit for breakfast all winter long.

So with "green truck." The healthful salad habit was not abroad in the land during Mrs. Charles Carson's day. Lettuce, dressed with vinegar and sugar, was a "side dish" in season; but now, in season as well as out of season, in January as well as in June, the new Carson family must have with every dinner its fresh salad. Also, modern salad calls for oil, which is far more expensive than the old vinegar dressing. And that is a little leak—one of the thousand tiny extra expenses which so puzzle John Carson when he sits down to figure out why he isn't getting ahead in the world.

In the important matter of food economies the balance all lies on the side of Mrs. Charles Carson. It was a saying of hers that "a woman can throw out with a spoon more than a man can bring in with a shovel." At the outset we find one important difference—Mrs. Carson the elder never kept a regular servant. When the children were born and when they were very small she did have a young, three-dollars-a-week maid, a kind of an apprentice, to do the coarser work of the house, and even to cook in the time of great stress. As soon as the girls grew old enough to help, she no more thought of a maid than she thought of a coach and four. All "her set" did their own housework. To manage otherwise would have been pretentious. Mrs. Carson the younger has employed a maid from the beginning. Mrs. Carson the elder was herself the chief mechanic of the household and the maid merely an assistant. Mrs. John Carson is the assistant, doing the easy odds and ends or giving the fancy touches for which the maid does not find time. And precisely because the executive had a conscientious personal interest, the elder Carson household was managed with a thorough attention to detail of which the younger knows nothing.

The John Carsons have a telephone. This is a small expense in itself—also a great comfort and pleasure; but indirectly it is the foe of economy, for it has killed in Mrs. Carson's set the old, feminine art of marketing. The elder Mrs. Carson went out nearly every morning with that obsolete piece of household furniture, the market basket. She visited her tradesmen personally; she inspected the stock; she knew the bargains. Where the elder Mrs. Carson marketed, the younger shops. Often, in the intervals of her shopping, she visits the grocer, the greengrocer and the butcher; but very much more often she uses the telephone because it saves time. The tradesman tells her what he has and gives her a summary of current prices, and from his account she chooses. Being human, he offers her what he wants to sell. Besides—and this is important—the elder Mrs. Carson herself carried home everything except the "heavy stuff," like potatoes and flour. Nowadays, no one in Mrs. Carson's set likes to be seen with a bundle. All purchases, from a toothbrush to a barrel of flour, are delivered. The corner grocer of thirty-five years ago had one wagon to deliver heavy goods and to serve the aristocrats; the grocer of equal business in 1912 has a delivery boy and two wagons, with drivers. Mrs. John Carson and her kind are paying the drivers' salaries and the upkeep of the teams in the greater price of their commodities.

Mrs. Charles Carson did her own washing and ironing—she, the girls and the maid when she had one. Never, except occasionally during the emergency period when the children were little babies, did she send any soiled garments out of the house. She even laundered Charles Carson's white shirts, collars and cuffs. "Laundering starched things" at home had gone out of fashion before Mrs. Carson the younger passed her bridehood and settled down to the steady régime of housekeeping. Mrs. John sends out every stitch of her wash—the sheets, towels and "rough stuff"—to a steam laundry; and the "starched stuff" goes to Mrs. Johnson, a washwoman. The maid, or Mrs. Carson herself in emergency times, irons the sheets, the towels and the handkerchiefs after they come home rough-dried; and that is the only laundering done in the Carson household during this year of grace 1912. Indeed, Mrs. Charles Carson would have been hard put to get through the amount of soiled linen generated by this family of four persons in the course of a week. We are a more cleanly people, to begin with; and the Carsons, in this as in other things, have followed the fashion. Charles Carson never thought of changing his "boiled shirt" every day; it was enough if he changed or turned the cuffs. Now cuffs, as a separate entity, are unknown in the wardrobe of John Carson. His shirt has cuffs attached. When the edges are soiled—as happens once a day—the shirt goes into the laundry-bag. Mrs. Carson adds her extra heap to the pile. Where her mother-in-law wore flannel or cloth waists she wears fine linen or chiffon, with an average change of nearly one a day. And the frills, laces and fichus of her lingerie waists would have been beyond the art even of Mrs. Carson the elder. This does not take into account the children—there the per-capita contribution to the laundry-bag has trebled and quadrupled.

Avalon in the Early Eighties

THIS leads us to clothes—and before I take up clothes and that allied subject, entertainments, I must stop to consider the whole state of Avalon as it was in the seventies and as it is now. Remember, Avalon has grown comparatively little. Its change is not the evolution of a town into a city: it is rather an evolution of the times.

In the seventies and early eighties Avalon had one theater, with an occasional production. Whole weeks went by and the playhouse never opened its doors. It had one American-plan hotel, which furnished bare lodging and three meals a day at certain set hours. There was one restaurant—"eating house" it was called—which closed, like the hotel dining room, at eight o'clock in the evening. After that hour you could not buy a meal, except by favor, in all Avalon. There was no club in the modern sense of the word, though a few of the town magnates had a kind of lodge at the lake where, in the fishing or boating season, a negro attendant would throw together a dinner. You could buy soda water at the two drug stores and candy at the little "notion stores" down by the schools. There were no separate establishments to purvey solid or liquid sweets. If you had forgotten to shine your shoes before you left home, or if you were a traveler, you patronized a little bootblack who haunted the square. There was one bowling alley, and the Horton House had a billiard room where the commercial travelers or the less domestic young men of the town entertained themselves in the evening.

Avalon changed with the change of the times. I cannot discuss in full the reasons for that change, except to mention an important single one. In the seventies Avalon was nearly twenty-four hours from New York; and, at that, one was forced to change cars. Comparatively few took the journey. The railroads, however, improved in speed and convenience until, by the end of the century, one could board a Pullman sleeper at midnight and arrive in New York for breakfast. The Avalonians got the habit of travel. They saw first-hand the newfangled ways, the luxuries and the improvements on necessities of the metropolis. New wants, hitherto unknown even to the town aristocracy of wealth, rose in their bosoms.

Avalon has two first-class theaters, one maintained by the Shuberts, the other by the syndicate. It is a "one-night stand," but these two houses average between them four or five attractions a week during the winter. There is a ten-twenty-thirty-cent vaudeville house, which began running continuous performances three years ago. There are

To be Prosperous One Must Look Prosperity

four moving-picture theaters. The Horton House is transformed through two changes of management. The present proprietor, a hustling hotel man awake to new ideas, remodeled it. He added private baths to half the rooms. He changed to the European plan. He installed a Dutch room, a grill room, an American Colonial room, a ball-and-banquet room. As a lure to the dining-out and after-theater trade, he engaged an orchestra to play before and after the show. Where once the dining room closed at eight it remains open now until one or two o'clock—and it pays at that scale, or he wouldn't keep it up year after year. In the seventies the guests had not even a choice of viands. A meal was a meal. The waitress brought it in all at once—the steak, the roast, the corned beef and cabbage—on one plate; the vegetables and the dessert in little bird's-bathtub dishes, which she arranged in a semicircle about the guest. Now the Horton House gives a variety in the menu that would do credit to New York—likewise the prices. In the seventies the clerk looked at your name on the register, handed you a key and an oil lamp, said "seventy-seven, second floor, third door to the right," and left you to your misery. Now a bell-boy in uniform takes your bag, escorts you to the elevator, rings, bows you to your room, turns on the electric light, inspects the bathroom—and waits for a tip. Had I space I could make a whole article upon the difference in detail between the Horton House of 1912 and the Horton House of 1875 to 1880. Let us stop, however, to see what Tom Bowles, the proprietor, has to say about trade in general:

"We're taking it away from the second-class houses all the time. There are the theatrical people. Once the star and the leading man or woman put up with us—the others went to the cheaper hotels; but now they all come here, right down to the walking gentlemen. How do the little people manage it? Search me. The same with traveling men. You see, they have to put up a front to sell the goods—it doesn't look well to exhibit your samples in a second-class place. They simply require it of the firm."

Looking over the White Way of Avalon—it is literally that, what with the electric signs—one perceives that the Horton House is not the only place to eat after the theater; in fact, there are now six all-night restaurants, from Martin's Grill, which nearly matches the Horton House for service and prices, down to Casey's, where a chuck steak costs fifteen cents and a sandwich a nickel.

The Increased Cost of Entertaining

AVALON now has several clubs or semi-clubs—to coin a counterfeit phrase. First, there is the Cosmos Club—the social organization among the men. It occupies a modern building, with restaurant, ladies' grill, bar, reading rooms and all that goes to make comfort. Not less honored is the Country Club, with its eighteen-hole links, its tennis courts, its toboggan slide and skating rink for winter sports, to say nothing of its house. The Elks have their clubhouse—dues only eight dollars a year; but any man knows that the dues are the least of your expenses when you belong to a club. The Masons, who occupied a bare hall in the old days, now have "rooms," with billiard tables and a bar for soft drinks. The Knights of Columbus and the Turners keep similar quarters. Then there is the Athletic Club, with a gymnasium and dues—to say nothing of the Y. M. C. A., which has a house of its own. Social organization among the women has gone just as fast, though its manifestations are not quite so tangible. They have their bridge clubs, their formal associations for mutual or city improvement, their mothers' clubs, even their Equal Suffrage Society.

In the four or five blocks that make up the White Way of Avalon flash the electric signs of three ice-cream parlors, which sell candy, soda water and ice cream exclusively—and the drug stores have not abandoned their soda fountains either. There are three "shoe-shining parlors." The city licenses eight billiard halls or bowling-and-billiard halls; and this takes no account of the billiard tables connected with the saloons. It is a fair bet that Avalon has ten public billiard and pool tables now to one in 1880. Looking over the street in the evenings, one notices other establishments which had not even a prototype thirty or forty years ago. To say nothing of garages and automobile repair shops, there is a florist, two or three hairdressers and a caterer.

Society, as it existed in the middle-class Avalon of the seventies and early eighties, was as simple as the town. Its nucleus, for Mr. and Mrs. Carson the elder, was the church. They were Baptists; Charles Carson died a deacon. The church social was the staple public event. Sometimes it cost ten cents—the refreshments were "donated by the ladies of the congregation." For big special events, there was an oyster supper once a winter and a strawberry festival once a summer. These entertainments cost a quarter. Where this generation goes often to the theater, paying one dollar and a half to two dollars for seats, that generation went more sparingly to lectures. Sometimes, when there was a specially attractive speaker, like John B. Gough or Henry Ward Beecher, the price soared as high as fifty cents. More often admission was a quarter, or a dollar for a course of six. These quotations of prices come not from memory or from conjecture—I take them from the old files of the town newspapers.

The elder Carsons gave a party once a year. This was as large an affair as the size of the house permitted; and the refreshments were considered elaborate. Mrs. Charles Carson served lemonade, coffee with whipped cream, sandwiches, several kinds of cake, fruit and calf's-foot jelly, and ice cream. It was her pride that everything except the macaroons and lady-fingers was made at home—the children used to turn the ice-cream freezer all the afternoon. Dinner, the main meal of the day, was at noon. Mr. Carson came home to it; and, except on Sundays, it was strictly a family affair. The casual intimate, calling late in the afternoon, was likely to be invited to that repast which the Carsons called "supper" when they were alone and "tea" when they had company. This was, on the whole, the most simple meal of the day—cold meat, bread and butter, home-made jelly and cake, and tea. On Sundays they often had company to dinner—a substantial, one-course meal. When it was finished the women guests put aprons over their best dresses, rolled up their sleeves and helped Mrs. Carson "red up" and "do the dishes," while the men retired with Mr. Carson to the sitting room or piazza and settled the affairs of state and nation.

On most evenings the elder Carsons stayed at home. Mr. Carson sat at one side of the center table, reading the Christian Herald or the Avalon Courier; on the other side Mrs. Carson sewed or knitted on the eternal stockings, scarves and mittens. About them, the children read their Sunday-school books, played checkers, prepared tomorrow's lessons, or just frolicked until prayertime and bedtime—each according to his separate age and nature.

Now, though Mr. and Mrs. John Carson of this generation have not lost their connection with the church, and contribute as much to its support as their parents did, it is only a dot on their social horizon. Long ago they shed all feeling against dancing, the theater and the social game of cards. They are past their dancing days; but they go to the theater—in orchestra seats—at least once a fortnight; and in midseason it is nearer once a week. Theater parties, wherein one couple stands treat for all, have lately become the fashion in their set. Also, the host and hostess who wish to do the right thing take their theater party to the Horton House for a little, simple supper. The bridge club meets once a week at the house of some member. When it is Mrs. Carson's turn she furnishes refreshments, of course.

The Elder Carsons Gave a Party Once a Year

Party Food

THEY are no more elaborate than those which her mother-in-law provided for the annual parties; but everything, from cake to ice cream, is furnished by the caterer, who sends in his bill at the end of the month. The prizes, too, are an item. There is much dinner-giving in their set—hence the full set of best china mentioned before. These dinners, served in courses, with soup, sometimes fish, roast, vegetables, salad, dessert, cheese and coffee, are no more substantial than those comfortable Sunday affairs of the elder Carsons; but, being more specialized and elaborate, they involve more expense for the seasonings and the oils—what Mrs. Charles Carson would have called the "chicken-fixings." Also, John Carson has fallen for the Demon Rum to an extent that would have pained the deacon, his father. He has not reached the stage of cocktails at home, but Mrs. Carson serves with these company dinners a plain white wine.

Deacon Charles Carson belonged to the Masons. Sometimes, after certain degrees, his lodge held a simple banquet. That, with his lodge dues, covered all the expense on the social side of his man-activities. John Carson has not yet aspired to the Cosmos Club or the Country Club, though others in his circle no richer than he belong to one or the other—and pay the freight, goodness knows how! He does belong to the Masons and the Elks. Both keep rooms for clubhouses, as I have shown before. This involves dues. It involves, also, holes in which to drop quarters. For instance, though no drinks are served in the Elks' Club, John Carson and some of the other members, after a game of pool, will go over to the Horton House for a few beers. That, at least, is their intention; but the meeting is likely to turn out to be a little supper. And, while we are on his small personal expenses, note the matter of lunches. His father always came home to his midday meal. John Carson has found it more convenient and more pleasant to eat downtown. The smart salesmen from New York, whom he met when he was in the buying department, got him into the habit. It is true that he goes but seldom to the Horton House; usually he patronizes Trent's Restaurant, where the meal costs him less than a quarter. Still, his part of luncheon at home would cost less than that. Again, comes the matter of tobacco. His father, though a deacon, smoked—a pipe. John Carson smokes a pipe—at home. In public he smokes cigars.

Mrs. Carson belongs to the Woman's Club, to one or two charity organizations and to an afternoon bridge club. More dues. Still, her demand on the family treasury for this

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THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XXIX

THE Princess Bezzanna, meekly obedient without but a tornado of disobedience within, dressed herself very carefully for dinner that evening because the prince and his mother were to be their guests at the informal family betrothal ceremony, preceding the grand affair of state which was to take place within two weeks. She was in a particularly rebellious frame of mind because she had not seen Jimmy since the early morning when, after five stolen delicious minutes, he had hurried away to the mines to be gone until late at night. The king had, with smiling courtesy, invited him to be back in time for dinner, but Jimmy had pointed out to him the impossibility of it; and though Bezzanna had appreciated his delicacy in the matter she was angry with him for being absent.

The prince and his mother had been in the palace fully twenty minutes before Bezzanna came down to receive them; and when she swept into the red drawing room the prince gave an involuntary gasp of admiration, for he had never seen her so dazzlingly beautiful as in this rich robe, her entire costume relieved by a single ornament—a little shield of rubies and diamonds and sapphires which she wore as a brooch. Never had he seen her cheeks aflame with such an exquisite play of fleeting color, or her eyes so sparkling with vivacity, or her perfectly formed head poised so superbly on her graceful neck. The prince sprang at once to his feet and, kissing her hand, led her gallantly to his mother, who kissed her dutifully on the forehead.

"You are always beautiful, Bezzanna," Onalyon observed; "but I do not remember ever to have seen you in a more becoming costume."

"I thank you," she said with prim and stately dignity which, in conjunction with that well-known but now long-absent flash of mischief in her eyes, had Teddy puzzled beyond measure; while Aunt Gee-gee took on a worried look which she never lost the entire evening.

"It is most charming, indeed," admitted Onalyon's mother, glancing across at her with every appearance of appreciative delight, and delicately measuring swords; for now her own contest for supremacy was to begin. "But really, child, isn't it a bit too somber for an occasion of this sort?"

"Do you think so?" inquired Bezzanna very sweetly indeed, but still with that stately graciousness which annoyed the older woman so much, since stately graciousness was her own most effective, and therefore her most frequent, pose.

The king looked at Teddy and met a puzzled stare in return. That dangerous snap in Bezzanna's eyes, as she saw them exchanging this glance, increased almost to the point of conflagration.

"Very few people can wear that color," sweetly observed Aunt Gee-gee, who was most effective in it, and she cast a carefully veiled glance of malignity at Bezzanna's future mother-in-law, who was decidedly sallow. "It takes a skin of the clear transparency and velvety smoothness of Bezzanna's to resist it."

"Betsy can wear any color," asserted Teddy proudly. "Jimmy says she could drape herself in a rainbow and carry it with the modest effect of a gray mist."

The wavering flush on Bezzanna's cheeks deepened. The prince frowned. He did not like the mention of Jimmy for a multitude of reasons.

"That's an odd brooch you're wearing," he observed, to change the subject. "Rather an unusual color combination, isn't it?"

"The finest combination in the world, Jimmy says," returned Bezzanna, recovering her queenly graciousness instantly. "Red, white and blue—it's an American shield. Jimmy had it made for me."

"Terrific storm last night, wasn't it?" immediately remarked the prince.

That was a good, safe topic; and, barring the fact that the king and Aunt Gee-gee and Teddy were constantly compelled to refrain from mentioning that Bezzanna had been lost in it, they made the storm last comfortably enough until dinnertime. Conversation seemed a particularly difficult thing to manage in this gathering, especially since Bezzanna, who was so vivacious to the eye, insisted on maintaining a queenly condescension which drove Onalyon's mother to the exact verge of madness. If Bezzanna were mocking her there would be trouble in the Onalyon household about twenty-four seconds after the home-coming of the bride.

Even the prince discerned, with panic, the dawning of this situation, and it made him uncomfortable and awkward for the first time in his life. He talked about the storm as much as possible, and among them all not one guilty flash of lightning escaped.

At dinner it was the same.

"How I do miss Jimmy!" stated Aunt Gee-gee in a lull. "He is so seldom absent that when he is not at the dinner table it almost seems as if some of the lights were out." Glancing carelessly toward Bezzanna, she caught a sudden piteous look in that young lady's eyes which made her stop abruptly.

"Everybody misses Jimmy," declared the king, looking speculatively at the prince's chair. It was usually Jimmy's. "Isola should erect a monument to him."

"That's some happy thought—eh, Betty?" exclaimed Teddy with immediate enthusiasm. "I'll get busy with a subscription list tomorrow. We'll start it with a whoop, right here. Of course you'll be in on it, Onalyon?"

"With pleasure," choked the prince. "You remember those two tall pines below the flat rock over at my place, Bezzanna? They were struck by lightning last night. I think that storm did more damage than any we have had for years."

Aunt Gee-gee sighed and with a glance of martyrdom at Bezzanna, whose eyes were dancing, took up the burden of the poor threadbare storm again. It was the only subject which seemed safe. What on earth, however, had come over Bezzanna?

A moment later she was still more puzzled. There was the rush of wheels and the exhaust of a motor on the drive; and from that moment Bezzanna was as restless as a mouse in a trap. She turned her head at every slam of a door, at every footfall in the corridor, at the entrance of every servant.

Not until after dinner, when they had retired to the green parlor, did Bezzanna resume her newly acquired stateliness and composure. She led the way to that room herself and paused before the entrance.

"I'm going to show you the most wonderful thing in Isola," she explained, turning to their guests while Aunt Gee-gee and the king and Teddy grinned discreetly. "I've kept it a secret for three months until I could master it enough to show off. Jimmy made it for me."

Aunt Gee-gee looked at her with slowly saddening eyes. There was a new note of softness in the way Bezzanna said "Jimmy."

The princess threw open the doors and revealed a huge, queerly shaped article of furniture, made of highly polished black wood inlaid with a delicate edging of mother-of-pearl.

"It's a grand piano," Bezzanna informed them as she swept toward it and raised the lid.

She seated herself on the bench and a moment later the rattling strains of Dixie were vibrating in the room. She looked, with a contraction of her brows, toward the windows after she had begun to play. She played a trifle louder. The princess softened the playing and put more expression into her work. Before she finished, some footsteps quite unlike those of the servants passed along the terrace outside and paused just beyond the flood of light from the windows. No one noticed the footsteps but Bezzanna and Aunt Gee-gee. The princess played brilliantly what little she knew until the footsteps again resounded on the terrace and died slowly away. The prince was charmed, but thoughtful. Even now, in his own palace, there were too many evidences of the superiority of Jimmy. Onalyon's mother was charmed, but discreet in her confession of it. It must take ages to learn to play that instrument; and it required supple fingers, she reflected as she watched the flash of Bezzanna's graceful hands over the keys. Was she to have this jangling thing in her own house? The prince leaned upon the end of the piano and admired Bezzanna's shapely arms. They were his; and the knowledge brought up in him an exultation which was in part cruel. He thought he understood the motive through which Bezzanna had consented to give herself to him, and there grew in him an anger that she had not been prompted by love. He was surprised consequently when, finishing When Johnny Comes Marching Home with a slam, she looked up at him with a carefree smile, her fingers at the same time straying into the soft strains of the Merry Widow Waltz.

He was Thinking Things Over

Dazzled and bewildered, and his foolish senses completely at sea, the prince produced from his pocket a plain gold bracelet, clasped with a goat's head, and reached down for one of the slender hands.

The music stopped abruptly. Bezzanna paled as she rose. The feverish gayety with which she had hoped to carry through this evening had suddenly deserted her.

"Bezzanna," said the prince in a tone of strained formality, "it gives me more pleasure than I can convey to you in words to place this token of my love upon the wrist of the most beautiful girl in Isola!"

He opened the bracelet, but the hand she held out to receive it shrank in spite of her; and the rage he had felt against her since the night of the theater filled him with redoubled intensity. There had been a time when he had thought the love he bore for her was tender and not of the body alone, but of the mind and the soul as well; but now he knew there was nothing of the spiritual in his desire for her. He still longed madly to possess her, but it was in order that he might be her master; and the cruelty of his desire was so apparent in his face when he clasped the bracelet on her wrist that a shudder ran over Bezzanna from head to foot.

She had read, in the one startled glance into his eyes, a merciless greed of her which would spare her no suffering and no distress; which would shred her of delicacy, of joy, of life! His brutally triumphant gaze swept over her as he encircled her wrist with his burning palms. Suddenly with a flood of crimson anger and humiliation surging to her very brow, she jerked her hand away and ran out of the doorway.

The prince was about to follow her, but Aunt Gee-gee intercepted him.

"You must let me go after her," she commanded him. "She is a girl—and timid." Her own eyes were flashing as she hurried out of the door and turned to the stairs. She was about to ascend them when she caught the glint of Bezzanna's white arm at the rear of the lower corridor reaching up for a scarf. She called her and hurried back to her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Jimmy," replied Bezzanna brokenly.

Aunt Gee-gee watched her hurry out of the side door and stood for two long minutes trying to collect her scattered intellect; then she returned calmly to the green drawing room.

"The princess has borne up nobly through the evening," she announced; "but I fear she is a little overwrought now; and she must not come down again tonight."

The king half rose as if to go to the door, but he met Aunt Gee-gee's eyes and sat down again, also restraining Teddy by a quiet touch.

Meantime a small but intensely active figure, wearing the black scarf which had been suspiciously handy, bounded through the general offices and stopped just outside the light from Jimmy's door. "Jimmy!" she tearfully called. "Come out here in the dark."

A Moment Later the Rattling Strains of Dixie Were Vibrating in the Room

Jimmy came running from an inner shop somewhere and swept her into his arms.

"Look!" she cried, overwhelmed with shame, and held up her wrist. "Whatever you're going to do, you'll have to do quickly. I can't wear this! It will kill me!"

Jimmy unclasped the thing and slipped it into his pocket.

"I'm making the final preparations right now," he assured her. "I'm oiling up and I expect to be busy at it most of the night."

"I'm going to stay," she declared immediately.

"You mustn't!" he told her, holding her too tightly, however, for her to be convinced that she had to go.

"You'll have to carry me and I'll scream all the way!" she determinedly informed him. "Why, Jimmy, besides just being compelled to stay with you, I simply must know what you're going to do. You haven't told me yet—and we've been engaged ever since last night."

"I haven't had a chance," he defended himself. "Betsy, are you willing to go away from here and possibly never return?"

"And be married!" she exclaimed. "When? That's dreadfully selfish of me, Jimmy, but we have to go."

"Then wait a moment until I turn out the lights so we can pass through the office, and I'll show you something."

He led her through the darkened office and into the adjoining darkened shop where, in the moonlight which shone through the windows, she found herself standing beneath a great, dim, shadowy thing with wide, stretching arms—a weird-looking structure like a gaunt skeleton of some strange prehistoric creature.

"Jimmy, you're a dear!" she cried, turning impulsively to him and throwing her arms about his neck. "I never saw one before—at least, not this close; but I know what it is. It's an airship!"

XXX

PRINCE ONALYON rose to a lonesome world the next morning. Bezzanna took breakfast in her own apartments; and, though later on he heard her voice in the corridors, he had no glimpse of her. His mother and Aunt Gee-gee sat at the breakfast table and frankly glared at each other. Neither of them had a pleasant glance for him. Jimmy and the king and Teddy were alert enough and sufficiently communicative, but they were very busy men and their talk was all of commerce and manufacture and progress; and somehow he gathered the humiliating impression that he had been satisfactorily disposed of.

After breakfast, the king invited him to go over with them to the experimental shops, and he went along soberly, feeling vaguely like a stranger in a strange land. The sight of the long and busy shop, with its scores of interested men too fully occupied to more than notice him, gave him the first dawning of an idea which he should have entertained long before—that his contest with the king had been not merely a battle of personalities but of knowledge; that he had against him not only the apparently inexhaustible experience which Jimmy had brought into Isola but the keen intelligence of men who were being trained to create! During the night he had regretted a hundred times that he had not struck his decisive blow, but now he began to have a shadowy fancy that perhaps he was lucky not to have done so. This feeling began to take substance and shape and form about the time Teddy, with bubbling enthusiasm, had shown him a Gatling gun and explained its exceptional utility and beauty of operation.

He wandered out of the shop shortly after that and went back to the palace. The nervous activity of this place was depressing to him and, moreover, gave him a sense of uneasiness. There was too much mystery about it.

He wandered down to the gate of the Palace Park. A stalwart, big fellow of Department G was pacing back and forth in front of it in quite leisurely fashion, but stepping very firmly, nevertheless. He carried a gun over his shoulder, and he was a clear-eyed, smiling fellow with a red face and an intensely happy disposition; but the prince did not stop to talk with him. The king seemed to be excellently protected against surprise.

Toopy Polecon crossed the park ahead of him and nodded, but she did not wait for him to catch up with her. Presently he saw her and Bezzanna on top of the palace tower, where they were later joined by his mother and Aunt Gee-gee; but he had no impulse to go up there. He was a very lonely man as he sat on the terrace, near one of the huge prancing goats, and looked down over the valley. He was thinking things over.

It was perhaps eleven o'clock when the king found him there, still thinking.

"I have a few moments of leisure now," said the king pleasantly. "I'd like to show you a little of the advance we've made in warfare during the past six months. Suppose you come up into the tower with me."

"With pleasure," agreed the prince thoughtfully; and he followed the king up into the tower where a new balcony had been built, glazed and protected against the weather, just below the top.

At the height of the window-ledge was an iron box which the king unlocked. Raising the lid, he disclosed row upon row of small electric buttons; and on the lid was a map of the palace plateau and its approaches, covered with numbered red dots.

"Do you see that little clump of bushes—just to the side of the road as you emerge between the hills?" asked the king. "Now touch your finger lightly to this button, but do not press—so. Now keep your eye on the bushes and push!"

The prince did so—and started back as a scream, in four excited feminine voices, came from the top of the tower. Amid a thunderous roar the clump of bushes had gone straight up into the air, along with an enormous quantity of earth and stones; and when the cloud of dust had cleared away there was a hole in the ground big enough to bury a street car!

"It would have been very unlucky for any one to have been standing directly over that number twenty-seven spot," observed the king dryly, "or for any hundred men who happened to be near it. This button, number forty-three, covers that big tree on the top of the hill yonder—the one with the withered branches." He pressed that button.

The tree was hurled upward and fell headlong down the hill, its roots enveloped in a rain of stones and earth and saplings, with the branches of other trees.

The Princess Bezzanna Forgot Everything in the World But That This Was Jimmy!

"Those are what Jimmy calls point mines," explained the king gently. "The whole hillside, which was covered by your army last fall, and all the plateau are planted with these deposits of explosives, which are safe from shock, but keenly susceptible to the electric spark. Your army sat on them and we could have annihilated it—and you with it; but we don't care for bloodshed—neither Jimmy, nor myself, nor Teddy, nor Bezzanna, nor any of us. Now I shall show you a trench mine."

"Where shall I watch?" asked the prince, shudderingly interested.

"Oh, just any place," replied the king. "You'll see it!" And he touched the button.

When the clouds had rolled away a gash had appeared across the entire plateau; and the king closed the iron box and locked it.

"I've shown you this," the king explained, "to convince you there's no use in your trying to cope with Jimmy. If you find out everything he's done he'll do something else. His resources are inexhaustible, because his is the best-trained brain in Isola; and that young man has spent but very few years of his life in doing anything that was ever done before."

The prince, considering the exercises of the morning closed, was about to go down the stairs to think it over again, but the king called him back.

"I have another object-lesson for you," he stated. "We have only shown you one of our means of defense. We have others; but I shall keep them in reserve. Now I wish to show you one of our means of offense. You will only have to wait a minute or two, I think—for the explosion of that trench mine was a signal."

He opened the windows and they stepped outside the glass inclosure. For a moment or two nothing happened; the plateau, with its recent scars, and the valley beyond lay before them peaceful and serene, the mild air filled with the radiance of the spring sunshine.

Aunt Gee-gee and Onalyon's mother and Bezzanna and Toopy saw the marvel first, as their shouts of awe and delight attested, before the prince heard a low, humming whir; then, out from beyond the corner of the palace emerged, gliding easily in the air, a gigantic birdlike structure of frame and canvas; and in the seat, swung below the broad, spreading wings, with his hands on the lever and a look of intense preoccupation on his face, sat Jimmy. He did not even turn his head at the frantic shouts of Bezzanna.

The fragile-looking device, skimming high over the treetops of the Palace Park, glided toward the valley, slipping down the air on an incline as if it had been a toboggan slide, and circled the long oval of the plateau with two full sweeps, settling downward all the time until it almost reached the ground; then, darting suddenly to the center of the plateau, it began a slow, spiral rise like a hawk sailing upward for a strike. When it had reached a dizzy altitude it seemed to poise for a minute and then moved slowly along the field, as if locating some particular spot. The king plucked Onalyon by the sleeve to attract his attention.

"Now watch the ground just below where he is hovering," he directed.

A round black object shot suddenly downward from the airship, accelerating its speed to an almost inconceivable rapidity as it neared the earth; and when it struck, the resultant detonation was as if a volcano had burst forth.

The watchers on the top of the tower first shrieked and then cheered; but Onalyon trembled with a sickening knowledge of the peril he had escaped.

"These airships," the king explained, "are not engines of war, but discouragers of it. We have three of them and have been practicing with them at nights on the concealed plateau occupied by Department G. They were built originally for peaceful purposes; and it was not until we discovered that you were planning the slaughter of half of Isola that we determined upon their emergency use. A bomb would have been dropped upon your palace and one upon your powder magazine before this if the destruction had not been too appalling. A much better use of the device is to show it to the only man who wants war. Do you think you want it?"

"No!" decided the prince, shuddering.

"By the way, Onalyon, almost any one could pack up those guns for you and start them over here—couldn't he?"

"I think so," agreed the prince, too thoroughly crushed even to deny that he had guns.

"You might telephone when you go down," suggested the king kindly.

"I will," consented the prince, moistening his lips. "I had intended to do so immediately after the betrothal."

It occurred to him that he was a very lucky man not to have brought over his new army to crush the king; and he watched, with painful interest, the gyrations of Jimmy.

That young man, his errand finished, spiraled easily down in the direction of the palace; but before he sailed over to the Department G parade ground he came as closely down over the top of the tower as he dared and dropped a shower of intensely colored confetti upon the ladies. It pleased three of them immensely.

XXXI

FOR four days, wagons from Onalyon's estate kept arriving at the king's palace, loaded with guns and ammunition; and these were followed, during the three succeeding days, by toiling, centipede strings of donkeys, dragging heavy cannon over hill and through valley. When they had

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The Primaries

NOW that the returns are all in, we fully agree with Senator Heyburn that presidential primaries cause a tremendous amount of devastation and wreckage; but upon a careful consideration of what has been devastated we view the fact in a spirit just opposite to his. The wrecked articles have been badly in need of wrecking for many years. No new machine works perfectly at first. An automobile owner today would not give storage room to the cranky one-cylinder engine of fifteen years ago; yet that primitive contrivance did actually drive a car. There were many faults in the apparatus which the Wrights operated in 1903; but it really flew. The primaries, whatever their imperfections, actually prevented party mechanicians from delivering Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey and other commonwealths to a candidate the voters did not want.

The imperfections are obvious; but the chief one, we believe, will cure itself. We do not refer to the voting by Democrats in Republican primaries and by Republicans in Democratic primaries, or to the excessive cost, but to the astonishing by-production of bad manners. The primaries certainly did leave in their wake an odor compared with which the smell of a couple of automobiles burning foul cylinder oil may be described as fragrant. As in the case of the automobiles, this was not the fault of the machines themselves, but of the drivers. Personal abuse gained no votes either way. We believe the offense will not be repeated.

The Real Waiter

ONCE, in a petulant moment, an American gentleman threw a plate of soup in his wife's face. He then rushed from the club dining room, forgetting his coat, gloves, stick and bill. He forgot an important appointment; forgot his haunting fear of a cold; forgot his waiting taxicab—but he did not forget to send back two dollars to the waiter on account of the muss he had made. Americans frequently forget their families and their business; but there is no instance on record of one forgetting the waiter. A belief in waitercraft is as universal in this country as belief in witchcraft formerly was everywhere. The idea is that an offended waiter possesses mysterious powers to blight a man's life; and many a freeborn citizen who would neglect to pay the dinner check without a qualm has paled at the thought that he might, after all, have given the waiter too small a tip.

We know now that the typical witch was merely a forlorn, harmless, warty old woman, probably a bit crazy; and the strike of waiters in many of the most luxurious hotels in New York has brought forth the following deposition from one of them:

"On the long watch we go to work at five in the morning and work fifteen or sixteen hours. No time is allowed to go outside for meals. The food provided is not fit to eat. The meat is bad and there are no vegetables except potatoes which are old and black. You can tell a waiter when you meet him in the street. He always has stomach trouble; you can see it in his face. And he always has something the matter with his feet. The head waiter treats us like dogs. . . . For drinking coffee from a pot he was carrying out, which had been paid for and did not belong to the hotel anyway, a man was fined five dollars."

The real metropolitan hotel waiter, then, is a dyspeptic and bunioned slave, fed on black potatoes and fined or discharged at will! Thus, one by one, the superstitions that have benighted the human mind vanish before the advancing light of knowledge.

Sisterhood of the Sex

THERE has long been a wrong idea about democracy among women, and the advance of the suffrage movement brings it into relief. Some eight hundred thousand females may vote for president this fall if they wish, in six states having thirty-seven ballots in the electoral college. Moreover, constitutional amendments granting suffrage to women are to be voted on in Kansas, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon and Wisconsin, which may add two million or more to the number of voting women.

We are glad to see the movement grow; but that it will "close up the social chasms" that have heretofore divided womankind, as some sympathetic observers claim, seems exceedingly doubtful.

This hopeful opinion is based mostly on the fact that in suffrage parades "multitudes of wage-earners and women of wealth and fashion" march together—as though women of wealth and fashion had never before come in personal contact with women wage-earners. They have, on the contrary, been in contact with them immemorially—as cooks, parlormaids, nurses, milliners, seamstresses, saleswomen, and so on. They have been, on the whole, as democratic as their husbands and brothers. And, exactly like men of wealth and fashion, they have always treated wage-earners very nicely when there was any tangible object to be gained by it. Rich and poor, whether male or female, have always got on together very brotherly and sisterly when there was a common object to be pursued that appealed equally to all; but the democracy of marching, mass meeting, electioneering and balloting has not the slightest relationship to closing up social chasms.

Public Borrowing

IT MAY be news to some readers that the interest-bearing debt of the United States has increased nearly four hundred million dollars from its low-water mark of twenty years ago, and about seventy millions in the last four years. It will soon once more top a billion; but the total public debt is much larger than that and is increasing much more rapidly.

Ten years ago borrowings on long-term bonds by states and cities amounted to about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually. In 1906, for the first time under normal conditions, the total issue of state and city bonds reached two hundred millions. Thereafter, year by year, the total mounted until in 1911—as appears by a recent compilation—it came to four hundred millions. In five years borrowings by states and cities on long-term bonds have exceeded a billion and a half.

Like the most recent increases in the national debt, this represents public improvements. Considerably over half of last year's issues were for waterworks, streets, roads, bridges and school buildings. Until recently the overwhelming bulk of borrowings of this sort was in states of the North Atlantic and North Central divisions. Ten years ago those states furnished nearly ninety per cent of the total, and five years ago eighty per cent. Since 1907, however, issues of bonds for public improvements in the South and West have risen by leaps; in fact, since 1907 the increase in North Atlantic and North Central states has been only seventy-four million dollars against ninety-five millions in the South and West. Southern and Western cities are now borrowing more for improvements than the North Atlantic and North Central cities—including New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and so on—were borrowing ten years ago.

Leaving the Farm

TO RETIRE and move into town was the ideal of a whole generation of American farmers. In many cases the town was a rural village whose urban advantages lay mostly in an opportunity to perch on the gaspipe railing in front of the post-office and discuss crops or to watch a game of checkers in the barber shop. If farmers have yearned to leave the country for that mild taste of town life, can they wonder that their sons and daughters have flown to the city? If the old folks found the farm so dreary that they quit it the moment they were able, what must it have been to young people? The farm that was only a place to drudge and save for the sake of getting enough money to quit it could never compete with the city in attracting boys and girls.

Lack of knowledge made the farm such a place. Farmers should be decidedly the best educated major class in the nation. The diversity of their business and the comparative isolation in which they work and live require it. Generally speaking, the city man has somebody over him to map out a process embracing all the latest improvements, and he draws education automatically from the crowd. The farmer who gains knowledge only through his own hard, toilsome personal experience will probably be ready by middle age to quit the farm for any place where his back does not ache.

Now there is a draft the other way. In the Northwest, we read, the demand for scientifically trained young farmers exceeds the supply—though twelve hundred dollars a year and upward is offered for the services of promising agricultural-college graduates. The graduate in law or medicine who can at once command twelve hundred a year is very exceptional. Those young men who go to the farm with knowledge will not be anxious to quit it. Successful farming for them will not depend primarily upon expending the last possible ounce of muscle and salting down the last possible dime. In their hands the farm will become the ideal place to retire to—not from.

Army, Navy and Cash

BILLS that passed the Reichstag before the recent adjournment provide for an addition of about eighty-five million dollars to German naval expenditure, to be spread over three years, by means of which a new battleship squadron will be constructed. Thus, by 1920, the fleet will consist of forty-one battleships, sixty cruisers, a hundred and forty-four destroyers and seventy-two submarines. At the same time provision was made to increase the army by twenty-nine thousand men.

That is a formidable showing, but another item should be considered. Last year, when the friction with England over Morocco was extreme, the kaiser called a conference of leading German financiers and plumply asked whether the banks would be able to finance a war with a first-class Power. The answer—according to reports that appear well authenticated—was unanimously in the negative. "I expect a different answer the next time I ask that question," the emperor is reported to have replied with considerable asperity.

Now directly after the army and navy bills passed the Reichstag, German banks were bidding five and a quarter per cent for sixty-day loans in New York, or two and a quarter per cent over the New York rate for domestic loans on stock-exchange collateral. In other words, the monetary tension in Berlin was still very pronounced. This tension has continued for more than a year; and only the other day the president of one of the empire's greatest banks gave warning that much caution was necessary to avert disaster. Battleships and battalions may increase, but Germany will take the utmost care to avoid war until there is a radically different financial situation. An emperor nowadays does not ask his field marshals and admirals, but his bankers, whether they are ready for war.

Intervention in Cuba

KINDLY imagine yourself dwelling, with your spouse and offspring, in a cute little hut consisting of a framework of poles covered with palm leaves. Adjoining the hut is a tiny banana grove that you or somebody else planted years ago. At the rear is a small sweet-potato patch. By stirring the ground a little you raise four crops of potatoes a year. They and bananas—baked over a hole in the ground—constitute the staple articles of your diet. You do not own the hut. You own merely the family's scanty wearing apparel—the young members wear nothing at all—and possibly a very long, heavy steel blade, capable of severing a man's head at a blow, which you use ordinarily for the purpose of cutting sugarcane.

The sugarcane is owned by a great individual or corporate proprietor whose acres may stretch on every side as far as the eye can reach, and who probably owns also a large, modern sugar mill.

There is good demand for labor, as all cane is cut by hand, and the mill runs five months in the year. You can get fair wages when you work; but the incentive to toil is not very great when bananas are to be had for the picking and a man is exactly as comfortable without a shirt as with one—and, no matter what happens at Madrid or Havana or Washington, conditions for you scarcely change. You get your bananas and your shirt—never any more, hardly ever any less. Yours certainly is a humdrum sort of existence. You may like to vary it now and then by chopping something besides sugarcane with your long knife; and if the mill burns—well, bananas ripen just the same.

This is the condition of a very large portion of the natives of Cuba. Another considerable portion, living in towns and cities, is no better off. Much American capital has gone into Cuba, purchasing, among other things, vast tracts of sugar land and spending the profits in New York, Boston and elsewhere. There may, possibly, be intervention on behalf of capital. There is no intervention on behalf of the natives. Everybody in this country should understand clearly just the sort of mess in which we are invited to intervene.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Boss Number Four

THOSE persons who have bumped against the Hon. William Flinn, of Pittsburgh, new boss of the Republican party of Pennsylvania, have invariably emerged from the contact with the vivid impression that Flinn is a man of few words, cold, taciturn, reserved and conservative of speech, though with a fair line of expletive, some excellent samples of excoriation and a quantity of merchantable acerbity.

And it may be so it may be so! Still, there was that occasion when they invited Flinn to speak at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in Pittsburgh and gave him twenty minutes for his stunt, thinking Flinn could say all he desired in half the time and having some copious orators on the list. When it came Flinn's turn, along about eleven o'clock, he rose and said: "I have been doing some figuring on a bit of paper since the speeches began, and I wonder if you people know what I have done for the city of Pittsburgh in the way of improvements." Apparently he was of the opinion the people of Pittsburgh there represented did not know what he had done for them in the way of improvements of their ferruginous municipality, for he consumed two hours and a half in telling them and they had to turn out the lights on him or he might be talking yet.

Students of Mr. Flinn insist that was merely a sporadic splutter, not to be used in the determination of his confabulatory attributes; for ordinarily he is a cold, stern man, congealed and congested of conversation, albeit when he does talk he has not a few words of his own personal manufacture which convey his ideas strikingly. Mr. Flinn has been an eager and enthusiastic Roosevelt man from the precise moment he concluded the way to make the Hon. Boies Penrose ex-boss of the Republican party in Pennsylvania was by a liberal use of the justly celebrated T. R. boss-extirpator. There are those who say this was not because he loved The Colonel more, but because he had it in a mile for Boies and desired to be boss himself; but success always breeds envy, and envy is the progenitor of such remarks. Whatever Flinn's motive may have been, the removal of B. Penrose is now *fait accompli*, as John Dalzell, the only French scholar on the Pennsylvania Congressional delegation, would say; and the sad verse is that John got his at the same time.

There have been three bosses of the Republican party in Pennsylvania since the Civil War before Flinn. There was Simon Cameron, who was an easy and a genial boss; Matthew Stanley Quay, who was an astute and absolute boss; and Boies Penrose, who was a silent and solitary boss. Mr. Flinn raises the number to four. Just what kind of a boss he will be must be determined later. As a guess, he will be a mailed-fist boss, which is suitable, as he ought to be able to buy mail for his fist cheaply in such a great steel center as Pittsburgh.

Flinn began his career as a bricklayer in Pittsburgh. He was born in England, of Irish parents, who brought him to this country when he was quite young. His habitat was the Sixth Ward, where young men who desired to rise to eminence in any line were compelled to be handy with their "dukes." Flinn's fist was not mailed at that time; but it was big and bony and expeditious, and he fought his way from bricklaying to contracting in a small way, combined with ward politics. He prospered both in his fights and his fortunes, and soon formed the contracting firm of Booth & Flinn, which still exists, though Booth took about two millions for his share of it a few years ago and Flinn is now the whole works—a position he invariably seeks to occupy.

The Joint Rulers of Pittsburgh

AT ABOUT the time Flinn began to be conspicuous in the Sixth Ward, another young Pittsburgher, Christopher L. Magee, was taking hold of things politically. Flinn did not like Magee and fought him, but Magee did not let that bother him. Magee was as suave as Flinn was saucy; and, when the reformers tried to overthrow Magee in the eighties, Magee, recognizing the force and ability of Flinn, wasted no time in fighting back, but took Flinn into partnership and formed the Magee and Flinn combination that lasted for a good many years and had a great influence in Pennsylvania politics.

Quay became the boss of the state, but Magee and Flinn were the joint bosses of Pittsburgh. That city grew in size and importance, and Magee and Flinn demanded more of Quay than he was willing to give. Both Magee and Flinn had grown rich through contracts and franchises, and they made it very plain to Quay they must be recognized. Quay refused. This precipitated the Hog Combine fight of 1895, when Dave Martin, of Philadelphia, joined with Flinn and Magee, and the three set out for Quay. That foxy person defeated them. The fight was waged bitterly for several years and ended when the Pittsburgh Ripper Bill was passed, which threw the Flinn and Magee officeholders in Allegheny County out of their places. Magee died at about the time the law went into effect, and Flinn apparently quit politics and turned to his business affairs.

Headquarters Will be Wherever He Is

Flinn wanted to be United States senator. He tried when Senator Quay died, and he never forgave Quay for selecting Penrose years before to succeed Don Cameron. Flinn waited several years. When Penrose began to have his troubles in holding the organization Flinn became active. Though he had said he was out of politics, he had experimented in Pittsburgh and had some success. He saw Penrose's Philadelphia troubles and sensed the revolt against the bosses. Also, he early began the advocacy of Colonel Roosevelt for president in the Pittsburgh paper he controls. It made no difference to Flinn whether The Colonel was a candidate or not. Flinn was for him. Then The Colonel announced himself. Flinn, who had been working in conjunction with that most astute editor and politician, E. A. Van Valkenburg, of the Philadelphia North American, jumped in right behind The Colonel, and what was done to Mr. Taft by that combination in the Pennsylvania primaries and in the Pennsylvania state convention was enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most tearless person there is—The Colonel himself, say.

Flinn's political experiment in Pittsburgh centered round the election of Jud Bruff as sheriff. Jud had been a soldier in the Philippines and was a switchman or a brakeman. Flinn sent for Jud and told him he would be for him, but if Jud ever opened his head about it he would have him dropped into a Bessemer converter or some equally uncomfortable place. Flinn got out a card with Jud's picture in one corner as a soldier, in another corner as a brakeman and in the center as a candidate. Then he put on a few lines about Jud and he sent that card to every voter in the county. That was only one phase of it; but Flinn was trying something out.

Jud was elected by a big majority. Hence, when Flinn took hold of the Roosevelt fight he sent out more than two million cards about The Colonel, which may or may not have had something to do with the frightful drubbing Mr. Taft received. Anyhow, it shows one detail of Flinn's political game—and that is, his list of the voters of Pennsylvania is about four years newer and fresher and completer than that of Penrose; and those cards arrived at the exact moment when they were good reminders to the Roosevelt folks to go out and vote at the primaries.

Flinn is a big man, standing about six feet and weighing close to two hundred pounds. He has a stern face and a quick temper. One reason why he talks little is because he talks much when he gets angry. He cultivates the stolid and phlegmatic pose for public purposes; but when he is roused he sees red and talks blue. He is very rich. His contracting firm has done a great deal of work in Pittsburgh and in other parts of the country. He still nurses that ambition to be United States senator. Being a fighter, he has no ideas of conciliation; and, being a winning fighter at the present time, he desired all the fruits of his victory—and he took them.

Flinn may last a long time or he may last a short time; but for whatever time he does last he will be the boss. No subs will be on the job. Headquarters will be wherever Flinn is. There will be no delegated authority or any pacification of enemies—except by means of an ax!

Can You Beat It?

TOM McNEAL, of Topeka, was talking to Abe Peters about luck, so Tom reports. Tom thought there was no such thing as luck, but Abe protested.

"Take the case of Ezra Boil," said Abe. "To begin with, think of his name. A name like that is hard enough luck to prove my contention, but Ezra lived up to it. When he was a baby he fell into the horse trough and was almost drowned. Then he got hold of a can of concentrated lye, and it took them four weeks to bring him round. He fell out of an apple tree when he was six and broke both arms and a leg, and just as he was hobbling round again he went on a watermelon-stealing expedition with six other boys. The others got away, but the dog caught Ezra and chewed him up until the farmer came along and he put on finishing touches with a harness trace. He fell in love when he was seventeen, spent all he had for buggy rides and candy for the red-cheeked object of his adoration—and she shook him and married another. A mule kicked him and broke six ribs. He had a lot of hogs, and they died of cholera on the identical day when hogs reached nine cents a pound, live-weight. He had a big crop of wheat, and a hailstorm came along and ruined it one hour after his hail insurance policy had lapsed. He got five hundred dollars to make a payment on his land, put it in the bank and the bank busted.

"A cyclone wrecked his house and barn and crippled all his family except his mother-in-law, who escaped unhurt. He bought four gold bricks and took some Confederate money in pay for two good horses.

"Then he died. When they were taking him to the cemetery the team pulling the hearse ran away going down hill and scattered the remains of Ezra along the side of the road.

"In the course of time his family marked his grave by an appropriate stone on which the stone cutter got the date of his birth wrong and misspelled his name in two places.

"And still you say there is no such thing as luck!"

A Double Tragedy

THE elimination of the Republican party in Louisiana, because under the state law it didn't cast enough votes at a late election to entitle it to a place on the official ballot, reminded Senator John Sharp Williams of a man in Mississippi who ran for Congress in a Mississippi district on the Republican ticket. He received two votes at the general election.

"Rather humiliating, wasn't it?" put in a bystander.

"Oh," replied the senator, "that wasn't the worst of it. They arrested him for repeating."

No Parlor Tricks

WHEN the late Major-General F. D. Grant was stationed at Fort Sam Houston as commander of the Department of Texas, the cook of the household left. Mrs. Grant spent several days trying to get another one.

One day an impudent, incompetent woman applied. She delivered as her ultimatum that she was to have two afternoons off, the use of the kitchen for the entertainment of her society friends, and various other dispensations. General Grant came into the room and heard her.

"Do you speak French?" he asked.

"Who? Me? No, sir."

"Do you play on the piano?"

"No, sir."

"Well," said the general, "we can't think of having a cook who isn't able to speak French and play on the piano."

Punctures Forever Eliminated Blow-outs Impossible Tire Expense Cut in Half

Every automobile owner should read this announcement carefully. Sooner or later, he will buy ESSENKAY.

No one is going to continue to suffer the worry and expense of tire trouble when a sure and certain relief is offered. ESSENKAY has demonstrated its efficiency to thousands. During a period of five years' actual use, it has met every test and satisfied every need. We are prepared to furnish proof overwhelming and conclusive. It is this proof—the evidence we want to send you. Afterwards, our agent in your territory will furnish the physical demonstration.

These are Merely the Bare Facts

ESSENKAY is absolutely and totally different from anything ever offered the public as a substitute for air in tires. It is just as resilient as air. It will ride as softly and smoothly as pneumatic tires.

It means the end of all tire worries. It eliminates punctures; blow-outs are made impossible.

It does away with inner-tubes, thus making an important saving.

Heat will not cause it to expand or cold to contract. Water will not dissolve it or affect it in any way.

It does not contain one particle of rubber.

It will not crumble, harden, oxidize or rot. It will not yield to chemicals or chemical action.

Once placed in a tire, it is always at the same pressure. Because of this, together with the freedom from blow-outs, punctures and with the consequent ability to wear casings down to the very limit—it means double mileage for tires.

How We Substantiate These Claims

Before we attempted to put ESSENKAY on the market, we proved its efficiency under every possible condition.

We subjected it to a hundred laboratory tests—tests far more rigid than any that would be met in actual use. Then we gave it every possible road test—in all sorts of weather—wet and dry, summer and winter. We picked out the hardest and toughest roads,—rutty, stony, full of dips and bumps.

We convinced ourselves that ESSENKAY met every requirement perfectly, then we set about to convince others.

How We Won the Chicago Market

We *proved* ESSENKAY to Chicago automobile owners simply by letting them convince themselves.

We equipped their tires and told them to ride on ESSENKAY for a month. We said what ESSENKAY would do; we told them of dozens of tests to try.

We put it up to them to find *any* fault, defect or weakness. We knew that not a single claim would be disproved.

These people did not make just half-hearted tests: they applied acids and other chemicals; they subjected it to fierce heat and intense cold.

They drove over the worst roads they could find—over spots they would not dream of taking with air-filled tires. They drove out in wet weather and dry—in summer and winter.

At the end of thirty days they could come back, have ESSENKAY removed, air replaced and all obligations cancelled.

It was on this plan that over 500 automobile owners of Chicago representing every sort of car—big and little—light wagons and big trucks—convinced themselves of the really wonderful efficiency of ESSENKAY. Every one of these people was just as enthusiastic over its merits as we. We could have just as easily convinced 5000 as 500, but until recently we did not have the capacity.

That was six months ago. Since then, we have twice removed to larger quarters. Now we occupy our own building—but even it is taxed to capacity. Office, factory and sales force are working double shifts. We have to make constant additions to our factory equipment to keep up with orders.

NOW, We are Proving These Facts to Thousands Everywhere

A month ago, our first advertisement appeared in publications of national circulation. Immediately inquiries piled in from all parts of the country. We have been fairly besieged for information ever since, and to all these people we are telling the remarkable story of ESSENKAY, just as we told it to the car owners of Chicago. Our Chicago success is being multiplied a thousand fold.

The success of ESSENKAY is assured, its permanency and ultimate acceptance by every car owner put beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The business itself is linked up with an organization having $7,000,000 combined capital behind it. The men interested have invested $500,000. There is not a share of stock for sale.

Sooner or later *you* must come to ESSENKAY. We want you to learn about it *now*. The coupon will bring our booklet of detailed information. With it, we will send Documentary Evidence, containing testimonials from satisfied users.

We will mail you also, a card of introduction to our agent, so that when you wish a demonstration, you will be assured of every attention.

Remember *with* ESSENKAY there can be no punctures, no blow-outs, all tire worries are ended and you get double the mileage from your tires.

The riding qualities are exactly the same as pneumatic tires. We can prove every claim; just investigate.

If there are any questions you would like to ask we will gladly answer them. Anyway, write us and get all the information *because you are bound to want it* **sometime.**

CAR OWNER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 664 Essenkay Bldg., 2119 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay."

Name _____

My car is a _____ Street and No.

Size of tires _____ City and State _____

CAR OWNERS
Mail this Coupon for Complete Information

ESSEN
"ENDS TIRE T

THE ESSENKAY COMPANY 664 ESSENKAY BUILDING

Who is Going to Control This Wonderful Discovery For Your Territory?

During the past month, applications for territory for ESSENKAY have been pouring in upon us from all parts of the country. These applications are from clear-sighted, keen business men, who are quick to see in ESSENKAY, one of the most remarkable business opportunities of the times. They have come on to Chicago to investigate in person. And scarcely a day goes by but five to ten new agencies are established.

Some territories, however, we are purposely holding open. We have not, as yet, decided on just the men we want. These territories are among the very choicest. Maybe the very one you would like is still open. If you wire immediately, you may be able to secure it.

The Kind of Men We Want

We have in our hands now hundreds of applications ready to be acted on. Many of these will be rejected simply because the applicants in our opinion, lack some necessary qualification.

In the first place, we want only good, live, enterprising business men—men who can handle a big undertaking in a big way. They don't need to be connected with the automobile business—nor do they need any knowledge of automobiles.

They must be of recognized standing in their communities.

They must be prepared to get down to business immediately. There can't be any delays or prolonged period of getting started.

We have inquiries in our hands now from car owners all over America. Every mail brings more. A big demand is now here and that demand must be immediately supplied. As soon as an agency is established, the inquiries for the territory are turned over and they should readily be turned into immediate sales and profits.

Of course, this is going to require a stock of material and a place of business, but the amount of capital that will be required is much less than would be needed to start any ordinary business.

The One Thing That Is Needed Is Immediate Action

If you feel that you can answer all requirements, you should telegraph immediately asking if the territory you want is open. If it is, you must prepare to go to Chicago without delay to make final arrangements.

We cannot appoint agents by wire or by mail. The whole thing is too big to be handled except by personal interview. In a short half hour at headquarters we can prove everything we claim for ESSENKAY, and if you can show us you are the man for the place, we will save lots and lots of precious time.

What We Are Prepared To Do

First of all, we will prove ESSENKAY to you, absolutely and conclusively. THAT we guarantee. Our whole aim will be to make you just as confident, just as enthusiastic as we are.

If we allot you a territory, we will help you in every way to develop business. You will have all the benefit of our experiences in Chicago. We will furnish you with the compelling advertisements which proved so successful.

Besides, we have appropriated $150,000 to be spent in advertising before December, 1912.

We will really create the demand. This tremendous campaign of ours will rouse the public to the necessity of ESSENKAY. It will remain for you to handle efficiently and well the business thus developed.

ESSENKAY Will Sell Itself

There isn't a car owner in the country who would hesitate a minute about buying ESSENKAY if he were *convinced* of its efficiency. Now we know the *truth* about ESSENKAY, and we will prove it to you. We will keep on pounding our knowledge of it into the ears of automobile owners everywhere until the most skeptical must respond.

All we want anyone to do is to *investigate*. Give us half a chance, and we will easily prove everything. We are able now to point to thousands who are delighted with it. We will gladly furnish names. So, in time everyone must come to it.

That means a possible sale for every car now in your territory, *and* a sale for every new car coming in—four new wheels to be equipped. That gives a slight idea of the magnitude of the wonderful invention.

But *now*, don't delay. Territory is being rapidly taken up. Soon it will be all allotted. Wire at once to ascertain if the territory you want is open. Send the coupon below and complete details will come by return mail. Then arrange to meet us here—*at once*.

ROUBLES"

Y 2119 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

DEALERS First Telegraph and Then Mail This Coupon

DEALER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 664 Essenkay Bldg., 2119 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please give full particulars regarding your AGENCY Proposition.

Name

Territory interested in

Street and No.

City and State

Estimated No. cars in territory

Now is the Time!

IN planning for any sort of building or remodeling, you should certainly investigate the decorative, sanitary and practical advantages of BEAVER BOARD Pure-Wood-Fibre Walls and Ceilings.

Even if construction is under way, it is not too late; for one of BEAVER BOARD's advantages is the marvelous ease, convenience and quickness with which it can be put up and decorated.

Read the description below and write for the booklet today.

BEAVER BOARD

PURE-WOOD-FIBRE

Walls and Ceilings

BEAVER BOARD completely takes the place of lath, plaster and wall-paper, or of other wall and ceiling materials. Some of its many superior advantages are as follows:

BEAVER BOARD is made in various sized panels of uniform thickness with beautiful, pebbled surface admirably suited to tinting, stenciling or hand painting. It is never covered with unsanitary wall-paper. The panels are nailed directly to the wall and ceiling-beams, or may be put on over the lath and plaster of old walls. The seams are covered with decorative panel-strips, offering a wide variety of artistic design.

BEAVER BOARD resists the passage of heat, cold and sound; it withstands shock, strain or vibration; it is quickly and easily put up; it does not check, crack or deteriorate with age.

Sold by builders' supply, lumber, hardware and paint dealers and decorators, in sizes to meet all requirements. If not handled by your dealer, write us, mentioning his name. For your protection every panel is stamped on the back with the BEAVER BOARD Trade-Mark.

Write for free illustrated booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses." All about BEAVER BOARD and how to put it up and decorate it. Many views of interiors, letters from users, helpful suggestions, etc.

The Beaver Companies

Address all Correspondence

United States, 600 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N.Y.
Canada . . . . . 700 Beaver Avenue, Ottawa
Great Britain . . 16 Eastcheap, London, E.C.

THE BREAK AT DOGTAIL

(Continued from Page 5)

to use the butt ends of these same oars as a humanitarian argument most easily understood. One gentleman came upon a huddle of wet negroes, principally women and children, who had been without food for two days. He did not even know them; they were nothing to him except as fellow creatures in distress. Hurrying to a half-submerged country store he bought supplies on his personal credit. Two negro men came loafing along in a big skiff.

"Here, boys, help carry provisions to those people yonder," said the gentleman.

"We'll do it fer a dollar an' a half," they answered—at which the white man grew peevish.

"Get out o' that boat; give it to me!" And he put two other negroes at the oars.

In the face of a sudden upheaval it is curious to see how many of these black people revert to ancient habits—each man for himself and nobody to help the other. They will follow white men in the work of rescue, however dangerous; but they will not act on their own initiative or extend a hand to friends until white folks take the lead.

The things that happened behind the Dogtail break kept on happening over and over again as the flood rushed southward through lower Eastern Louisiana. Behind the Torras crevasse there was considerable loss of life, people clinging fatuously to the idea that the flood would never reach them. At the present writing three yellow parallel oceans are swirling through the valley. On the Mississippi side, between Memphis and Vicksburg, half of that marvelously fertile delta is inundated. The Panther Forest crevasse in Arkansas, and those at Dogtail and Torras in Louisiana, have flooded the entire basin west of the river. Opposite Vicksburg the Mississippi is seventy-five miles wide. A strip of country four hundred miles long and seventy-five miles wide has been converted into a stormy sea, with a loss of life at present unknown. The property damage has already exceeded fifty millions, without any estimate of the stupendous loss of a cotton crop.

An early flood will recede in time to plant cotton. Seeds stuck in the ground, without even plowing, grow like Jack's bean stalk. Magnificent crops were made in 1897 on the fertile deposit left by the overflow. It is now the ninth of May as this article is being written, and the river-gauge still hovers round fifty feet at Cairo, which means no crop this year.

A River That Runs Amuck

Herein lies the difference between a Nile overflow and a Mississippi overflow: By regular coincidence of floods in the White Nile, Sobat, Blue Nile and Atbara, green waters from the swamps reach Cairo, Egypt, about the tenth of June. The Nile continues to rise until the middle of September, when it remains stationary for about three weeks. It rises again to its highest level in October; then subsides steadily to its lowest level in June. The point is that every Egyptian farmer knows pretty accurately what old Father Nile is going to do and when he is going to do it. There being no winter to speak of, the farmer plants with reference to these annual inundations.

The Mississippi will not run on schedule time, however. A flood may culminate at Cairo, Illinois, anywhere from February to June. In 1875 it came as late as August.

When these refugees in various camps are sent home they will find their fences gone, their stock drowned, roads and bridges swept away, drainage systems filled up, houses undermined or floated off. Decaying vegetable matter, carcasses of animals and stagnant pools will breed disease. This is particularly discouraging to negroes—and whites—as they were just beginning to diversify their crops and to raise a new head of stock as a precaution against the boll weevil. In a way, to negroes, it is like the failure of the Freedman's Bank, paralyzing their experiments in thrift. These people are without money, without credit and with no probability of making a crop until 1913. Two hundred thousand hard-working farmers—the producers, not the drones—are gathered in refugee camps, concentrated in the hill towns or living on Government bounty. Thousands are fighting night and day, up to their waists in water, trying to save various threatened levees, others are

Our Team Won

at the Buenos Ayres Pan-American Tournament. The bullets that went smashing into the targets for the high score were those from

US AMMUNITION

(Made by United States Cartridge Co.)

The same thing will be true of the Olympic Games to be held in Stockholm, Sweden.

Our National Rifle Association sent teams to both shoots. The ammunition for the teams was selected at a test held in March under U. S. Army supervision and measurements.

At 350 metres and 600 metres, 200 rounds of each competing ammunition were fired from five service rifles rigidly held in concrete and steel rests. At 350 metres our Ammunition beat its nearest competitor more than 5% and at 600 metres by more than 20%. It beat the average of all others for the complete test by more than 25%. The official report follows:

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Washington, D. C., March 29, 1912.

[redacted]

Mean radii (average variation in inches, of 100 shots. Distance 350 metres—382 yards.

U. S.	Winchester	Frankford Arsenal
2.55	3.09	3.16
Peters	R. A.	U. M. C.
3.20	3.22	

Mean radii (average variation in inches) of 100 shots. Distance 600 metres—655 yards.

U. S.	Frankford Arsenal	Winchester
3.96	4.82	4.98
R. A.—U. M. C.		Peters
3.15		5.51

The committee in charge passed the following resolution:

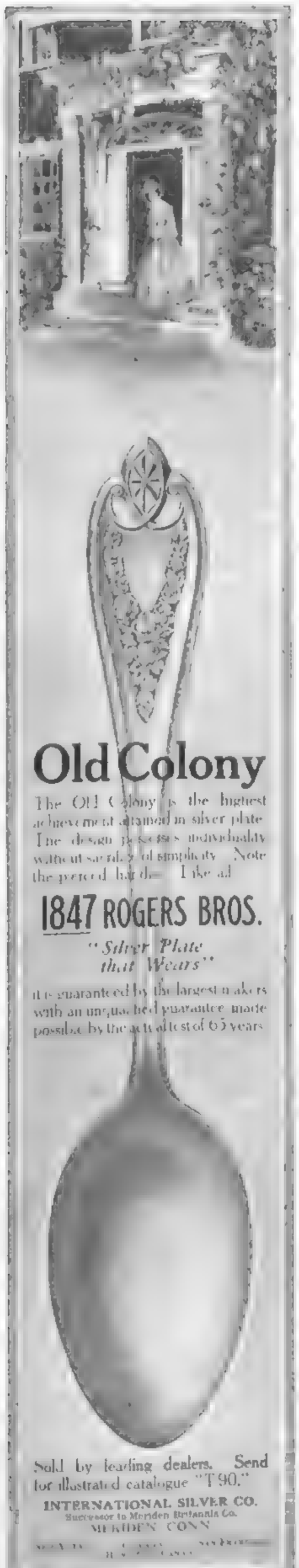
That the test having demonstrated the superiority of the United States Cartridge Co.'s [redacted] which was found most accurate at both ranges, the [redacted] expedite the use of the International Team [redacted]

A proof of superiority, isn't it?

Yet that triumph was not unusual for our Ammunition. In similar tests held under Government supervision United States Cartridge Co.'s Ammunition has won [redacted] together. Yet our Ammunition (and THE BLACK SHELLS) cost no more than the others. If you want the best, buy (US) Brand.

Send for "American Marksmanship," a historical booklet on the achievements of Americans with firearms.

United States Cartridge Co.
Dept. S, Lowell, Mass.



Old Colony

The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plate. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity. Note the pierced handle. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

is guaranteed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "T 90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

erasing these new uncharted seas in motor boats and skiffs. Men and women are being dragged out of floating débris, crazed with disaster and suffering.

The practical American always wants to know: "How did this happen? What are we going to do about it?" Water made it happen. Pour a bucket of water on the ground in Southwestern New York—pour another bucket at Helena, Montana; both of them run through Dogtail crevasse and chase Uncle Isom up a tree. Together they threaten more than nineteen million acres of land—thirty thousand square miles of territory! This is mostly cotton land, the richest on the globe, producing the greatest money crop of the United States—a cash export which turns the international balance of trade in our favor. This combined water from the Appalachians to the Rockies forms a menace too big for the local farmer to fight, which makes the levee a national and not a local problem.

Ages ago, as we are told, the Ohio and upper Mississippi emptied by separate mouths into a landlocked basin—perhaps an arm of the sea. This ancient basin is now marked green and red and yellow on our maps—Southern Illinois, Western Tennessee and Kentucky, Southeastern Missouri, Eastern Arkansas, the delta of the Mississippi, with Eastern and Southern Louisiana. The Missouri River, flowing through the Bad Lands of Dakota, brought down great quantities of silt, the erosion of prehistoric worlds. Depositing silt as it went, the river built up the lower point of Illinois and joined the Ohio River in a mudbank at what is now Cairo, Illinois.

Their united waters swept on, bringing dirt, dirt, dirt, through all the patient eons, filling, filling, filling between the irregular bluffs on each side of their present bed. The Arkansas River reënforced them, then the Yazoo, the Big Black and the Red—each bringing its tribute of earth to pile up in the valley. These rivers made the valley of the Mississippi. It is theirs. An overflow is but a reassertion of their ancient sovereignty.

Every year the present river gnaws from its banks ten square miles of earth eighty feet deep; it carries in solution solid matter equal to one square mile twelve hundred feet high. Most of this is deposited in the low country. The residue continues its building process into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Danger in One Rotten Stump

One naturally thinks of a river as flowing through a well-defined channel, with contiguous lands sloping toward and draining into it. Not so the lower Mississippi. Lands slope away from the river. The river banks are highest. All streams run from the river, lurk in low swamps, wandering through bayous and sloughs until they gain sufficient strength to burst into the main channel. In flood-times the river built up its lowlands by constant deposit. This is true also of the Nile—the land next the river being highest.

In low water the Mississippi retires to a tortuous, ever-shifting course, eating its way through mud. Then floods come again supercharged with silt, overflowing their banks and dropping new material. Like a lazy man, the river first puts down its heaviest load, dumping the more solid material nearest the channel. This process gradually lifted the banks higher than minor freshets, and they became the first portions of the country to be cultivated. It was only in a general overflow, when all the upper rivers rose at once, that the banks went under water.

The first levees are said to have been built in 1714, by Delatour, the French engineer, to protect the infant city of New Orleans. Each pioneer planter along the river began to throw up a little ridge for himself. By degrees these independent plantation levees united into an embryonic system. Gradually the states took charge, created levee districts, taking all lands protected by levees the taxes built. Then the states united, the Federal Government became a partner—and we have the germ of a modern levee idea.

These original levees were mere ridges of dirt thrown up haphazard along the riverfront, full of logs and stumps, under the mistaken notion that they would help to hold the dirt; but logs and stumps rotted, leaving cavities through which the water forced itself, resulting in many a crevasse. As a levee, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest link, one rotten stump might destroy the usefulness of a hundred steadfast miles.

No wonder this is perfect clam chowder!

NO wonder it has the fine tonic flavor that braces your appetite like an ocean breeze. These clams are *right from the sea.*

And every one of them is examined separately, washed and then *opened by hand* for

Campbell's

CLAM CHOWDER

This is not the ordinary cheap and easy way. But it is *the only right way.* It insures a pure delicious broth and the most tempting chowder you ever tasted.

Tender clams cut small, salt pork, cubed potatoes, tomatoes, onions and fine herbs all help to make it rich and hearty and satisfying.

You'll be sorry if you order less than half-a-dozen. And you'll be sorry if you don't do it *today.*

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

The Building Of A Tire

By H. S. Firestone

FANCY, lined up before the car owner all the people who work with head and hand to produce his tires—

If every one of them, from the native of the rubber jungle and the cotton planter to the final factory inspector, could pass before the tire user in review—

It would be a procession of rare interest and a satisfying explanation of tire cost.

But pass over the dozens of handlings of raw material before it reaches the tire factory. Consider only the Tire as developed by the Tire manufacturer.

Importance of The Design

First of all there is the design to consider. Strength of steel and thorough building will not save a bridge designed on a wrong principle. Nor can quality materials and quality workmanship save a poorly designed tire. It was the stroke of engineering genius brought forth in "Firestone" Tires that accounts in a large measure for their leadership in efficiency and length of service.

The *design* must not be confused with the *type* of tire. There are differences in the designs of the same types, scarcely noticeable to the untrained eye, but vastly different in power of efficiency.

From the design is made the pattern or "core" upon which the tire is built.

Here are where materials and workmanship begin to count. The number of processes necessary and the amount and difficult character of work involved would never be imagined by an outsider.

Haste in Factory —Waste on Road

There is the matter of washing and purifying the rubber thoroughly or carelessly—the rolling of it into rough sheets to dry—the drying process, forced and slipshod or natural and scientific—the massing of it into workable condition in huge mills—the mixing with minerals where compound is used, rushed through the rollers and slighted, or mixed to a perfect unity of elements, according to the standard set.

Even the finest rubber is no better than the way it is handled. It is the little extra time, the little extra pains given to every step in developing a tire that in the aggregate gives the big extra mileage.

Instead of taking fabric strength for granted it should be *tested*. And not even once to a roll but two or three times. More than that, it needs inch by inch examination for uniformity by a relentless inspector.

When the fabric goes to the rolls or "calenders" to be filled with rubber—the heat of the rolls must be exact—the flow of Up-River Fine Para Rubber liberal and uniform, rubber pressed in from *both* sides and an extra layer applied for security of adhesiveness in building the walls or body. Some do not consider this "necessary" but it is *essential* to highest *quality*.

The Element of Workmanship

Skill counts big in all these operations. The tire maker must choose between experts or cheaper men—between haste and thoroughness. And if he is sparing of inspectors or allows inspectors loose standards he must be thinking mostly of cost and price.

When things are finally ready for actual construction, when fabric, side-wall, bead, cushion, breaker-strip and tread have been cut to measure and are turned over to the builders, the bulk of hard, exacting, minute hand labor begins.

Here the Firestone standard of one inspector to every ten builders should be followed by every manufacturer who aims at quality.

The rubber-filled and coated fabric is stretched on the "Core", layer on layer. Each layer inspected. Then the bead is added and inspected. Then the side-wall is put on. Then the cushion.

At this point a manufacturer takes his standard of one curing or two curings, and the short, forced vulcanizing or the slow, natural, uniform vulcanizing. The Firestone standard is the *double cure*, and the slow vulcanizing at a moderate heat rather than the quick method at intense heat.

The Single or Double "Cure"

By so curing a tire at this middle stage of development, the fabric foundation or walls can be more thoroughly and evenly vulcanized, the cushion made more of a unit with the "body" than when breaker-strip and tread are added first and the whole given only one curing or "baking."

A glance at the sectional view shows that the tire is not equally thick at all points. If the tire is cured only when complete the heat will not penetrate evenly all around, the wall construction may not become thoroughly vulcanized. Fabric separation or tread separation is the result.

Double curing means double care, double inspection. After the main body has been cured and inspected the breaker-strip and tread are added, the tire *powerfully wrapped* and given a second cure. Every division then becomes thoroughly vulcanized, the rubber of each section mingles with the next—the tire becomes *one* part, a perfect unit of strength.

It has been proven in the Firestone factory, by twelve years of increasing superior service, that these standards of minute care give not only supreme quality, but are economical and good business.

It is the supreme quality of material, the supreme skill of the work, and the supreme care of systematic manufacture, which have given Firestone Tires their place of leadership.

THE Firestone Tread—is of unusual thickness and yet the Firestone is not a heavy tire. This is because pure rubber weighs less than compound. The high percentage of pure rubber in the tread affords the thick, long-lasting wearing surface with greatest resiliency and least weight.

THE Firestone Breaker Strip—to distribute the force of shocks over a wider surface. Made of Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord. Filled with Pure Para Rubber. Toughest construction possible.

THE Firestone Side Walls—are made of an extra high percentage of Up-River Fine Para Rubber, built layer by layer to liberal measure of thickness according to size of tire. Each strip carefully inspected and cured into a solid unit.

Specify "Firestone" TIRES Non-Skid or Smooth Tread

THE Firestone Cushion—to absorb shocks—make easiest riding—to protect fabric body. Made of Pure Up-River Fine Para, applied layer by layer and cured into one solid piece of fullest resiliency. Built extra thick.

THE Firestone Fabric—The finest grade Combed Sea Island Cotton, tested and inspected, inch by inch, thoroughly and evenly, saturated with Pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber, stretched on by hand, built up wall by wall from four to six layers, according to size of tire.

THE Firestone Bead—In this case for quick detachable tire. Made of Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord, saturated with pure rubber, pressed into a perfect foundation of extra strength and unity and cured into the tire.

Firestone Tires cost more than others to build—they cost a little more than others to buy—but they cost much *less* than others to use.

Firestone Tires are made in all types to fit all standard rims. Quick Detachable Clincher. Regular Clincher. Quick Detachable Straight Side. All in Smooth Tread or Non-Skid Tread.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

DOWN to tomorrow in every element of crisp new style—but with that old-fashioned quality that a Quarter-Century of underwear making and designing has taught us. That describes Stephenson Union Suits and Two Piece Suits for Summer and Fall, 1912.

Stephenson Underwear

You must *examine* the garments themselves to know their man-like cut—sloping shoulders, shaped arms, correct legs—and a flap that really *covers*—not a freakish *novelty*

You must experience the luxurious feel of our summer *comfort* fabrics—knit on Double Spring Needle Machines—Cotton, Lisles and Silkelines. You must examine our Union Suits and Two Piece Suits, in light weight worsteds, for Spring and Fall. Just note their firmness—their elasticity—you will realize that here is something *different* in underwear. Ask your leading dealer.

Stephenson Underwear Mills
South Bend, Indiana

Largest producers in the world of Exclusively Men's Underwear $1.00 *per garment and up*

DAD

(Continued from Page 10)

His voice was now so broken and wondering that Robert's pity grew apace. He would have spared his father had it been possible, but there was no way it could be done. His father must not only learn the truth about himself, he must learn also that the two men on whom he most depended were taking advantage of his sad condition.

So while the old man listened attentively Robert told him a part, if not all, of what he knew. Parks and Osgood were no longer to be trusted. Even then they had set out to play him false, though how they meant to do it Robert professed he didn't know. However, he admitted he had some sort of a suspicion. It had to do with stocks—with Oxide, he thought—something like that anyway.

"Oxide!" exclaimed his father.

"Oxide," nodded Robert.

After a long pause, during which his father nervously bit his lip, the old gentleman spoke again.

"Say," he inquired cautiously, "you're dead sure it's me they're after, not some one else?"

Robert was quite sure. He had no doubt of it.

The assurance seemed to affect his father profoundly. Rising, he walked slowly to the window, where for a long while he stared out into the darkness. Then he slowly returned to his chair.

"Bub," said the old man, his voice breaking again, "I guess you're right. I must be losing my mind. Anyhow, that's the way it hits me."

Robert, in his kindest tones, did his best to console his father. Mr. Coggins, however, was visibly affected. To everything Robert said he listened attentively, but somehow it did not seem to solace him.

"Well, bub," he mumbled presently, "I see you think I'm a has-been, so I guess there's only one thing to be done. Mebbe you c'n suggest what I'd better do."

Robert not only could, but did. As he said, there was only one solution. He was sure of this, because for days and nights past he had given the matter the benefit of his best, his shrewdest thought. As his father was too old, too feeble to be trusted longer with his affairs, he must hereafter rely upon his son. Moreover, he must do it at once. Finishing his little speech, Robert arose and laid a hand kindly on his father's shoulder.

"Well, dad?" he softly asked.

Old Mr. Coggins awoke with a start.

"Well, what?" he snapped.

"Why, what do you think of it?" Robert gently persisted.

Mr. Coggins reached over and picked up his evening newspaper. "You wait till tomorrow!" he growled sulkily. "I'll give you my answer then."

That was enough. Robert knew that once his father had thought it over he would acknowledge the wisdom of his son's demand.

"Thank you, dad," he politely murmured, and drawing up to the lamp Robert unfolded his own evening newspaper. A moment later he looked up from its pages.

"I see," said Robert suavely, "that the Treasury contemplates a new issue of twenty-year two-and-one-half percents." Clearing his throat he urbanely added: "I think we'll subscribe for some of them."

Mr. Coggins made no answer. Instead, he merely glared.

. . . . . .

Wall Street will always remember—indeed, it can never forget—the surprising events that occurred in rapid succession the day Union Oxide cut loose. Of course the public itself was little interested in the stock, but at the same time its gyrations on the day mentioned were enough to astonish any one. In every brokerage office crowds of bewildered, wondering dabblers stared gaping at the quotation board, vainly trying to guess what was going on behind the scenes. However, before they could do so it was all over, past and done for, with only the smoke of battle left to tell what had just ensued.

At ten o'clock Oxide opened with a roar. The first quotation was a quarter to five-eighths up from the night's close; and then, an eighth of a point at almost every quotation, it was run up a point and a half.

At Rooker, Burke & Company's Mr. Pincus perched himself on a stool beside the

250,000 Smokers

will accept these boxes

The boss wants you to have one.

Here's the story:

We said to the boss,
"It's a hard job to advertise

Between-the-Acts
LITTLE CIGARS"

"Why so?" asked the boss.

"Simply because they're the most wonderful thing in the whole history of cigar making. You have actually put the full flavor of the finest Havana in a little cigar no bigger than a cigarette."

"Tell 'em THAT," said the boss.

"You have made it possible for a man to have a few whiffs of real Havana any time he wants it without lighting up a big expensive Havana cigar."

"Tell 'em ALL THAT," said the boss.

"That's just the point," we said. "It sounds too good to be true."

"Then give 'em a sample box," said the boss. "Let them have the fun of finding out for themselves."

"Be sure," said the boss, "and tell them that if their dealer doesn't carry Between-the-Acts, he can get them mighty quick from his jobber. You know all live jobbers have 'em in stock."

Well, here's our offer

Good for 30 Days Only

Just mail us the attached coupon, filled out, with four cents in stamps for postage and packing, and you'll get your *regular 10 Cent* box by return mail.

Don't miss it

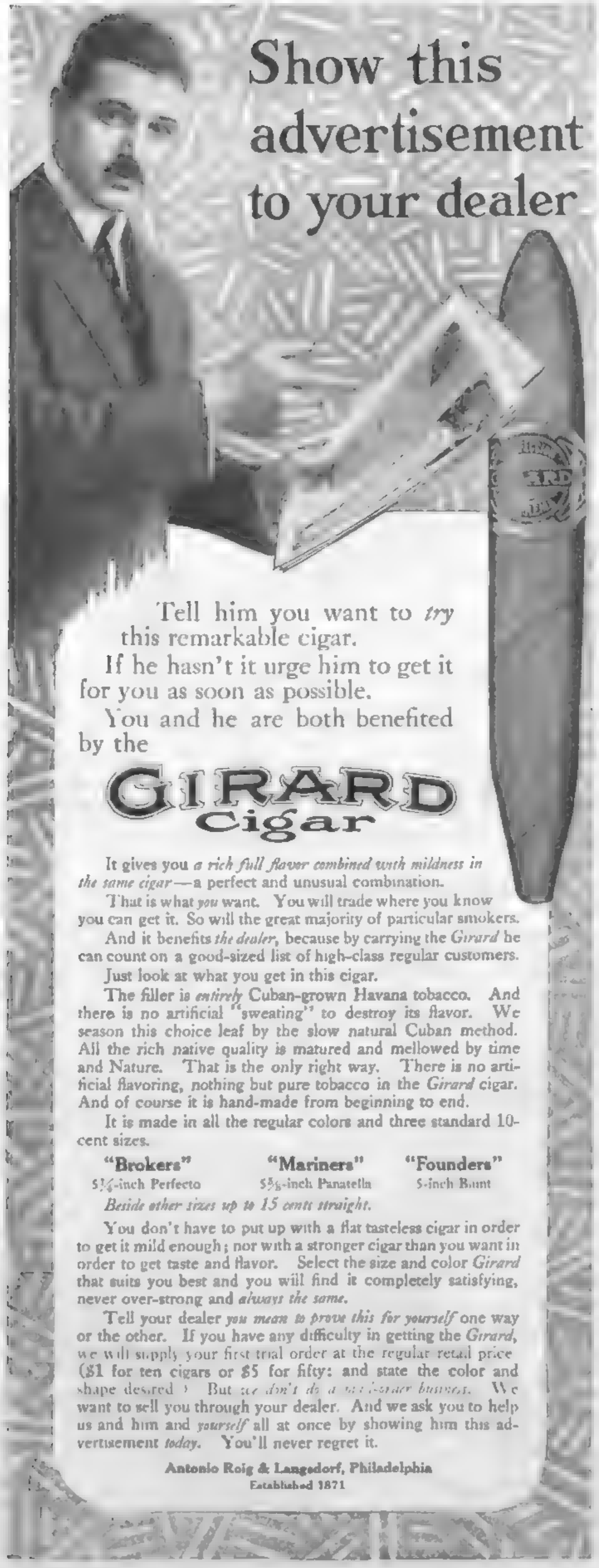
Good Only in U. S.

Between-the-Acts Dept.
Drawer A, Hudson City Station
Jersey City, N. J.

Enclosed find 4 cents in stamps for which send regular 10 cent box of **Between-the-Acts.**

Name _____

Address _____



Show this advertisement to your dealer

Tell him you want to *try* this remarkable cigar.

If he hasn't it urge him to get it for you as soon as possible.

You and he are both benefited by the

GIRARD Cigar

It gives you *a rich full flavor combined with mildness in the same cigar*—a perfect and unusual combination.

That is what *you* want. You will trade where you know you can get it. So will the great majority of particular smokers.

And it benefits *the dealer*, because by carrying the *Girard* he can count on a good-sized list of high-class regular customers.

Just look at what you get in this cigar.

The filler is *entirely* Cuban-grown Havana tobacco. And there is no artificial "sweating" to destroy its flavor. We season this choice leaf by the slow natural Cuban method. All the rich native quality is matured and mellowed by time and Nature. That is the only right way. There is no artificial flavoring, nothing but pure tobacco in the *Girard* cigar. And of course it is hand-made from beginning to end.

It is made in all the regular colors and three standard 10-cent sizes.

"Brokers"	"Mariners"	"Founders"
5¼-inch Perfecto	5⅜-inch Panatella	5-inch Bunt

Beside other sizes up to 15 cents straight.

You don't have to put up with a flat tasteless cigar in order to get it mild enough; nor with a stronger cigar than you want in order to get taste and flavor. Select the size and color *Girard* that suits you best and you will find it completely satisfying, never over-strong and *always the same.*

Tell your dealer *you mean to prove this for yourself* one way or the other. If you have any difficulty in getting the *Girard*, we will supply your first trial order at the regular retail price ($1 for ten cigars or $5 for fifty; and state the color and shape desired.) But *we don't do a mail-order business.* We want to sell you through your dealer. And we ask you to help us and him and *yourself* all at once by showing him this advertisement *today.* You'll never regret it.

Antonio Roig & Langedorf, Philadelphia
Established 1871

ticker and began reading off the figures from the tape.

"Oxide, an eighth! A thousand at a quarter! Oxide, three-eighths! Hey, wait! Oxide, a half! Another thousand at the same! Oxide, five-eighths! Phew! look at her! Another thousand for three-quarters!" Then Mr. Pincus' eyes nearly started from their sockets. "Seventy-nine flat for a thousand Oxide!" he shouted and, suddenly dropping the tape, Mr. Pincus scrambled down from his stool. Rushing up to Mr. Rooker, who had just emerged from his office, he grabbed him by the arm.

"Hey, Buck!" he vociferated. "Get me aboard quick this Oxide!"

Then, when Rooker inquired how much he wished to buy, Mr. Pincus flayed him with a look.

"Buy? Buy nothing!" he grunted savagely. "Sell for me—sell, y'understand?—five hunnerd at the market."

Mr. Jerolomon, who overheard him, gave a frantic exclamation. "Sell? Why, you're crazy, man! Look at Oxide go up!"

There was no doubt that Oxide was rising, but Mr. Pincus, now calm again, grinned urbanely.

"Sure it goes up," he responded. "Yes, but bimeby, when the fireworks is over, the stick comes down again."

Meanwhile, in a neighboring brokerage office Robert sat studying the tape as it came jerking out from the ticker. Ordinarily the hour would have found him seated at his desk, dutifully awaiting such tasks as his father might have ready. Now, however, all that was past; and having already asserted his authority, he felt that his time was his own. In consequence, the moment Parks and Osgood again began dumping their stock into the market Robert was ready and waiting. Each time a block of Oxide was offered by the two it was instantly snatched up. Betweentimes, acting under Robert's orders, his brokers bid up the price at every chance. It was this that had set Oxide climbing rapidly.

At ten-forty-five Robert took stock of what he'd bought. In all, his combined holdings amounted to nearly seventy thousand shares.

The very vastness of the figures for a moment almost terrified him. He was still more frightened when he reflected that all of it was being carried on less than a million dollars. However, with his paper profit still unimpaired, with Oxide rising, too, he presently convinced himself that this fear was groundless. Nor were his brokers in the least worried. They, too, had recognized in Mr. Johns whom they were dealing with; in fact, they assured themselves that the connection was invaluable.

Eleven o'clock had just struck when the bolt fell!

. . . . . .

The slump in Oxide Common is now a matter of history. It was a landslide, a cataclysm. Exactly at the hour half a dozen brokers, as if in concert, leaped out on the floor and offered Oxide right and left. At the same hour, also as if in concert, three of the largest downtown banks called all their loans on the stock. Afterward nothing remained but the shouting. Oxide broke with a crash and in ten minutes the rout was complete.

"Hey! see her slide—what?" roared Mr. Pincus jubilantly. "Oxide, ten thousand for seven-eighths! Another thousand for three-quarters! Five-eighths! Five-eighths! Ten thousand Oxide for a half! A thousand for three-eighths! Oxide, a quarter! A quarter! Oxide, an eighth!"

Slouching down from his stool, Mr. Pincus looked about him with a grin. "Oh, well, what's the use?" he chuckled amiably. "The whole bottom drops out now. I guess I go out and order me a suit of clothes."

In the midst of his modest jubilation Mr. Pincus suddenly paused. Across the room he had caught sight of a face—a mask, rather—that stared bewilderedly at the quotation board. It was Mr. Jerolomon. He did not seem to be enjoying himself.

"Here, Jerry," Mr. Pincus kindly protested, "don't you go looking like that. Buck up and be somebody."

Mr. Jerolomon turned to him an agonized face.

"What was it?" he faltered. "Pink, c-can you tell me what happened?"

Mr. Pincus smiled.

"Oh, sure," he rattled amiably. "It's all over the Street. They was a pool in Oxide and it bust."

It was three o'clock when Robert returned to his office. Since noon he had

Help Your Baby Fight the Summer Heat

It isn't the heat, it is the food that kills our babies in the summer time—and alas, more of them die in these three summer months than in all the rest of the year together. Yet it is all so unnecessary. With the help of Nestlé's Food the summer can be so comfortable for the baby and you will be free from anxiety.

In the long, sultry nights, you do not need to bear the trials of souring milk, the baby weary and cross, yourself exhausted. If the baby has the right food it will not mind the heat. Try Nestlé's for awhile and you will see the little body plump out; and bathed, freshly clothed, aired, sunned and *properly fed*, that little one of yours will sleep smilingly in its little bed.

Nestlé's Food

exactly suits the little baby stomach; Nestlé's will not spoil in the heat and Nestlé's contains no germs.

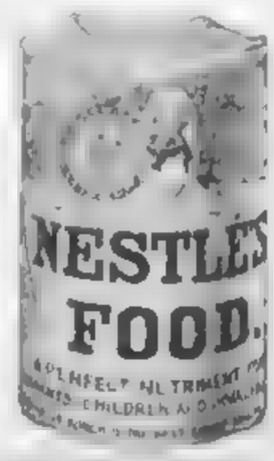
More babies die of summer diarrhea than any other complaint, because in the heat of the year cows' milk has even more than the usual number of germs, and the child's powers of resistance are greatly lessened in hot weather.

Your baby cannot digest the curds in cows' milk, and your baby needs more sugar than it gets in cows' milk.

All this is overcome in Nestlé's Food. Nestlé's is the best cows' milk, from our own sanitary dairies, purified and modified until it is the nearest thing there is to mothers' milk. That is why it suits the baby stomach so well; a baby's stomach was made to digest its mother's milk, and any substitute for that mother's milk must be so like it that the baby won't notice the difference.

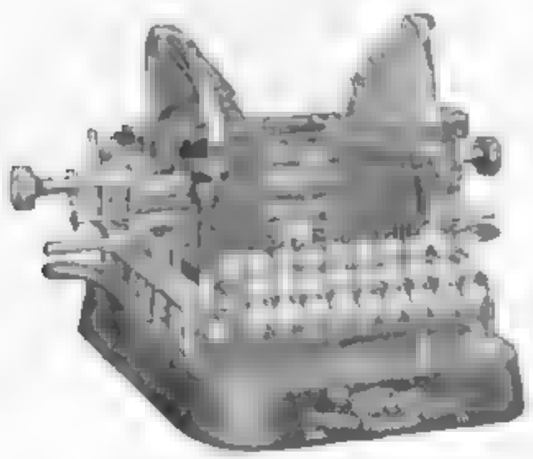
Send for a generous free sample of Nestlé's. It will be the first of many packages for you, we know, for we have seen many babies and forty summers of success in the feeding of them.

With the sample we will send you our little Book, "On the Care and Feeding of Babies," written by Specialists, and necessary to every careful mother.



HENRI NESTLÉ
109 Chambers Street
New York

How will You Trade Your Typewriter for This Visible Writer?



The Famous Model No. 3 Oliver

Price $55 (if sold without salesmen), terms $5 per month—shipped on trial. No cash until you accept it.

Not only do we offer you a tremendous saving in the price, but we will take *your* typewriter as part payment at the highest exchange value -the balance payable monthly.

Now is the time to trade in your typewriter, especially if it is of the blind style. It is worth far more today than it will be next month All makers are now producing visible writers. Every day the old style typewriters are dropping in value.

Economy

We have undertaken to buy — to get the min mum price—1,000 Oliver — Model No. 3) per month. On th — n we are able to quote a very low — for standard — ble typewriters, in perfect condi — .

We selected for our purpose the Model No. 3 Oliver because of its utter simplicity. For ninety-nine — hundred users, the simple everlasting, effici — Model No. — is the natural choice. It is the model we use ourselves. It was this model which won for the Oliver its world-wide prestige

It has the features you want in a typewriter—visible writing, universal keyboard, automatic line-s — double typebar, downward stroke, speed escape — light, elastic key touch, perfect paper feed, left-hand carriage return, release key, light running — great manifolding power, writing in col — ing upward for cleaning, and above all — having about one-third the usual nu — .

183 different railroads bought this typewriter, great mercantile establishments have found it the most efficient, banks and professional men by the thousands en — it.

This Syndicate has shipped over 8,000 No. 3 Oliver typewriters in the last few months We sell only perfect machines, inspected and — at the original factory. The equal in quality of any typewriter — regardless of cost. Protected by standard guaran — Shipped with complete outfit.

Free Book

For your own sake let us send our book, telling you all about the typewriter situation and giving a detailed description of the Model No. 3 Oliver. If you have a typewriter — "trade in" tell us the make and model — and we will get our offer. The coupon below is for — .

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 Pl. No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Free Information Coupon

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 Pl. No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Gentlemen,

With the understanding that there is no expense and no obligation, send further information of your typewriter offer.

Name ____

Address ____

My old machine is a _____ *Model No.*__

been walking the streets. Like Mr. Jerolomon, he, too, was bewildered, wondering. Pasty-faced and moist, he shambled in through the boardroom entrance and dropped weakly on his chair.

Old Mr. Coggins was still absent. All that day, time and time again, Robert had tried to find his father to warn him what was happening, but the old gentleman was not to be found. So Parks and Osgood, after all, had won. Not only had they broken the Oxide pool, but they had broken Robert too. Overextended, with every dollar tied up, Robert's paper fortune had tumbled like the proverbial house of cards. What stung him most, though, was the knowledge that tomorrow his father would hear all about it, for by then it would be public property. However, it all had been done in his father's behalf—or, at any rate, so Robert reflected. What is more, the one fact that the old gentleman had let the pool smash was still a further evidence he was no longer to be trusted.

"No," droned Robert to himself, "for if he hadn't ——"

It was just at this moment that Mr. Coggins entered. Briskly drawing up a chair he seated himself. Then he spoke:

"Well, bub," he genially remarked, "where've you ben keeping yourself all day?"

All that followed need not be repeated here. It is enough to say that of it all what Robert afterward most clearly remembered was his father's curious expression. The old gentleman, in fact, seemed quite calm, quite collected, while Robert poured out upon him in a flood the details of that day. Bit by bit he gave him the whole story. Nothing was omitted. Parks and Osgood, as he had warned, had succeeded in their rascality. What was worse, had his father, the night before, only been frank with him the calamity need never have happened.

Then his father spoke.

"Say, son," he mildly murmured, "you mean about my getting old and all that, don't you?"

Robert did indeed. If his father had only trusted him from the beginning a catastrophe such as this could hardly have been possible.

"Trust you?" echoed Mr. Coggins. "Do you mean trust you to speculate?"

Robert gasped in amazement.

"Speculate?" he repeated.

His father blandly nodded.

"Sure, son. Before you blew it you had more'n three-quarters of a million, hadn't you?"

Again Robert gasped, then turned pal — .

"How do you know?" he demanded. "I never told you"

"No," said his father genially, "you didn't need to I knew it from the first." Then he sighed. "A bunch of money like that is an awful lot for a boy like you to have. No," he added, and slowly shook his head, "I'd call it real dangerous."

A sudden suspicion flashed into Robert's mind. He arose to his feet, his eyes starting, his mouth agape. "Dad!" he exclaimed.

"And another thing, son," drawled his father leisurely: "you don't want to have it in for Parks and Osgood. Nope," he mumbled, "for, as I'm telling you, those two never had a share of Oxide."

Then Robert knew.

"Yes," said old Mr. Coggins, crossing one knee comfortably over the other, "the long and short of it is I ain't so old and feeble as you think. When I see you had all that money I made up my mind some one else would get it if I didn't."

Then once more he smiled.

"So I went and took it," said he.

Afterward he lightly waved his hand.

"Just like that," said Mr. Coggins, and gave another grin.

The Bright Side

ALGERNON DAINGERFIELD, secretary of the New York Jockey Club, went back last summer to his old home in Kentucky on a visit. He had fleshened up considerably.

The old negro cook, a family servant of many years' standing, was brought in to see him.

"Don't you think Mr. Algy has grown very stout?" asked one of the family.

"Wellum," said the old woman, "he is took on a right smart fleshiness, and that's a fact." Then she hastily added: "But a stomach dat sticks out like his do is jess made fur showin' off a watchchain."

While Satisfying Your Thirst Benefit Your Health! It's Common Sense

In no instance has nature been more successful in combining in a cooling, refreshing beverage invaluable properties for stimulating appetite, aiding digestion and toning the system as in pure pineapple juice.

In no other drink do we find as perfect a combination of so many beneficial qualities as in the juice of the pineapple. Physicians and nurses give it preference over ordinary beverages.

Dole's Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

is simply the pure juice of golden-ripe pineapples; carefully bottled and sterilized at Honolulu.

The Real Health Drink

Sold by your grocer, druggist or fountain

"Cooling Drinks and Desserts" telling all about it, and how to make many delectable dainties. Mailed free on request.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS CO., Ltd.
112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

An $18 Man Needed $30 a Week

He had a home and family in Buffalo, New York. He was ambitious to give them many of the pleasures that his limited income denied. He became a local representative for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

He quickly realized his aim of $30.00 and now earns $50.00 a week.

We have local positions for other men and women of the right calibre. We pay commissions and salary on all subscriptions, either renewal or new. We co-operate with you and show you the "how" of Curtis work. The work is interesting and the opportunity as large as you make it. If you will write, we will tell you more about the plan.

AGENCY DIVISION

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HUSBAND OF A CLINGING VINE

(Continued from Page 13)

lest I should waken her; awake on the instant at her least motion. I told myself I should get used to it—other people did; it was all nonsense for me to be acting that way. I was letting myself get nerves—perfectly idiotic! The eighth night I did not sleep at all.

Next day I took her down to Nahant to see if I could not brace up in the sea-air. She was very quiet, and I could see she was very frightened. She perceived a mysterious, dreadful, unlooked-for change in me—the man of her ideal! She watched me furtively every second, until my whole nature seemed centered in the one longing to be alone for a few hours, away from those tacitly accusing eyes. Every fiber of me was sick and protesting against that loving stare. That day among the rocks my thoughts began their roads to Rome—to the just, critical analysis my mother had given me; those words of hers recurred and everlastingly recurred—"they have no privacies—and no respect for the privacies of others."

It was true! I denied it to myself furiously, and then cringed as I caught my wife's eyes boring out of me the very thoughts in my head, worming into the depths of my soul. Denial got the upper hand and I reached out and drew her to me.

"Oh, Hugh! What is the matter?" she gasped, letting go of her feelings. "Have I offended you? Don't you love me any more? Are you tired of me already?" Tears welled up in her eyes.

I tried to explain how I was getting lightheaded for want of sleep. She was much less concerned than amazed—she simply couldn't understand. I confess I was amazed too. I supposed she would immediately volunteer the advice that I take a separate room and get slept up while she amused herself; but as she did not I took the adjoining room as soon as I got back to the hotel; and after dinner I suggested that she go down and listen to the music and leave me to tumble into bed—the sea-air had made me healthily sleepy and I knew I'd be all right in the morning. I was so unpardonably stupid as to add: "If I can't get a night's sleep I'll be down sick!" That fixed it!

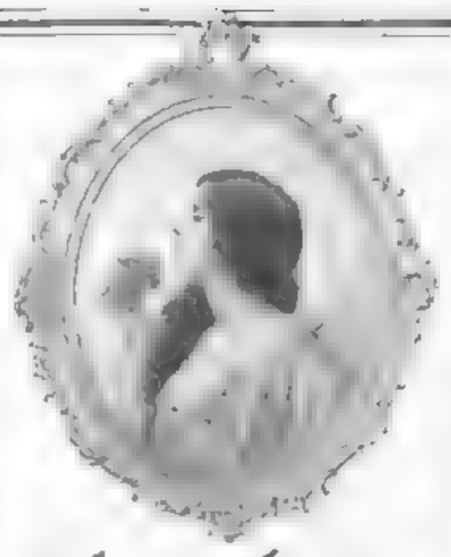
"You are sick—I knew it all the time, though you pretended it was only want of sleep!" she cried wildly. "Oh, dearest, I know it's serious—typhoid fever—brain fever, maybe! Let me call in a doctor. Doctors don't always know what is the matter with themselves; and here we are a thousand miles from home! If you're going to have brain fever what shall I do?"

I protested it was "only a headache"—I'd sleep it off if she would go down and listen to the music and amuse herself the rest of the evening. Go down and listen to music without her husband—and leave her poor sick darling all alone upstairs! Did I think her utterly heartless? "Let me do something for you!" she pleaded. "Let me bathe your head with cologne—put cold compresses on it. Let me nurse you ——" And so on.

I tried to tell her I wasn't used to being coddled—I couldn't stand being fussed over. Then let her sit by my bed and "watch over" me! I said I didn't want any one to "watch over" me—I wanted sleep. Didn't I want her? What did I mean? If she were sick she'd want me with her every second. Was I tired of her? Didn't she make me happy any more? She threw herself into my arms and implored me to keep on loving her—let her do something for me! I was all she had in the world—she couldn't live without me!

For over an hour this went on before I could prevail upon her to leave me. I crawled into bed, but not to sleep. How could she be so callous to my needs—to my requests—as not to fall in with them instantly, as she did with everything else? Up to that hour I thought I had only to suggest to have her joyfully acquiesce. I had not then learned her extraordinary reservations in the matter of acquiescences; she kept them on tap only for those things we could do together. They had to be wrung from her—literally gouged out of her sometimes—for anything that separated us an hour, because to live apart in the smallest particular violated her ideal of the "oneness of husband and wife!"

I lay for hours in a frenzy of self-reproaches. I felt that I utterly loathed



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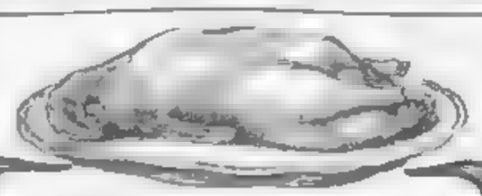

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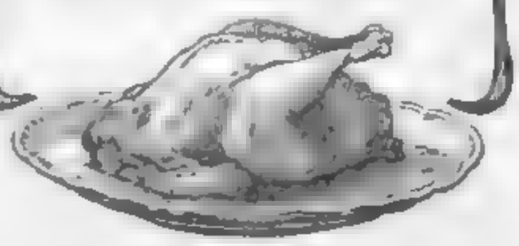

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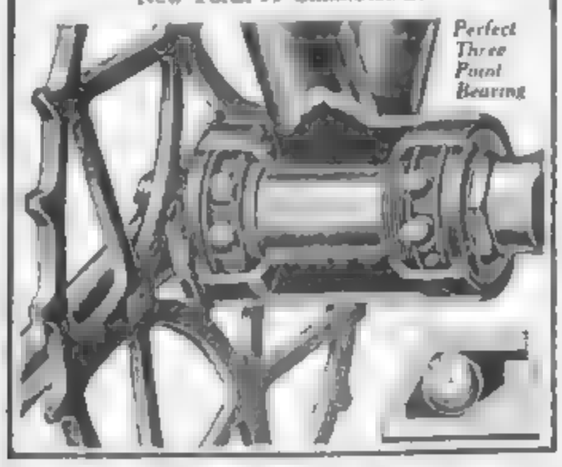

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and despised her—I, the husband of scarcely a week! How could we continue living together with me feeling that way? And she—poor, loving soul!—she had given me her all. She had expected everything of me and I had given her the right to! I could hear her sobbing in the next room and once in a while coming to the closed door to listen. I wanted to comfort her; but I had no more strength for emotionalism—I was surfeited with it. My heart cried out for mother. Her stern ideal of duty that demanded of me only duty and affection; her hard, uncompromising sense of the needs and rights of others; her austerity of life—I longed for them as for the bracing wind from snowcapped mountains.

At last I dozed off. I was suddenly wakened by the sense of some one in the room. I leaped out of bed—Gabrielle sat at the foot!

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"I was watching over you," she whimpered. "You are sick—you need somebody to look after you. Oh, darling, I'm so frightened! I'm so lonely I can't sleep. Don't send me away from you! I've never been alone a night in my whole life—I've never been alone an hour. I've got nobody but you, and it's so terrible to be alone!"

She cried and I comforted her. What else could I do—send her away? I saw her side of it—her rights—my obligations. In five minutes she was peacefully asleep, secure in the sense that I was taking care of her; and I lay beside her the rest of the night in positive terror of the present, the future of marriage—of my wife! If this kept on I saw our lives ruined.

With minor variations it kept on for years before she learned to go to bed like a sensible human being and not cry herself to sleep, and by that time the mischief in me was done beyond repair. Those words of hers—"It's so terrible to be alone!"—threaded my whole life, tied all my acts into a definite attitude toward her and bound me to a line of conduct—a course that compelled me constantly to set aside the demands of my profession in favor of the demands of my wife for my companionship. Not the demands of my practice, understand, but of that something over and above routine work that gets a man on in the world—the published papers that bring him repute and give him standing among his confrères; the outside work in study and research that finally—if he has it in him—constitute him an authority on his subject.

V

THE morning after we got home I had my next big lesson in clinging-vanesm. I was just putting on my coat to rush to the office when Gabrielle asked me what we should have for dinner. I told her to "get anything" she wanted, kissed her hurriedly and ran for my car. An hour later she called me on the 'phone: "Will you stop just one minute, dearest, and tell me what you want for dinner tonight, so I can order it?"

There have been few times in my life when I have been so unreasonably angry. I shouted back, "Get what you want and don't bother me about it!" and rang off. I was disgusted with her, but it did not occur to me that I had paved the way for it through our honeymoon by ordering every bite we ate. Within half an hour she was in the office. My first thought was that something had happened to mother and Gabrielle had come to break the news to me. I pulled her out into the hall—the only private place I had at the moment, for my office was full—and said:

"What is it? Don't keep me in suspense!"

"Why, it's about dinner tonight. You wouldn't tell me this morning—or over the 'phone—and what else could I do? How could I find out what you wanted?"

"Didn't I tell you to order what you wanted? Wasn't that enough for you?" I growled angrily.

"But you've always ordered!" she protested. "How was I to know? And it wouldn't have taken you more than a minute—half a minute—to tell me what you wanted." She caught me by the arm and began to cry. "What is the matter? Have I offended you? Oh, dearest, please forgive me—I didn't mean to say anything. All I'm thinking of is what will please you. Suppose I got something you didn't like! I'll be miserable all day worrying over it if you don't tell me."

I was desperate. I couldn't have a scene there in the hall; so I told her what to get and begged her to go as I had some patients waiting for me.

Preserving—Without the Risk

You would like to have fresh, luscious "*home-grown*" vegetables and fruit all winter—wouldn't you? Every woman would!

But, heretofore, "canning" with the old screw-capped, tin-topped jars was a *risk*—you took chances. Even the most careful housewife could not be *sure* of results, because she did not have safe, sanitary jars.

Now "home-jarring" is made easy and *certain*. Because here is the perfect jar—easy to fill, easy to close and easy to open. And it keeps fruit from *spoiling*.

ATLAS
E-Z SEAL JARS

(Get one free from your Grocer)

This is the jar with the troubles left *out*—the all glass, wide-mouthed, green-tinted, spring sealed jar.

The all-glass cap is held securely by the wire clamp—no metal to taint the fruit—no twisting, no turning.

Don't allow your "garden stuff" to go to waste. It will taste mighty good next winter. Try "home-jarring" in E-Z Seal Jars—and make all your neighbors *jealous!*

Reduce the Cost of Living

The "high cost of living" is troubling most housewives. The grocer's winter prices are about as follows:

1 doz. Quarts String Beans		$2.65
1 " " Peas		2.10
1 " " Asparagus		2.85
1 " " Tomatoes		1.90
1 " " Lima Beans		1.90
1 " " Corn		1.65
		$13.05
Six doz. Quart E-Z Seal Jars cost—say		5.40
Actual saving, (cost of) between 72 quarts of "store goods" and 72 quarts of "home-jarred" goods		$7.65

Thereafter your jars cost nothing and your yearly saving is $13.05, less the small cost of preserving. And vegetables from your own garden (or market) jarred in your *own* home are so much better than any you may buy! Many women are doing their own jarring—why not *YOU?*

A Free Jar and a Free Book

Take your scissors, cut off this coupon and present it to your grocer. He will give you a *free* Atlas E-Z Seal Jar. Write us direct for New *free* Book of Recipes and Instructions—you need *both* of these things. Get the Jar from the *grocer*, get the Book from *us*—two things to do *today!*

A 1-Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE

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This happened 352,000,000 times last year

That's the number of "Bull" Durham sacks actually sold over the counters last year. And that's just a normal growth over the sales of the year before. "Bull" Durham has steadily increased in popularity every year for over half a century—until today it outsells all other high-grade tobaccos *combined*.

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"BULL"
DURHAM
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is the strongest proof in the world that *purity* and *goodness* and *value do* count—that smokers *do* know *real* tobacco flavor—*real* taste—*real* tobacco.

"Bull" Durham is just as nature grew it—fine, pure, ripe tobacco—packed in a plain muslin sack so your money buys *tobacco quality*—not fancy packages.

You owe it to yourself to find out why 352,000,000 sacks of "Bull" Durham were sold last year—why it gives such *universal* satisfaction; step into the next tobacco store you come to and treat yourself to a sack—then you'll *find out*.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

"Well, they can wait a minute or two—you belong to me now," was her answer.

I calmed down during the day. I couldn't be hard on her when she was only trying to please me. I was a brute not to be grateful and patient—I must help her over her first difficulties; so I said nothing when I got home about the dinner-ordering episode. No more did she. Next morning her first question was: "What shall we have for dinner tonight?"

I did not care to repeat my yesterday's lesson, and I hastily selected our repast and saw her face wreathed in smiles; but when the fifth day came and the same question at the breakfast table I realized I must take my stand if I didn't want this to go on indefinitely. I told her she mustn't bother me any more about meals—that was her end of the job—but get what she wanted and I should be satisfied with it.

"But I don't know what you would like today; and if I thought I was ordering something you wouldn't like when you came home I'd be miserable!"

I tried to make her see it didn't matter whether I liked it or not—I had to take my chances on that. What did matter was that I could not be bothered that way every morning just as I was starting out on my day's work.

"Dearest, do you mean that it's too much bother to spare one minute and say a few words to save me a whole day's anxiety?" she asked. "Do you think so little of my happiness as that?"

As she put it, what could I answer that I loved her so little I wouldn't spare a minute and say a few words to insure her peace of mind, when after all it was only my happiness she was considering? Remember, she was willing to do the work of the house—she would have scrubbed the floors if I had not insisted on her having a woman to do all the heavy work; she cooked beautifully and loved to do it for me; but the responsibility of deciding for my benefit whether it should be pie or pudding for dinner swamped her. She had none of the high-minded honorableness in human relationships that would make her scorn to foist her decisions and her thinking on to another person—particularly when that person was her husband and, as she believed, belonged to her, body and soul—lived for her happiness as she did for his. And the result is I have been sparing that "one minute" ever since. I have been deciding what was to be done with the cold roast left over from yesterday—the cold chicken, the beans, the asparagus and the cold potatoes. It was but a step from my ordering at the breakfast table to my ordering at the grocery and the butcher's shop on my way downtown.

It was but another step to my keeping the household accounts. I paid the rent and bought the coal—drawing checks and keeping accounts was "so easy" for me, but worried her almost to death. And, besides, Gabrielle was afraid to spend the money she saw I worked so hard to earn—afraid she might waste a dollar.

I ended by practically running the home from garret to cellar—from the refrigerator to the mothballs—from the soup for dinner to the selection of my wife's hats. Before I realized it my home had invaded my business, my profession. Even my den, to which I had expected to retire to study or to think out my hard, puzzling cases, my wife appropriated as her sitting room—"because she felt nearer" to me there while I was away. Could I drive her out of it when I wasn't using it?—or even when I was and she begged to "just sit with" me, and said she would be lonely in the house without any amusement of her own?

Early in our married life her sisters convinced her that it was bad for her husband "to go off by himself and mope in his room alone"; and that if she "encouraged it he'd soon be a regular old maid and too cranky to live with!" Bitter experience, however, has taught her—in spite of her sisters—that if she does not let me get my sleep and a certain amount of solitude I soon become "too cranky to live with!" And, that being the case, she has spent most of her life in "making allowances" for my "peculiarities," instead of making conditions for me in which I could have carried on my profession, met its demands and amounted to something in the world.

She has endlessly studied me and my whims—never studied my needs; and in letting me stay away from her an hour she has felt herself making a sacrifice—the sort of sacrifice that calls on all a woman's nobility and fortitude—a sacrifice made

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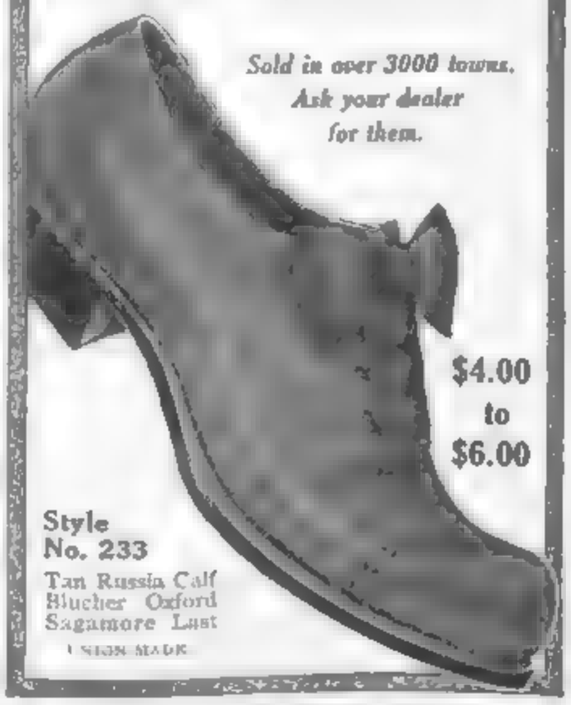

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C. U. RILEY, Land Commissioner
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway
Room 317, Union Station
WINNIPEG, CANADA

under protest as a concession to an idiosyncrasy that "really can't be good for me" a sacrifice at the cost of the oneness of life and heart—the endless being-togetherness—which to her is the marriage partnership and the only idea she is able to conceive of it. Happiness is her sole conception of "the good"; and she attains it by constant companionship with me—by looking to me for everything—leaving me to carry the total responsibility of both our lives, to the last mouthful of food we eat. It is not selfishness or callousness in her, as I thought in the early days it is the total lack of conception of the needs of a studious nature and the demands of a profession.

VI

WHAT of the economic aspects of my case? That, after all, is the whole point of my confessions—the lesson of my experience. What has a clinging-vine wife made out of me as a breadwinner—as an economic factor in our joint life—as a producer of values to the world at large?

Of me as a scientific man—as a researcher and contributor to the world's progress—I need say very little; I am not conceited enough to affirm in cold blood that the world has lost wonderful discoveries in losing my original researches that never were made, though, in honor of my mother, I think I was the stuff that researchers are made of. That dream died years ago—I sacrificed all thoughts of it to my wife's happiness!

However, what of me as a breadwinner and producer of cash? Now there is a critical distinction between a business and a profession that most people miss: an industrial business grows largely through its surplus cash; a man's profession grows through his surplus energy. Surplus cash increases the wealth-producing plant—my wealth-producing plant is under my hat all the time.

To increase my plant I must increase my knowledge of my profession—master more and more of the outlying tracts—and then make the knowledge yield me returns by getting business for the increased knowledge to work on; but increasing one's knowledge merely for business purposes requires energy and free time.

Regard me now as a growing, wealth-producing plant, and you will see that the first economic result of clinging-vineism was to use up all my surplus energy. Part of it was destroyed in continual moral turmoil—the struggles to adjust an equitable working relationship; but the bulk of it was absorbed in trying to live my wife's life for her. No one who hasn't done that knows the awful strain of making decisions and getting things settled so you can go on at all with an adult who is a child in character, while at the same time you must keep up the pretense that she is your equal in judgment, responsibility and effort—your true partner—knowing that to drop the pretense will lead to tragedy, remorse, possible rupture and the loss of all; that is, practically the whole of me—the inner man, I mean—has gone in trying to keep up moral appearances; and what little surplus energy was left over after this went in trying to make a life for both of us in which she could be happy and contented.

In the early years I encouraged her to join clubs, go in for churchwork, take up some study or handicraft that would give her some outside interest; but she has no interest in anything I do not personally share with her. Thus I have frittered away hundreds of evenings I should have been only too glad to spend in study and have spent them upon card parties that I detest, shows that bored me, and visiting about among people, as she said, for "needed relaxation" from my work, because she believed that "keeping in with people" and knowing them socially would help me with my profession.

That idea has always seemed to me more or less balderdash and I now believe it to be rot—I have proved it by the rival who has now got the business I ought to have had! I may catch a patient through a dinner or the Country Club, but I cure him by the long hours I have spent studying his case before I ever saw him.

The second result of clinging-vineism was still more serious—it destroyed my integrity of effort. Of course I wanted my wife to love me and love me more than anything in the world; but the feeling that there wasn't a minute of the day or night when she wasn't loving me, longing for me, waiting for me, counting the hours until I returned, was a ball-and-chain on all my

SMALL PLANTS SAVE AS WELL AS LARGE

True Stories of "Efficiency Engineering" With the Westinghouse Electric Motor

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We went into this proposition with as much zeal as if it were ten times as large; recommending individual drive with Westinghouse Motors, specifying the particular type of motor to most efficiently drive each machine, laying out the floor space so that the work would go through the shop with the least lost motion, and finally advising the use of Central Station power.

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Also small plants need the money saved by electric drive even more than large ones, because small leaks in the large plant are large leaks in a small one.

And small plants which intend to grow to large ones cannot afford to get anything less than the best equipment. There is no better electric motor made than the Westinghouse Motor, and thousands of industrial plants are willing to write you as to that fact because they are proving it and have proved it for years.

The service that goes with Westinghouse Motors is invaluable to the small plant—as it is to the large one. The widest experience in designing motors for industrial work is at your command and is necessary to you if you want every cent of saving that is to be had through the use of electric motors.

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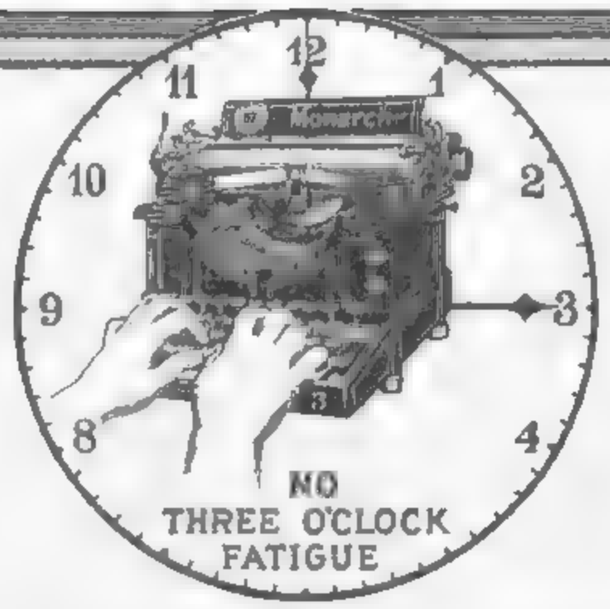

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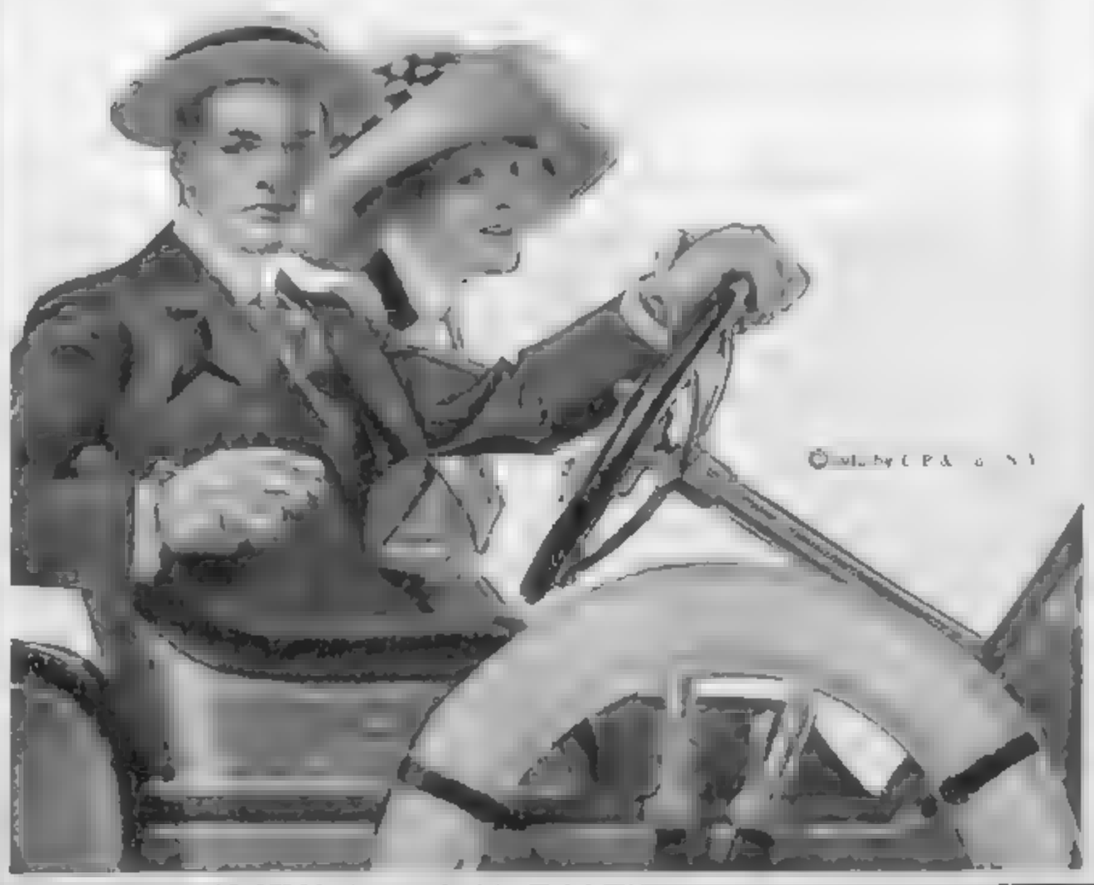

actions. I have felt her always impending always ready to pounce on an unoccupied moment—"How soon will you be through reading those horrid books and talk to me?" With this perpetually hanging over me I could not give myself to consecutive thought for ten minutes without being jerked away by some reminder that I had a wife and I was her all. As for the extended effort that one must relentlessly continue through unnumbered hours to accomplish anything like a grip on new fields, how is it possible when you know that one you love and whose happiness you are under obligation to consider is counting the minutes till you stop?

Well, I stopped before I began—that's about the size of it. I gave up trying to push into new fields and stuck to what I had when I married. In other words, I haven't grown in my profession—my practice is what it was ten years ago, plus only the natural increase that accrues automatically through being long established on the same corner and having a reputation for being "all right" and "good enough when anything ordinary is the matter."

Today, at the end of ten years, and though I have worked as hard in my office and making calls as any of them, I am "no forwarder" than when I married, professionally or financially—I am just a general practitioner. I have been able to save almost nothing. I carry a life insurance of ten thousand dollars, four of which was taken out in my mother's name before I saw my wife and will go to mother if she survives me; but my nearest rival—a man who went through the high school and medical college side by side with me, about evenly matched—is cleaning up ten thousand and over a year, while I am thankful if I can clean up three thousand and lay aside three hundred. He has salted down a matter of thirty thousand, and carries a life insurance of twenty-five.

Today he is looked on as "the authority," and gets all the big operations; yet, when we started out together anybody would have said I had two chances to his one. I had a social position he didn't have, and a recognition as my father's son. His father was a small contractor—I remember when he carried a hod; and my rival hadn't one "influential friend" in the city when he hung out his shingle. Now, most of my "influential friends" go to him when it's a life-and-death operation.

What made the difference? The wife! Doctor Smith married a schoolteacher—one of your deadly competent sort; a woman with no social position or refinements; no graces; no sentimentality—no anything that I looked for in a wife. The truth is I wanted a woman "just like mother" and entirely different; Sam wanted a woman "just like mother," and he looked about for her. He earns the money; she spends it—saves it—invests it; she keeps his books, and when the checks don't arrive she goes after them. She even buys his suspenders, to say nothing of his socks and underclothing; while my wife has never even bought a hat for herself without getting my approval on it.

I had a long talk with him the other day. He had just received a thousand dollars for an operation on our local millionaire—one of my own "influential friends." Sam and I reviewed old times, and he told me proudly where he stood today and how his wife had made him—actually driven him to take a course at a big American university one year and to study abroad another; and this was one of the fruits. Today—"thanks to her and all her doings"—he is the top man and independent.

That talk gave me another aspect of my own situation and all its rights and expectations that I have been trying so hard to fulfill. I asked myself: "Where do Gabrielle and I stand in the world of financial independence?" The brutal answer was: "We don't stand anywhere—we sit off in a little corner!"

If Sam Smith and I were to die tonight he would leave his widow independent in every sense of the term; I should leave mine to join the forlorn ranks of refined, middle-aged, poverty-pinched incompetents. That is my economic achievement as a devoted, responsible husband!

And the blame is mine. In the early years I used to charge it to society for permitting girls to grow up unprepared for the profession all of them expect to enter, and to the mother who failed in her "obvious duty" to her daughter. I regard it differently now; it was I myself who failed in my higher duty to my wife. In trying to spare

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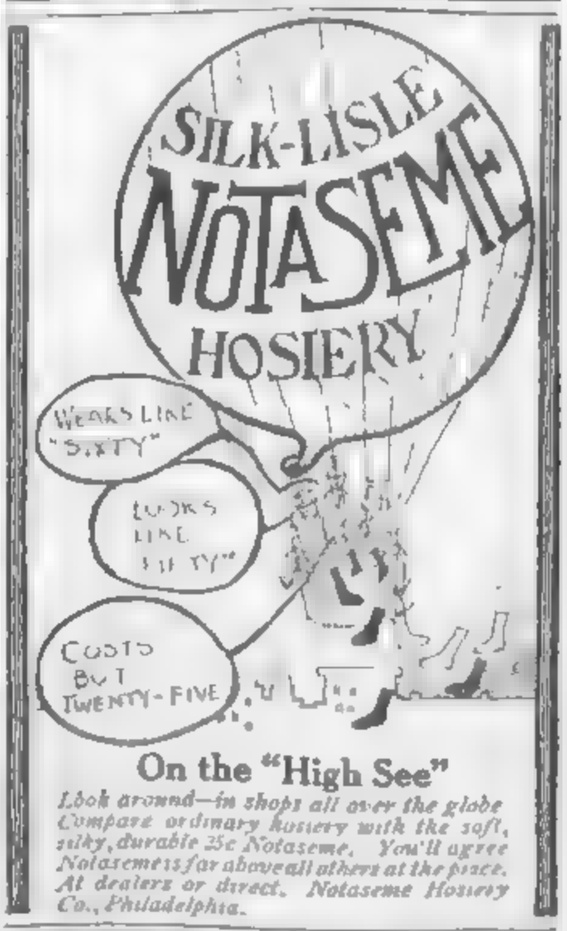

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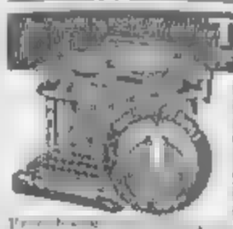

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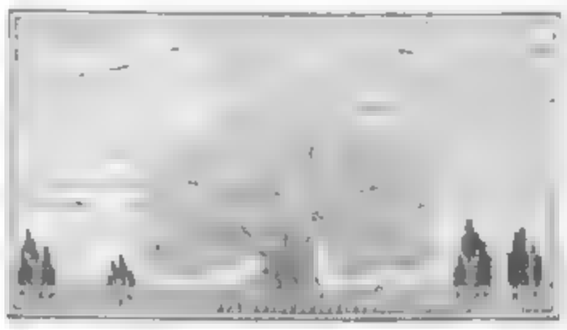
her feelings and my own—in trying to save myself from seeming a brute in my own eyes—I allowed her to impose her end of the partnership and soon her entire life on mine. I could not carry the burden and rise to anything worth while even as a breadwinner, to say nothing of the professional eminence I had it in me to attain.

After we were married and I realized the truth three effective courses were open to me: I might have thrown myself on mother's mercy and asked her to train my wife for me; I might have sent her to take a domestic science course in another city and at the same time learn a little independence; I might have secured a competent housekeeper and put my wife into an office and made her earn that housekeeper's wages. Any one of those courses would have laid my pride in the dust—and saved the situation! Today I should have a responsible partner for a wife instead of a clinging vine. Today it is too late—her habits and character are set: our relationship is fixed.

When I might have done something I felt myself able to "wait another day," until the days numbered years, while I hoped against hope that love would work a miracle. It did work a miracle rather ghastly for a conscientious husband—and a man professionally ambitious—to contemplate!



THE AMERICAN SPENDER

(Continued from Page 19)

purpose is small compared to Mr. Carson's. The heavy coat to her lies in the important item of clothes. Here we enter a current in which a man flounders—but I shall try to tell the truth in my own simple way.

The elder Mrs. Carson moved through the world on a staple allowance of two winter dresses—an every-day and a best. The every-day was of merino or some other woolen material. It lasted her, on an average, two or three years. The best dress was silk. I shall not tell you how long she made that last, lest you refuse to believe me. It was brown at first; but it became black after she dyed it. Of course styles changed, though slowly; and sometimes Mrs. Charles Carson remade it a little to approximate the latest Parisian models. In her time and circle the fashion of following the fashions was this: You wore a dress as long as it lasted; and when it was quite worn out you cut your new gown on the prevailing fashion, as carried to every corner of the country by Godey's Lady's Book or Harper's Bazar. Most of the time you were behind the fashion; but that didn't matter as compared with the sinfulness of wasting good stuff. That best dress was kept carefully rolled on a broomstick, lest the silk "cut." It served for every "dress-up" occasion—such as church, formal calls, Sunday dinners and evening affairs. Wear finished it—not any inherent weakness. In the Carson tribe and allied families they still keep, as affectionate curiosities, old wedding dresses of the sixties, whereof the silk is as firm as ever. Put aside a new silk dress nowadays, pack it never so carefully—and see what is left of it at the end of three years! That probably is the fault of the public, not of the manufacturers. Who wants a dress that is three years old? In that period the fashion in color and fabric will have changed with the fashion in cut.

The accessories were equally simple. For both costumes she had one wrap—first a shawl, later a dolman, then a mantle. Both best hat and her every-day hat lasted from season to season, with occasional refurbishing of new ribbons and flowers. Her summer straw was cleaned every spring. In odd years she added new ribbons; in even years she cleaned and ironed the old ones. She had two pairs of substantial shoes, one—the passé best pair—resoled and patched for housewear and for

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marketing. The other went with the best dress. Underwear—plain "Fruit of the Loom," made up at home. A little edging of lace on the nightgown was all by way of decoration. Stockings—she had one silk pair in her life. She was married in them. For the rest, she wore plain cotton, with one or two pairs of lisle for dress-up. Gloves—a black pair, pulled out and put carefully away when she took them off. They lasted two years on an average. Once in her bride days she had a pair of white ones for dress occasions. In her later years she mentioned to her daughter-in-law her surprise at the first pairs of long white gloves she ever saw. They were worn by two New York women who came visiting to Avalon. Even these ladies had only one pair apiece—what need of more? And of those toilet accessories concerning which no man has a license to speak Mrs. Carson the elder had only a few, the same being bare necessities.

That Mrs. Carson the younger can maintain her position in society on an every-day dress and a best dress is, of course, unthinkable. Staple with her, in winter, are a set of house dresses—one "nice," for receiving callers; a tailor suit; an afternoon costume for teas, calls and the bridge club; and an evening dress. She specializes in wraps as in everything else. There must be something to "go over" the tailor suit in cold weather. Just now it is a polo coat, as a few years ago it was a golf cape. She needs an evening coat. She would like a special wrap for her afternoon dress; but that is as yet an unfulfilled desire. Every winter she sighs: "I wish I could find the money for a fur coat." Old Mrs. Carson's desire for furs was limited to a muff and a tippet.

Mrs. Carson's Hats and Shoes

Mrs. Carson the younger wears light, sheer and impermanent lingerie—bought at the store mostly. It has fancy edgings—let my feminine readers supply the material. The best of it is "run" with ribbons. She has a great deal more, too, than old Mrs. Carson; for these are more cleanly times and her standard of nicety compels her to change more often. Her every-day stockings are of lisle thread; but she never goes to the theater, to tea or to the bridge club without silk stockings, of which she maintains six pairs. Even a man knows that silk stockings are not nearly so durable as lisle ones, what with their tendency to "run." For shoes, besides her house slippers, she has a pair of walking boots and a pair of smart pumps—"for nice," as her mother would have said. Sometimes she has them half-soled and heeled, but her shoes are never patched. That would be—well, "simply jay."

This is only her winter equipment; but in shoes, as in many other things, the times have brought specialization between summer and winter. Mrs. John Carson feels that she needs two pairs of summer shoes—one tan, one white. As an example of the thousand tiny leaks, note the pipe-clay dressing which goes inevitably with the white ones. Besides her walking gloves, her wants include several pairs of short white gloves for receptions and teas. They wear out fast on account of the necessity for continual cleaning; three new pairs a winter is about her average. So, also, she must replenish her stock of long evening gloves at the rate of two pairs a year. Here, again, come specializations for seasons. Where her mother and her mother-in-law wore the same pair in all the four seasons, she must have a long and a short pair of silk gloves for summer wear. Hats—there comes an immense difference! She feels she must have a new best hat, a new walking hat and a new summer hat for every new year. It makes no difference whether she constructs them herself from the half-raw material or whether she buys them outright; they are practically all new. Plumes, indeed, last from season to season—a clever and economical woman may devise, by cleaning and dyeing, to keep them in commission a long time; but the fashion in shapes, in materials and in ribbons changes so radically as to make economy in these details rather worse than useless.

That change in fashion causes half the drain on her private purse. Few clothes that appear on the surface can be remade to conform to the new styles; the modistes of Paris and their co-conspirators, the dealers in materials, see to that. You cannot turn a corset-fitted coat into an Eton

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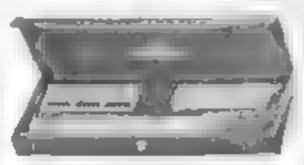

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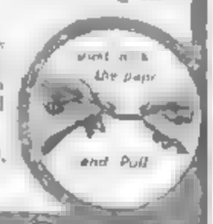

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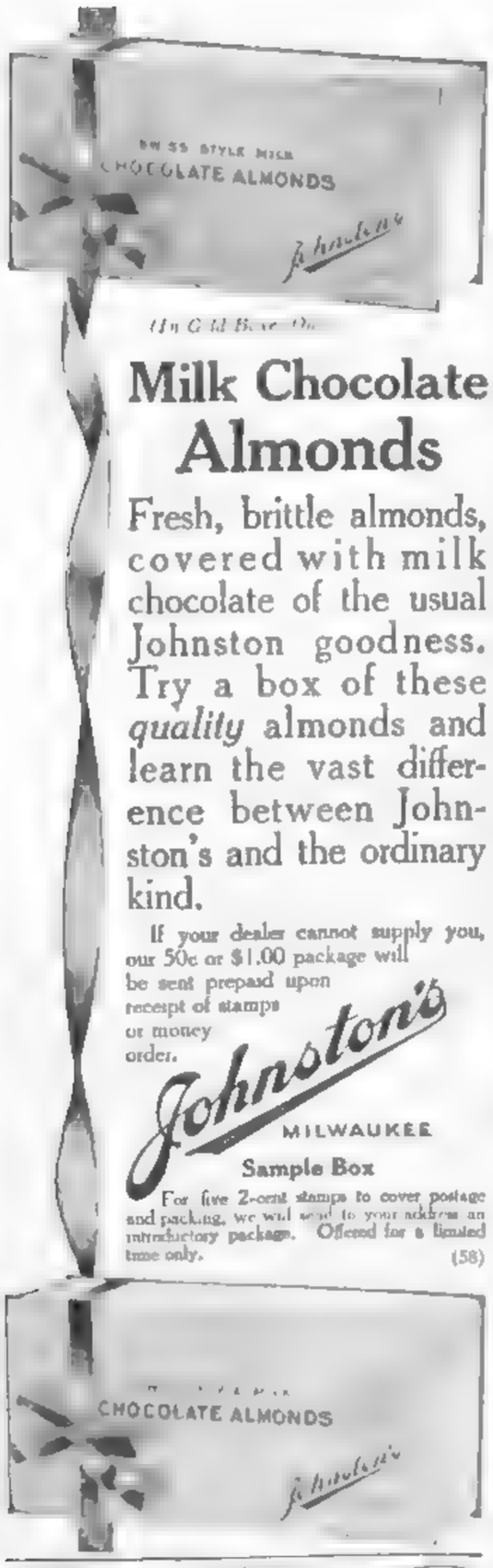

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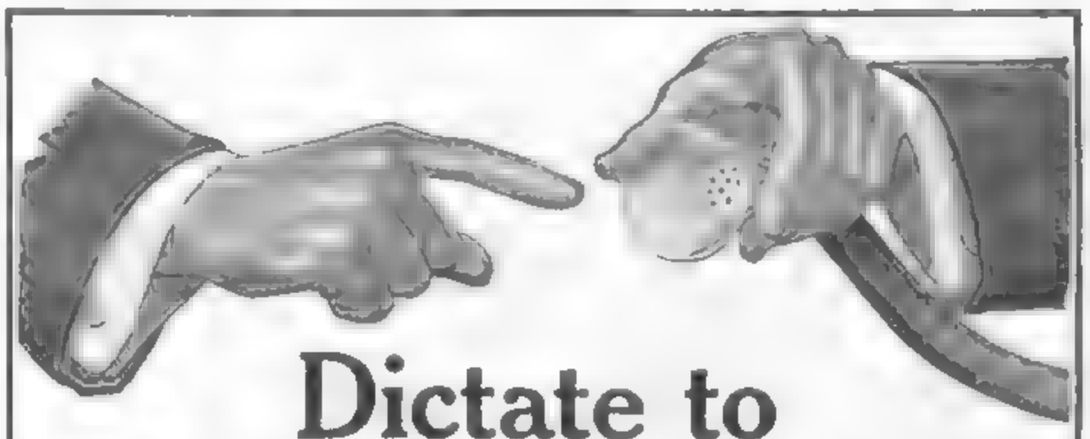
jacket or a polo coat; nor can you bring down an Empire waist to a normal waistline. Before most garments have reached the state of wear wherein old Mrs. Carson would have relegated them to "second best," they hang useless in young Mrs. Carson's closet. And their final disposition goes with the way of the times. Instead of putting them into the rug-bag to await their painful conversion into rugs, Mrs. Carson the younger gives them away. Several years ago Mr. Carson saw her hand a poor woman a golf cape. It was nearly as good as new; but the chance that golf capes would ever come in again was utterly forlorn. It would have made pounds of good woolen rags for Mrs. Carson the elder.

In this matter of clothes there is less difference between Mr. John Carson and Mr. Charles Carson than between Mrs. John and Mrs. Charles. Yet the difference is fairly wide. John Carson must look well dressed and prosperous in business hours if he would keep his job and win advancement. This was less necessary in his father's time. Deacon Charles Carson, in the periods when his old suit was running to seed, made an appearance at work that would cost his son much prestige. Generally he wore in office hours his rundown Sunday clothes. He never had a dress suit. John Carson finds it necessary to maintain four suits. Two are for business—he wears one while the other is being pressed. He has a frock coat for church, weddings and funerals. Already the times have passed it—the long-skirted coat of the Prince Albert pattern has gone out and the "cutaway" has come in. By another year he will find the disgrace of being behind the fashion unbearable; and he will throw away his old frock coat, which shows as yet only a trace of shine at the elbows. He has a dress suit, of course; and that involves dress ties, patent-leather shoes and special shirts. Every year or two he changes dress waistcoats to follow the fashion.

The Cost of Raising Helen

Now for the children, of whom there are two—Helen, aged thirteen, and Willie, aged eleven. The increased expensiveness of children is more marked in the class just above and the one just below than in the clerk class, to which John Carson belongs. Enough that, from their birth to the present moment, Helen and Willie have cost more for clothes and "extras" than all six children of the older Carson family. The extras include dancing lessons, music lessons, Helen's social activities, Willie's athletic ones. Here let me digress to mention a justifiable expense, which involves not only the children, but their elders. The Charles Carsons visited the dentist only in the last necessity. When a tooth became unbearable they had it pulled. At forty, the jaws of Mr. and Mrs. Carson were wrecks. Finally they had the worst snags pulled and bought cheap sets of false teeth which lasted the rest of their lives. The John Carsons, both adults and children, go to the dentist when the cavity first makes its appearance. That is better for them and for the commonwealth. It prolongs life it lessens, therefore, the community labor of bearing children to keep up the race—but it is expensive. Helen's permanent front teeth came in irregularly. The dentist is engaged in straightening them—a process almost unknown in the seventies.

However, let me confine attention to the present state of Helen. She has entered the high school from which her mother was graduated in 1888. In her mother's day the girls went to school, recited their lessons, came home, and that was about all—except the spontaneous play generated everywhere by the congregation of youth. For formal association there was a literary society—dues, ten cents a term; and once, when Mrs. Carson was a Senior, the class had a party. The change in the times became apparent in the first week of Helen's high-school days. The pupils have only half an hour for luncheon—no time to go home, even in Avalon, where the distances are short. On the opening day Mrs. Carson packed a lunch for Helen, just as her own mother used to do. Helen came home sulky with protest. Only the girls from down by the gashouse brought lunches to school, she said. The "swell girls" bought theirs at Maxey's, round the corner. Mrs. Carson's mother would have been obdurate to such a plea; but the younger Mrs. Carson yielded. Now Helen, like her father, buys her lunch. She is supposed to



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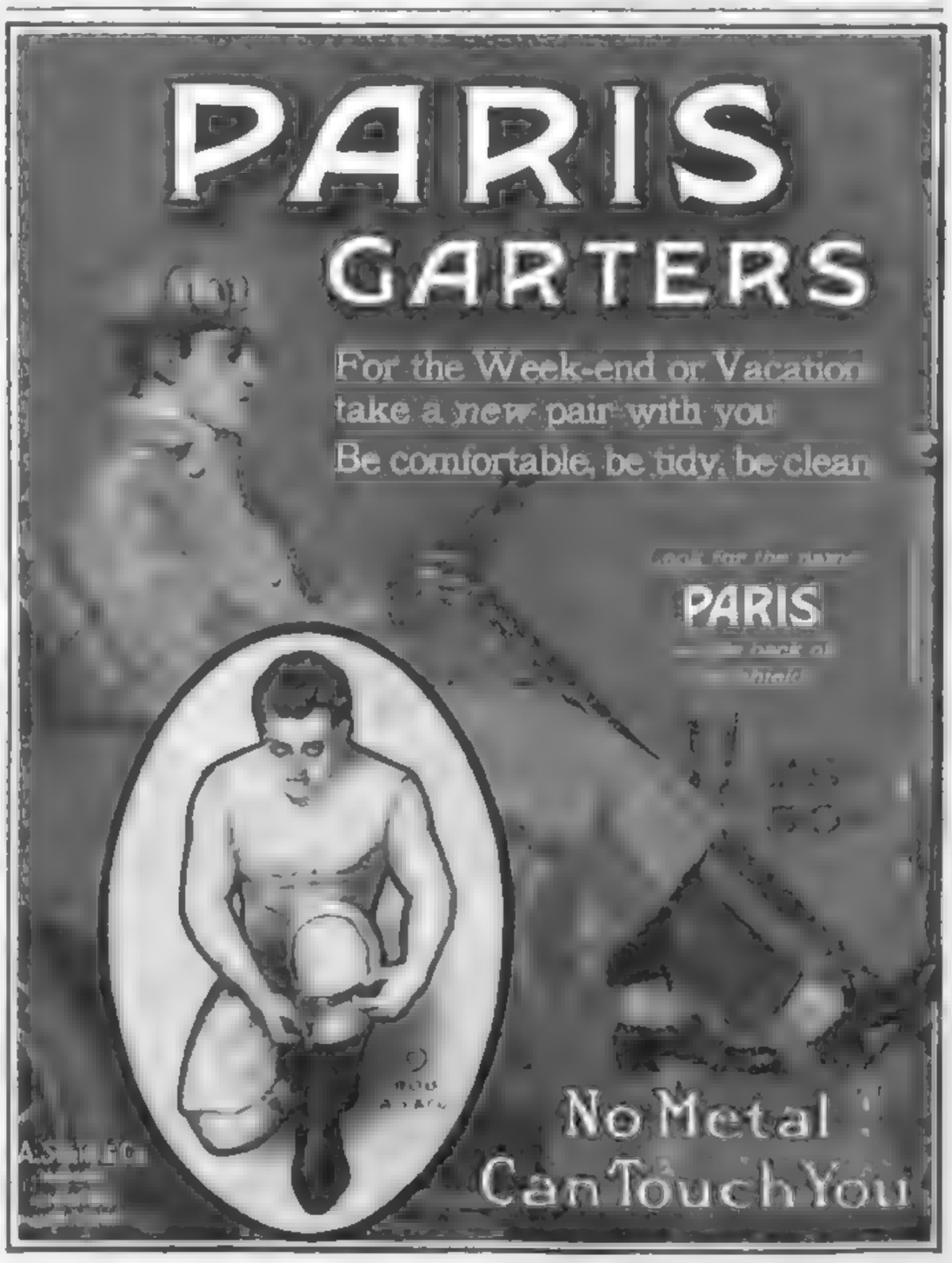

"How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night"
—Romeo and Juliet.

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CENTURIES have unchanged the wooing and winning of lovely maid by stalwart man.

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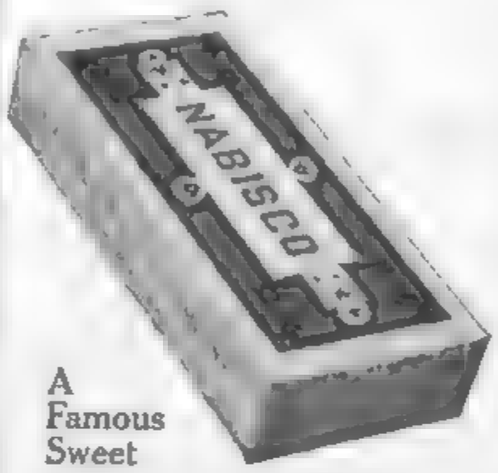

A Famous Sweet

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purchase sandwiches and milk; more often, if Mrs. Carson but knew, it is pie with a cone of ice cream.

In her second term Helen joined a high-school sorority, which exists in Avalon in spite of the authorities. Though her mother pretended reluctance, she was secretly pleased. She wants her daughter to be "as good as anybody's"; and many girls in Helen's circumstances were not asked to join. The dark feature of that sacred institution, maternity, is that it tends to make all mothers snobs. The sorority has dues. It gave last winter two parties, for which the members paid. The boy who "took" Helen to the last one sent flowers and came for her in a carriage. Mrs. Carson never had a party gown until her last year in the high school. Even then it did service as a graduation dress. Helen, however, must have a pretty evening dress, with accessories of slippers, scarf for her hair, and gloves.

. . . . . .

Last winter John Carson had a windfall—an accumulated bonus from the firm. It amounted to more than five hundred dollars. Mr. and Mrs. Carson talked over its disposition a little guiltily, for each had the same hidden back thought. At last, coming out with it like a man:

"You know Robinson bought an automobile on his bonus last year," said Mr. Carson tentatively.

"Yes, that's so," said Mrs. Carson, arguing against her desires; "but you know we must send Willie to college."

"Well," said John, "college is a long time away. After all, father had a horse and buggy; and we've never had—anything. It doesn't cost any more to keep an automobile than a horse—if you're careful. It would save carfare and I could come home to lunch."

"You can't get much of an auto for five hundred dollars," said Mrs. Carson, still playing the conservative.

John beat about the bush a little before he revealed his plan.

Better Living and Longer Life

"Selfridge bought a car last year. It cost eighteen hundred dollars—five hundred down and the rest in installments."

"But we haven't anything ahead," put in Mrs. Carson; "and where we could pinch out the installments I don't see. Of course we could make it do instead of a vacation ——"

"You must remember," said Mr. Carson, "that I expect a raise next year."

"Yes, that's so," replied Mrs. Carson; and her tone showed she had argued against herself as long as she intended. The Carsons will buy that touring car. John spoke the truth—in the hands of a careful man like himself an automobile costs no more for upkeep than a horse; but his father's investment for rapid transit—a horse, buggy and harness—was three hundred dollars; his is six times as much. And with the car will come new wants—at first small ones, like automobile gloves, veils, goggles; then coats; then long vacation or week-end tours, with little suppers. The "raise" has gone before it has come!

. . . . . .

How does John Carson manage to do it? In the first place, he is putting no money away; his father added to his savings every year. Yet even that is not enough to account for the wide divergence between the two establishments.

The main difference—the thing which enables John Carson to spend so much more than his father—is the size of his family. His parents brought six children to maturity; he never had but two. This is not owing to the "race-suicide instinct," but just because John Carson feels he cannot afford to feed any more little mouths, clothe any more little limbs.

Note that I am drawing no morals—proving no principles; I record but the fact. Many of these new wants of the Carson family are legitimate from any point of view. They make for a more intelligent and more healthy race. Many others would be hard to defend on any grounds. Yet, before I finish, I must in fairness report one thing more: Old Mrs. Charles Carson, her bodily machinery all worn out, died when she was fifty-four—an age at which Mrs. John Carson will be campaigning with vigor and enthusiasm for the presidency of the Woman's Club.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Will Irwin. The third will appear in an early issue.

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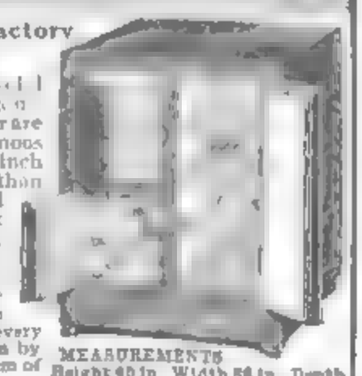

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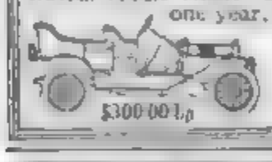

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MY LADY'S GARTER

Continued from Page 16

Her Loveliness—the girl of the window. He knew by the tilt of her head, by the radiance of her brick-red hair—intuitively he knew her. She had come with her father, of course, to consult Meredith, the best of the metropolitan detectives, in connection with the loss of her jewels the jewels he carried now in one of his shabby pockets.

There is a distinct difference between dare-deviltry and bravery. The dare-devil is he who doesn't realize a danger; the brave man is he who faces a known peril. The Hawk, knowing his peril; knowing he risked that liberty he had taken such pains to assure; knowing that the keen eyes of Meredith were not to be trifled with—knowing all these things, he turned his back on Sixth Avenue and slouched on unsteadily toward the police station. It was the lure of woman that led him, the desire to hear her voice again, to see her at close range in broad daylight. Perchance she would smile, and that would be worth all the risk; perhaps—some definite idea flickered through his mind, and his lips curled curiously.

Brokaw Hamilton, his daughter and Detective Meredith stood on the police station steps in earnest conversation. Obviously they were waiting for some one. There came along a drooping, weary-eyed, bedraggled, unshaven, whining creature with trembling outstretched hand.

"Please, gentlemen, lady," he croaked; "a few pennies to save me from starving."

"Go on now!" ordered the detective. "Get out of this."

"I beg pardon, sir," whined The Hawk. "I thought perhaps——"

"Well, for a beggar you have got a nerve," Meredith declared sharply. Many truths are spoken in jest and many more in ignorance. "Begging at a police station! Go on, fade away, up an alley!"

"Why, sir, is this a police station?" The Hawk queried in humble amazement.

"What does it look like? A candy store? Beat it—on your way!"

The Hawk's shallow eyes met those of the girl eagerly, greedily. They were blue, compassionate, sympathetic—just such eyes as he had known she would have. Her hand moved toward her pocketbook.

"Don't give him anything, Miss," advised the detective. "It only encourages 'em."

"But the poor fellow may actually be hungry," Helen protested. "He looks hungry."

"I am, Miss," The Hawk assured her; which statement at least possessed the merit of truth.

Helen produced a coin and dropped it into his palm; and The Hawk shot a quick, curious glance at his old-time enemy.

"On your way," Meredith commanded. "You've got it. And look here, young fellow, see that you keep away from police stations. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you grinning about?"

"Was I grinning, sir?"

A uniformed man came out of the station house and spoke to Meredith, after which the little party entered the building. Twice on his way west on Thirtieth Street The Hawk stopped and laughed. Once it was a laugh of sheer joy, for he had seen Her Loveliness again; he held tightly clutched in one hand the half-dollar she had given him; and, most marvelous of all, her eyes were blue. And once he laughed because he had outfaced his dearest enemy. If he had ever feared Meredith that fear was gone now. Meredith was beginning the search for the missing jewels, and here they had been under his hand, in possession of a man whom he had sought the world over.

Ten minutes later The Hawk, apparently on familiar ground, inserted a curiously fashioned key into the lock of a door and tried it tentatively. It worked and he slid through, conscious instantly of the fact that the opening of the door had sounded an electric buzz somewhere in the rear. Along the hall he went certain of his way, turning into a room at his left. It was bare save for a decrepit chair or table here and there and a vividly green sofa in a corner. Perhaps a minute passed, then from the back came Daddy Heinz, the most adroit "fence" and generally accomplished old crook New York ever sheltered. He was bent, hook-nosed, bearded, evil-eyed; the

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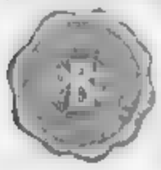

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tattered dressing-gown he wore dragged at his heels. He tottered into the room peering about him expectantly. At length his gaze settled on The Hawk, reflecting the vague fear that an unfamiliar face always inspired.

"Well, Daddy?" greeted The Hawk. "Don't you know me?"

For a space longer the old man stared. Some chord of memory vibrated at the sound of the voice. Finally incredulously:

"The Hawk!"

"You got me."

"The Hawk!" the old man mumbled, and one shriveled hand grasped the younger man's. "I'm glad to see you, boy. I had heard that you were dead. Where have you been? Where do you come from now? The Hawk!" A golden vision opened up before the fading eyes. "The Hawk back in New York!"

Daddy Heinz' thin lips writhed into a smile and he rubbed his hands together greedily. Magnificent *coups* there had been in the old days when The Hawk had been at his best; and luscious profits to share between them. And now The Hawk was back!

His evil old heart warmed at the promise of prosperity ahead. The Hawk's whole manner changed.

"Anybody at all in the house?"

"No."

"Well, nobody—*nobody*, you understand—must know I'm here, that I'm back in New York, that I'm even alive. You heard I was dead. Let me stay dead. Now listen a minute. I'm all in. I haven't slept for thirty-six hours and I walked eighteen miles in all that rain last night. First I want breakfast. I'll take a plunge while you're fixing it. Then I want sleep—lots of it. And while I'm sleeping—look here a moment."

From the depths of a pocket he produced a small crumpled-up paper and unfolding it displayed a diamond—a single unset stone.

"That stone is nearly five carats," The Hawk observed crisply. He either didn't see or chose not to notice anything strange in the old man's manner. "It's blue-white and beautifully cut. It's worth somewhere between two and three thousand dollars at the least."

"Where—where did you get it?" Daddy quavered. There was an undercurrent of excitement in his manner.

"Why?" demanded The Hawk abruptly. "What does it matter?"

"Nothing only—only—it's clean, is it?"

"You know it's clean," replied The Hawk. "I don't kill people, I merely steal. Why did you ask that?"

"No reason at all," the old man hastened to assure him. "It's such a beautiful stone, that's all. I was wondering; and I wouldn't handle a stone of that size if it had blood on it."

Whatever emotion had swayed him it was all gone now, hidden behind a venerable mask of dissimulation. For half a minute The Hawk continued to stare at him curiously; then:

"While I'm asleep I want you to do some things for me," he directed tersely. "I want clothes, good clothes, the clothes of a gentleman, everything from shoes to hats. I want money—a thousand dollars in cash at least, and during the next ten days I'll want more of it—bunches of it. I've ample security. That's all now. And remember, Daddy, The Hawk is dead, deader than you ever thought he could be. Now hustle me up a beefsteak about as big as that table top. Me for the bathtub." He turned toward the door on his way upstairs.

"Oh, let me see your gun a minute," he said.

From the voluminous folds of his antiquated dressing-gown Daddy Heinz produced a revolver. The Hawk spun the barrel in his fingers and examined the priming.

"Thanks," he said, "I'll keep it."

The Hawk slept and, sleeping, dreamed.

Meanwhile the venerable old crook, with a magnifying glass screwed into one of his evil eyes, was turning and twisting the unset diamond in his clawlike fingers.

"If," he remarked after a long silence—"if that isn't one of the diamonds from the Countess of Salisbury's garter I'll eat it." He cackled dryly. "But how did it fall into the hands of The Hawk? I wonder—I wonder if Brokaw Hamilton could have ——"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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on page 34

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FLANDERS TWENTY — Studebaker — E-M-F THIRTY

How Will Your Car Be Built?

How your car will be built is too important a matter for you to take for granted. It is the crux of the whole question of what you get for your money. And there is today, as there always has been, a vital difference in the construction of different cars. Most cars are good enough, some are better and one or two are absolutely best. What you really get for your money is determined back in the factories where your car is made. Don't forget that.

And today, just as in the past, The Studebaker Corporation has the largest, the best automobile factories in the world.

The Studebaker-Flanders "20," for example, is built from iron and steels made to our own specifications by Pittsburgh mills and every shipment we receive is chemically analyzed to maintain our standard. Our own mighty hammers drop-forge no less than 226 parts for every Studebaker-Flanders "20." Studebaker foundries cast Studebaker cylinders with a degree of accuracy not purchasable in the open market.

All our steel is heat treated and, where necessary, case-hardened in Studebaker ovens and by our own secret processes.

Through all the marvelous milling and grinding operations which transform the rough forging or casting into the finished piece, as delicately measured as a watch, accuracy is the keynote and at every point inspection is rigidly exact. It is Studebaker manufacture by Studebaker processes, and the genius of it is quantity production by automatic machinery. The hand will make mistakes, the automatic machine, never.

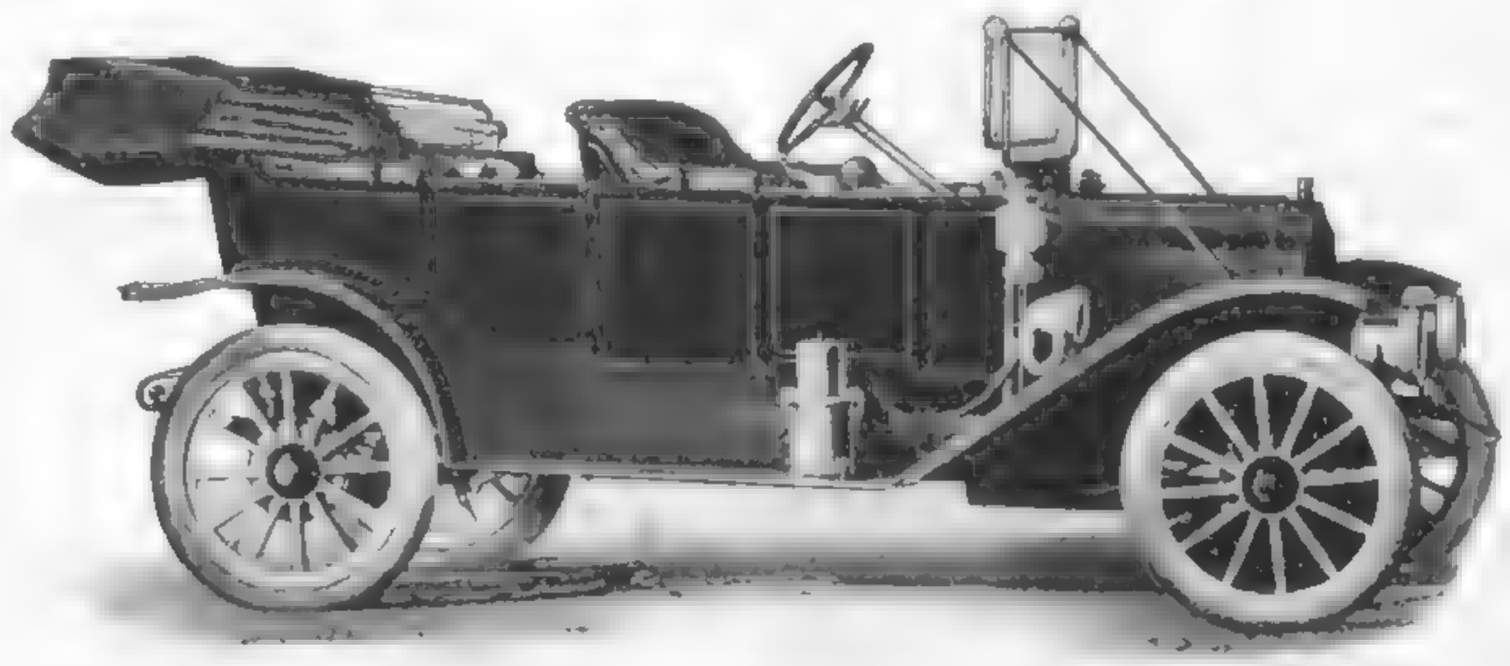
Studebaker cars are not assembled cars in any way. They are built, practically entire, in Studebaker factories. This means a great deal to an owner. How much, any experienced automobilist will tell you.

If you are offered a car at less money than a Studebaker-Flanders "20," make a few comparisons. Consider the appearance, comfort, transmission design, spring suspension, rear axle and brake construction, sufficiency of bearings, steering gear, and other important features.

If some one urges on you a car at higher price, make the same comparisons, and weigh the fact that the Studebaker system of manufacture enables us to build better and cheaper than any maker with inferior facilities possibly can.

Studebaker cars are one price to all, with a fair profit to the dealer, because they are honestly built and honestly priced. And remember that the dealer must make a fair profit if he is to remain in business.

When you buy a Studebaker-E-M-F "30" or Studebaker-Flanders "20" you get a car built in the best factories in the industry by men whose name for years has been a byword for business honor. You couldn't ask more and you needn't get less.



Studebaker-Flanders "20" Touring Car, standard equipped . . . $800, f.o.b. Detroit
Equipped with Top, Windshield, Prest-O-Lite Tank and Speedometer, 885, f.o.b. Detroit

Studebaker Models

Studebaker-Flanders "20"		*Studebaker-E-M-F "30"*	
Touring Car	$800	Touring Car	$1100
Roadster	750	Detachable Demi-Tonneau	1100
Delivery Car	800	Roadster	1100
Utility Car	800		

Our New Art Catalogue K will Interest You. Send for it.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Your skin will like this nether-wear

"Sm' underwear"—is this what you say to your haberdasher? Don't do it!—have a greater thought for the needs and niceties of your skin-wear, for your comfort's sake.

Remember the nature of your blood, and your skin, and your pores. Each plays an important part in the great, intricate, human heating and ventilating system—don't smother it, don't stifle it!

Choose the proper, scientific summer skin-wear for your skin. More than just gauzy, filmy, "holey" goods—garments that give you three good, sensible, hygienic reasons:—

Keepkool TRADE MARK **NETHERWEAR**

Look at the illustration—see (1) the lock-stitched eyelets, (2) the raised ribs, and (3) the web-mesh between the ribs. Not one of these is common to common "underwear."

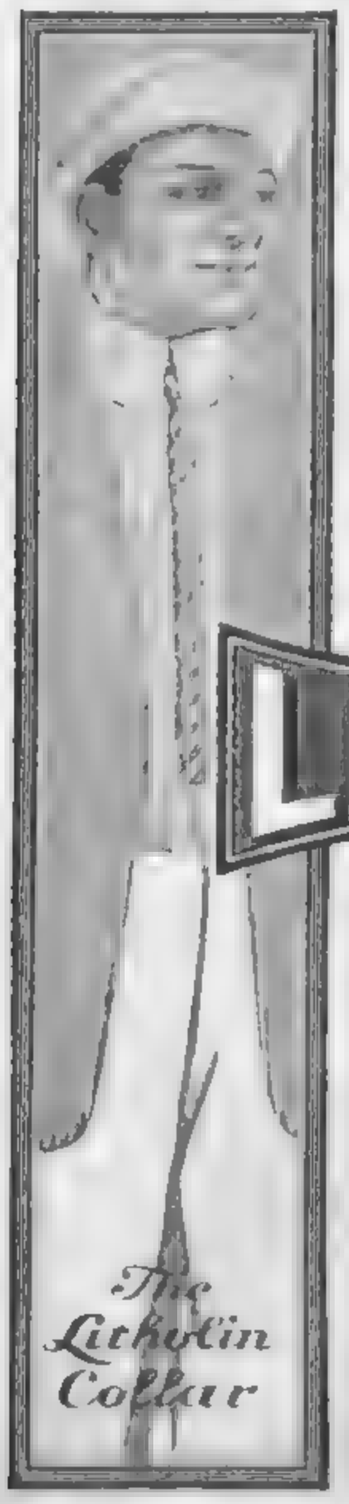
Keepkool is made this way "on purpose." The eyelets pass off the heat of the body, the ribs allow the air to circulate, and the web-mesh absorbs the moisture.

If you don't care to seethe, and sizzle, and swelter all summer tell your haberdasher you want Keepkool Netherwear—none other. From good dealers or by mail.

Sent on receipt of price. State size, and specify whether athletic shirt, long or short sleeves; drawers, knee or ankle length.

Separate Garments—Men's, 50c; Boys', 25c. Amazing ease and fit in Union Suits—Men's, $1.00; Boys', 50c. Write for Style Book and sample of fabric.

THE FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York



Which?

You can be comfortable this Summer, and look the part, or continue to remain in that class of men who suffer daily with wilted collars and big laundry bills—which shall it be? With LITHOLIN you can smile when it's sizzling and never turn a hair—and then tell the other fellow your secret.

Collars 25c—Cuffs 50c

LITHOLIN Collars stand up bright and clean—they mean absolute comfort and economy, for just a rub with a damp cloth and they are as clean as when new—have the popular dull linen finish.

SELF CLEANING

LITHOLIN

COLLARS & CUFFS

A Word to the Trade

LITHOLIN is now packed two dozen collars to the box, each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. Our selling and distributing plan explains the great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer. Write for it to-day. The old style LITHOLIN packing is continued as before.

We also make a two for a quarter collar. Particulars to the trade on request.

If your dealer is not selling Litholin, write giving style, size and number of collars wanted and we will mail postpaid direct. Style booklet free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO.
7 & 9 Waverly Place
NEW YORK

The Litholin Collar

The Other Collar

The Girl who doesn't Smile

THE habitual expression of the face depends most upon the condition of the teeth. Youth and beauty soon fade in features where smiles are not allowed to play freely.

Two habits that soon grow inseparable are smiling features and the daily use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

First of all Dr Lyon's is ***safe*** to use. It is a velvet, pure and gritless powder. It contains no glycerine, gelatine or saccharine to slowly work harm.

Dr. Lyon's preserves the teeth by keeping them scrupulously clean. A beautifully polished natural whiteness with hard and healthy gums results from the thorough brushing it induces. A pure and lasting fragrance is imparted to the breath. Three generations owe lifetimes of perfect teeth to Dr. Lyon. Before you have used one can you will fully understand why. Use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—***above all at night.*** Teach its use to your children to assure them perfect teeth even in old age.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 21

all arrived the argus-eyed men of Department G announced themselves as satisfied with the count.

"Though, believe me, Jimmy," complained Corporal Jenkyay, with deep disgust written on his sun-bronzed features, "the king should have left them at home and let Onalyon's army blow itself up with them. There isn't a man in the company would use one of them to drown a cat with!" And he tossed aside, with huge contempt, the one with which he had been illustrating his remarks.

"All right, Jenk," laughed Jimmy. "Stack them up to rust in some place where they won't get mixed with ours."

"If the boys in the gunshop could hear you hint that there was any chance of getting those rotten rifles mixed with ours they'd mob you!" declared the corporal, himself almost offended. "I hear you're going to try a high flight double today. Jimmy, I haven't asked you for anything like a big favor since I joined the service." His voice became very pleading. "Will you take me along?"

"I will if you'll drill off a hundred pounds," returned Jimmy; "otherwise I'll have to take my original choice, little Keezap. He'll at least let the thing get off the ground."

That high flight double was worrying Jimmy a great deal, for even the best and strongest of the three machines had not been built for two passengers. He had tried several short flights with little Keezap, but in each case some slight defect, due to overweighting, had been apparent; and he had worked feverishly all the week to remedy these defects, one by one, as they came up. It was quite important that there should be no accidents in the star ascension he had planned to make; and the time was growing short. Within another week was to occur the formal ratification of the betrothal—a grand fête at the palace, attended by all the nobility; and at its conclusion the Princess Bezzanna was to go home with Onalyon as his wife.

On this particular morning when Bezzanna called on him at the office, as she did whenever she had an opportunity, he drew her into the private experimental shop, where old Number Three stood waiting to be rolled out on its track. He closed the door; and they went through the regular morning program, which consisted of a lot of silly actions and words about which no one would care to hear.

"Well, if everything goes right this is the day," he told her. "Are you all ready?"

"I've been ready for a week," she chided him. "I have those jewels quilted into my coat, and that's every last thing you say I can take. Really, Jimmy, can't we find room for my crystal gown? I can't believe we can get another one as pretty, even in Paris."

"Why, it weighs more than you do," he laughed. "We may even have to leave that quilted coat behind if little Keezap proves too heavy in the high flight."

"We mustn't do that," she objected. "We'll need money when we get out of here."

"Not much," he comforted her. "I'll slip a loose diamond or two into my pocket and trust to luck. All I need money for is to get a cable to the Eureka Manufacturing Company—and pay a preacher."

"That will be fun!" she laughed happily; and then she saddened. "Oh, but we're selfish, Jimmy! I know I shall cry every night when I think of brother, and Teddy, and Aunt Gee-gee, and Toopy, and all my friends back here, missing me so! Isn't there some way we could take them all along?"

"I'm afraid not, dear," he answered, sitting on a bench and taking her up in his big arms like a child. "Love is a selfish thing at best, and claims everything for its own—and is ruthless and merciless, and always gives pain to some one. That is why it was made so wide and so deep and so strong, Betsy -to resist and break all other ties; else there would be but very little marriage. Would you rather have us stay here and be just the sort of longing lovers we have been, and school ourselves to the endless years of denial which must come?"

"Oh, no, Jimmy; we couldn't do that!" she quickly exclaimed. "We have to have each other! There is some power stronger than ourselves which seems to make that necessary; but, just the same, it's a nasty world to charge so much for happiness and I don't like it!" And, with her head nestled on his shoulder and her soft hand stroking his cheek, she looked beneath the great wing of the airship out of the window and across the valley.

"The prince?" she presently questioned. "Are you sure he cannot make trouble after we are gone?"

"There isn't a chance in a million!" he reassured her. "For the present he is entirely disarmed; and, moreover, he is so thoroughly scared and so thoroughly impressed with the fact that the king has mysterious and dangerous resources, the extent of which he cannot guess, I am positive he will never harbor the thought of another attempt to obtain the king's throne. Teddy will reign when he is through—and I'll bet on Teddy!"

"You win!" she heartily agreed. "Kiss me, Jimmy, and let me go—and don't forget my bracelet! I was right at the door of the green drawing room last night when I remembered you had it in your pocket!"

In the flights of the past few days Jimmy had ventured out over the ocean and above the mountains back of the palace, eager to know what sort of land he might find beyond the jealous barriers of Isola; and for this reason his maneuvers had been best watched from the edge of the steep cliff beyond the gardens. Today the whole party trudged up there when Jimmy and little Keezap went to the aviation shed.

Jimmy was unusually exhilarated; and, as his helpers pulled the great, awkward machine out of the shed, wabbling like a ridiculous duck, he hummed a long since forgotten fragment of something which suddenly haunted him. The only worry he had was to remember what that song was, and, as he and Keezap mounted into the seats and adjusted themselves nicely to the positions in which they had found the best balance, he was still trying to place it.

"Well, Jimmy," said Keezap cheerfully as he fastened his muffler, while the men made a fifth and final examination of every tragically important rod and wire, "here goes to see what the moon's really made of! When we come down I want to run you another race like yesterday's, in the Number Two machine, for the figure-eight and grapevine-twist records."

"You'll have to excuse me," laughed Jimmy. "I have a previous engagement after I come down from this flight. Keezap, do you suppose that, if anything happened to put me out of the game, you and the other fellows of Department G could build, operate and improve these airships for the king?"

"The boys of Department G will get away with anything you order them to do if it takes a lung!" asserted little Keezap as he settled himself firmly and caught hold of his rods—for Jimmy was reaching for the starting lever.

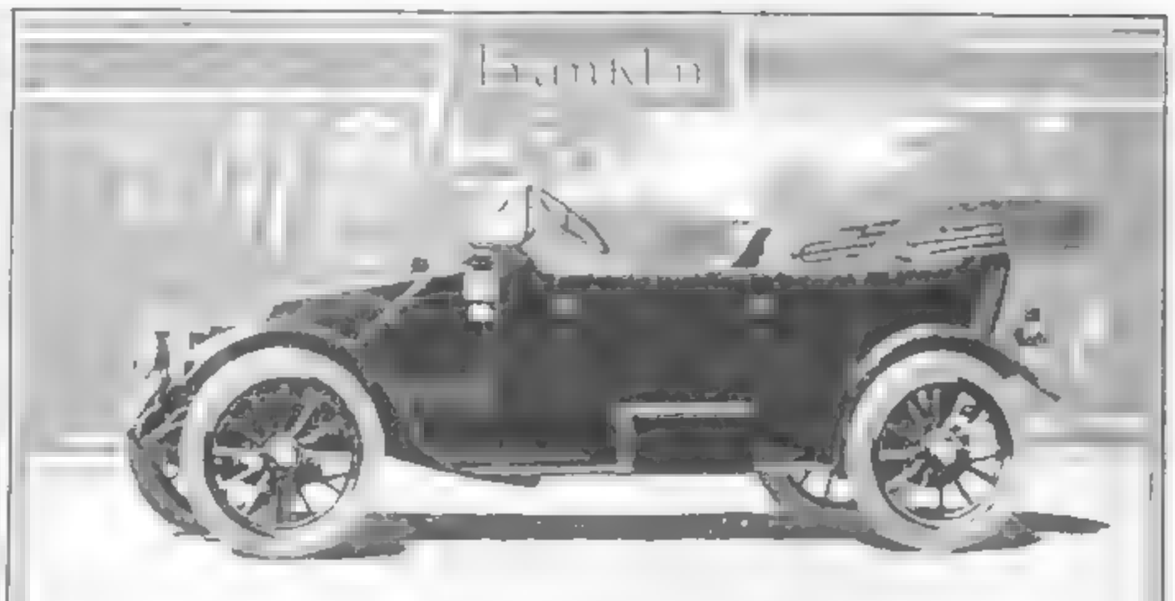
The light little motor began its pat-pat-pat and the big propeller blades began to revolve, gathering speed until they shook the flimsy framework so violently that it seemed as if it must drop to pieces.

"All ready?" inquired Jimmy, gripping his levers. "I know now what that song is!" he delightedly announced as the men ran back to release the clutch. "It's My Hat is Off to You, Old Broadway! That's the name of the finest street in the world, Keezap. I have a hunch that I'm going to see it soon. Let her go, boys!"

The leashes which held the quivering, live thing were loosed, and it bounded away with terrific speed, taking the air long before it reached the end of its track and soaring off above the plateau with the long, graceful sweep of a buzzard sliding down the wind.

From the first minute Jimmy could feel the grace and strength and perfect action of the machine as he never had before; and his heart leaped with exultation as he felt under him the swift obedience of that throbbing body and realized the incomparable grace of her every curve and dip and soar. He spiraled upward in the broad space above the plateau; and when he had reached a sufficient height to be seen by those on the cliff, he swooped swiftly down over their heads with a long curve like the dip of a roller-coaster, and upward again and out to sea, with the cheers of the watchers ringing in his ears.

He described a sharp loop out above the reefs and, shooting inland, took a straight



Franklin "Little Six"

The Franklin "Little Six" costs no more for operation and up-keep than a four-cylinder car of the same size and power.

The motor is sweet running and free from vibration. In a small motor the even torque of six-cylinder construction gives remarkable flexibility and smoothness of operation.

A five-passenger car, thirty horse-power. Price $2800 at the factory.

Send for catalogue of all models

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
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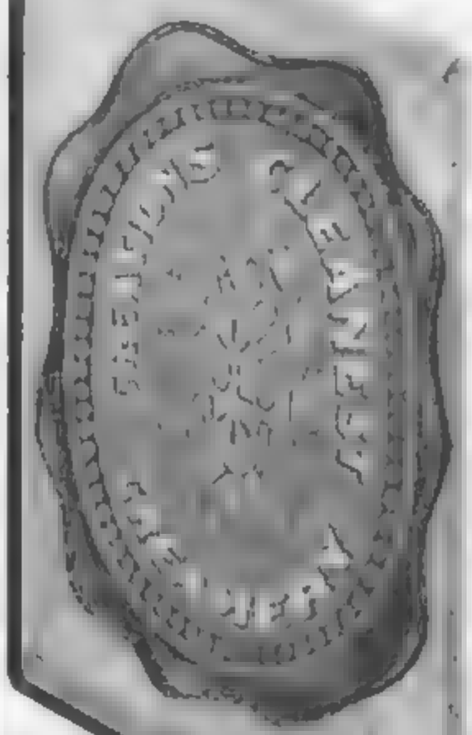
Take the delicious Meadow-Gold Butter home once and you will keep on buying it for years. Its fine flavor tells its own story. Everybody loves



Meadow-Gold Butter

for its own sake and because it makes other good things taste better. Made only from rich, pasteurized cream and put up in the patented, air-tight, odor-proof package. You can buy it every day in the year at a fair price.

Dealers who want to establish a reputation for handling high-class butter should write for address of nearest distributing house.

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If you Ford it—you'll cut the world in half, double the length of your day, and increase your pleasures tremendously. Your debt to yourself will never be paid until you drive a Model T. It's the one car that completely fulfills its purpose—without excessive expense.

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Secure—hold every sheet—top, bottom, middle.
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I have no dealers—I sell direct from factory to kitchen. I make this special inside price to introduce my Rapid into new neighborhoods. I want a Rapid on every leading *street* in the U. S. before 1913.

Rapid Fireless Cooker

with finest Aluminum Outfit to roast, bake, boil, steam, stew and fry—vastly better than old way—cuts down your fuel bill and your work. 100,000 Rapids now in use. Write at once for *special factory* price.

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30 DAYS' FREE TEST

Give Your Boys and Girls Healthful Outdoor Exercise
The Medart Out-Door Gymnasium
meets every need of a family of children and puts them on the road to health, fitting their bodies for useful and successful lives.
There are swings and see-saws for the girls, horizontal bars and rings for the boys, teeter ladder and summer toboggan for both to enjoy.
You can choose your children's play companions when you
It is easily set up
as may be de-
Write for illustrated Catalog B and free booklet "The Hearth Storyola Home Gymnasium."
FRED MEDART MFG. CO.
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course for the mountains back of the palace and disappeared over their inaccessible tops—carrying a passenger by his side!

The Princess Bezzanna was wild with delight. She shouted and clapped her hands, and jumped up and down in her joy like a child upon its first glimpse of a long desired gift; then her mood changed, and she ran to the king and Teddy by turns, and kissed them and hung upon them, and whispered how much she loved them—that she would love them always, forever and ever, as long as she lived! She promised Toopy a beautiful gift, which she had wrapped up and addressed to her, but she would not tell her that it was the wonderful toilet cabinet which Jimmy had given her; then she ran back to where old Amyah stood beneath the trees, watching her like a collie that is afraid it may be sent home, and surprised him into a trance by shaking both his hands warmly and patting him on the snowy head. Then she ran back to the others to creep up to them more unobtrusively than before, and kiss them all over again, and whisper her ever-ever-everlasting love!

She had buttoned her quilted coat as she ran back to them, for now she would be able to take it along and all the gems quilted into it, since little Keezap had not proved too heavy.

After Jimmy had come down she was to slip over to the shed and climb up on the seat with him and be up in the air before the prince could say Jack Robinson; then they would sail away to that wonderful America and be married in one of the great dim churches and be happy ever after—except for the grief caused by her love for those she had left behind.

Meanwhile Jimmy, venturing farther out beyond the mountains than in any flight he had yet made, beheld a beautiful green country, dotted with orchards and meadows, and with little white specks of houses shining out from amid the trees; but better than all these was a little low, black line which crept along the landscape, half hidden in a streamer of gray smoke which puffed and rolled from its forward end. He could almost have cried in his joy at the sight of that railroad train! It would carry him away to a busy port; and then, in a very few days, with Bezzanna on his arm, he would set foot on Manhattan Island again, and bundle Bezzanna into a taxi—and tell the driver to just whiz up and down Broadway until the gasoline gave out!

Satisfied, he turned back and paused once more before he turned into the shed, in preparation for his next flight, to swoop low over the cliff and show Bezzanna how safe they two would be.

At that most important moment little Keezap, who had been suppressing the desire for half an hour, sneezed violently. His cap was jerked off; and with a muscular impulse quite independent of his mind he grabbed for it with a mighty lurch.

The cap reached the ground first and was not hurt in the least; but the machine, jerked so unceremoniously from its course, plunged headlong into a quite inactive tree and crumpled up like a house of cards, allowing little Keezap to hang suspended in a tangle of broken branches and splintered rods and twisted wires and torn canvas, from which it took half an hour to extricate him. He had so many scratches he looked like a Hamburg steak!

Jimmy was not so fortunate. He plunged clear of the machine, broke off several branches, and dropped to the ground, sustaining a severe contusion of the head and enough bruises and sprains and minor dislocations to satisfy him for days.

That, however, was not the worst of the damage; for the Princess Bezzanna, seeing him dumped so unceremoniously among them, and lying there so still, forgot entirely that she was supposed to be betrothed to Prince Onalyon—forgot, in fact, everything in the world but that this was Jimmy! She ran to him with a shriek and threw herself on the ground beside him with no care as to whether there was a Wahanita's Tower or not, and kissed him—and called him her darling Jimmy, her lover and her husband!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

Our experience enables us to put into Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires that quality which has given many a driver more mileage than he had a right to expect.

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20 Vesey Street, New York
Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Atlanta, and Akron, Ohio.
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STYLE B.
Shown attached to shirt and sock.
In Lisle . 50c.
In Silk 75c

THE PRINCIPLES BEHIND

SUPPORTS THE SOX — **Shir-Gar** TRADE MARK — SMOOTHS SHIRT FRONT

Holds Sox Up

By actually supporting the sox from the shoulders instead of from a band that has to clamp the leg to get a "hold,"

Shir-Gar

is mechanically correct in this *First Principle.*

The strain of supporting the sox from the shoulders as against supporting them from the calf of the leg is so much better in every way that there is no comparison.

Under this principle the strain is relieved when one is in sitting posture. This not only saves the sox, but also insures constant comfort.

When a wearer of **Shir-Gar** stands after sitting, he can feel that his sox are comfortably taut and well appearing.

Holds Shirt Down

If you were to hook one end of quarter-inch steel springs to the side openings of your shirt and the other end to the strap of your shoe, and adjust these springs so that they would be just comfortable, there could be no possibility of your shirt bulging or working over the top of your pants, could there?

This is the *Second Principle* of **Shir-Gar,** the most modern device now worn by men who wear their clothes well.

In either of the three styles **Shir-Gar** is made it can be regulated to any tension, thus insuring to fat men and lean ones the absolute assurance that their shirts do not "slop over," whether wearing negligee or full dress.

Does Not Bind Leg

Every man who reads this ad. remembers his school days, when one of his sources of distraction was the wrapping of his finger so as to make it "dead." Apply this same principle to your leg by means of a garter that shuts off the circulation, and your feet must suffer the consequences. In summer they will ache from overheating of the confined blood.

You can use all sorts of foot powders with no result unless you remove the cause—leg binding garters—this done, Nature will do the curing.

Only garter endurable with varicose veins.

Shir-Gar, the new and sensible garter for men, does away with leg binding entirely, and does everything that any other garter does.

Send for a trial pair of either style

STYLE A.
Goes around the leg without binding.
In Lisle . 50c.
In Silk 75c.

Dealers There are now about 2500 dealers in the United States handling this modern garter. Those who have not yet put it on sale are invited to write for *trade prices.*

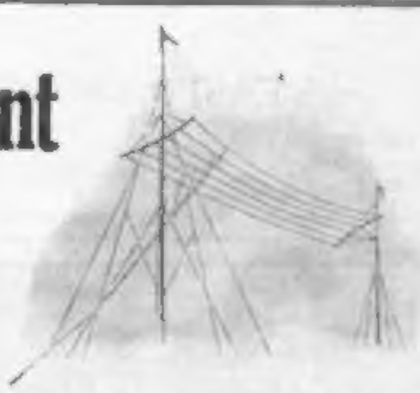
Jobbers We have a particularly attractive jobbing proposition for those who purchase in quantity. Our plan will be presented upon inquiry.

Satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price refunded

SHIRT GARTER COMPANY, Columbia, Tenn., Box 101

Waltham Congratulates the Government

We Have Proved Its New Wireless Noon-time Announcements to be Exact



THE United States Government sets *your* watch, your clocks—and those of 90,000,000 other people. Its new method is more accurate than any ever known before.

It uses *wireless telegraphy.* Every day it sends out the hour of noon by the swiftest means of communication yet discovered. The exact time thus flashed far and wide is taken direct from the stars, by the Naval Observatory at Washington.

We have verified the remarkable accuracy of these daily announcements.

As soon as we learned that the new method was to be introduced, our vice-president and general manager, and our horological expert and superintendent of watchmaking, determined to test it.

They knew that Waltham time, as obtained from the sky by the scientific instruments in our private observatory, was absolutely correct. By these instruments they set their watches to the exact fraction of a second. Each owned a private wireless station. Just before noon, each adjusted his delicate receiver, and waited intently for the signal from Washington.

It came. And the hands of each watch pointed exactly to the hour, the minute, the second, of 12 o'clock. *The government made good.*

A few days later they repeated the test and this time the government was one tenth of a second slow.

This variation — practically negligible — could be detected only by such infinitely sensitive instruments as those which we employ daily in creating Waltham movements.

Our factory is equipped with its own observatory, chronograph and standard clocks — the finest group of such facilities in the world.

Twice a week our observatory notes the passage across the meridian of some fixed star. Star time is recorded by a "sidereal clock"—the central one here illustrated. The "master clocks," on either side, are set from this. They are electrically connected with "tappers" throughout the works, beating in unison, every other second.

The skilled workmen who give Waltham watches their precision are thus enabled to bring each movement into perfect accord with *exact star time.*

This refinement of mechanical efficiency is made possible only by the care with which the "master clocks" are protected. The room in which they stand is scientifically constructed to eliminate vibration, changes of temperature, excess humidity, the rise and fall of barometric pressure — every element which might in the slightest degree interfere with exact time-keeping.

And this same scrupulous attention is devoted to every one of the 3700 operations involved in making each Waltham watch — a process of not less than four months.

It is such efficiency which enables Waltham to sit in judgment upon the government time service and pronounce it worthy of commendation.

Write for illustrated book describing the various Waltham movements. Your jeweler will assist you in the selection of the one best suited to your needs.

Waltham Watch Company
WALTHAM, MASS.

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KODAKS

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Glorious Fourth

NOW with fear and trepidation, yet with something like elation, we approach the celebration that has made us what we are. And a reasonable per cent of us, the women that lament of us, will mourn the ones that went of us to populate a star.

We shall vie with one another making life a hell for mother, and we'll shoot a leg from brother with all energy and steam. And our neighbors will record it, though the women all abhorred it and we couldn't quite afford it—still we made the eagle scream!

Oh, the rhythmic music welling where the peppered leg is swelling! Oh, the tale the noise is telling of a people free and brave; who in annual *fiesta* go around with bellow *chesta*, getting now and then *arresta* for the way that they behave!

Oh, the records of the hystics in necrology's statistics! Fireworks and bloody fistics! How we howl from shore to shore! From the biggest to the smallest, and the shortest to the tallest, every patriot's a hawlist in the nation's yearly roar!

Men of venerable ages act like monkeys 'scaped from cages, and a mighty tumult rages from Niagara to the Keys. Many a village spouter screeches, though the average man beseeches for delivery from speeches on the marrows of his knees!

And when all is done and ended—when the night shades have descended—when our Willie's face is mended and the cat has been turned out; when the rattle and the thunder that have ripped our souls asunder—when that's over then we wonder what the deuce it's all about!

And the fifth!—Oh, what a morning! What a lot of lint adorning burns that point a deadly warning. What a language! How profane! But—oh, what's the use, dod-rot it!—it's a germ, and we have got it! We just had our bolt and shot it, and we'll do the same again!

—*Henry Edward Warner.*

Four of a Kind

JUDGE ISAAC RUSSELL, chief justice of the Court of Special Sessions of New York City, undertook a private and unannounced tour of inspection among the various corrective and charitable institutions of his jurisdiction. Late in the afternoon he entered the outer office of one of the insane asylums.

"I should like to make a trip through this place," he said to an under keeper who chanced to be in sole charge of the office temporarily.

"Visitors' days are Wednesdays and Saturdays," said the keeper shortly; "and, besides, it's after hours."

"But I insist on being shown through," said His Honor.

"Well, you've got a nerve!" growled the keeper. "Who are you to be givin' me orders?"

"I am Chief Justice Russell of the Court of Special Sessions," was the answer.

"That'll be about all," said the keeper wearily. "We've got three of you in here now. Why don't you call yourself George Washington—there's only one of him?"

An Odious Comparison

WILL IRWIN has a friend who went abroad while Victoria was still on the throne, and in London saw Bernhardt play Cleopatra.

The scene came where Cleopatra receives news of Mark Antony's defeat at Actium. Bernhardt was at her best as Egypt's fiery queen that night. She stabbed the unfortunate slave who had borne the tidings to her, stormed, raved, frothed at the mouth, wrecked the palace and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering, convulsive heap in the wreckage.

Amid the thunderous applause Irwin's friend heard a middle-aged British matron in the next seat remarking to herself in tones of satisfaction:

"How different—how very different from the home life of our own dear queen!"

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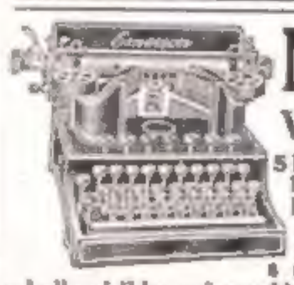

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LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE

Why OUR Teeth Should Be Better Than Our Parents' Teeth

FIFTY years ago people didn't know much about the care of the teeth. That is why so many now say: "If I had only taken care of my teeth when I was young my digestion and my whole health would be better now."

The manufacturers of the few dentifrices then on the market did the best they could, and those early preparations with all their grit and in spite of the "druggy" taste did some good.

The grit served to clean teeth which never had known cleanliness—even though it scratched them too.

The medication appealed to those who thought they must have medicine for the mouth—even though medication was often overdone and harmful.

Now, within the past few years, people have come to a realization of what proper care of the teeth really is and what a dentifrice should be.

Druggy taste and harmful grit are done away with

The harsh grit is now known to be both unnecessary and harmful; over-medication is discountenanced by the profession and consequently by their patients.

A pleasant taste has come to be recognized as of great value in getting young people started in the care of the teeth and in making the regular care enjoyable to both old and young.

To thoughtful mothers, to school teachers and to the dental profession is due special credit for educating the younger folks in the care of the teeth. Colgate & Company have received letters from thousands of mothers, teachers and dentists telling of the great help that Ribbon Dental Cream has been. This is not only because of its efficiency, but also because of its delicious flavor.

Advantage of early care of the teeth realized

The faithful care of the teeth by young people will avoid years of regret later on. We do not go so far as the New York *Times*, which said in a recent editorial:

> "A boy whose teeth are bad, whose mouth and throat are swollen and germ-laden, whose nasal, oral and ocular passages are stopped up, blinks when he looks at the blackboard, fails to hear his name when called upon, is bowed by defective breathing, and is pained in digestion. He becomes a truant, rebellious and a liar. Give him an oral cleansing and complete masticatory repairs, and you begin to make of him a gentleman and a scholar."

We quote this, although we do not agree that neglected teeth necessarily make a child untruthful. But we do say that good teeth mean good digestion, and good digestion means good health.

So that more may know Ribbon Cream, a trial tube (formerly 4c) will now be sent for a 2c stamp.

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